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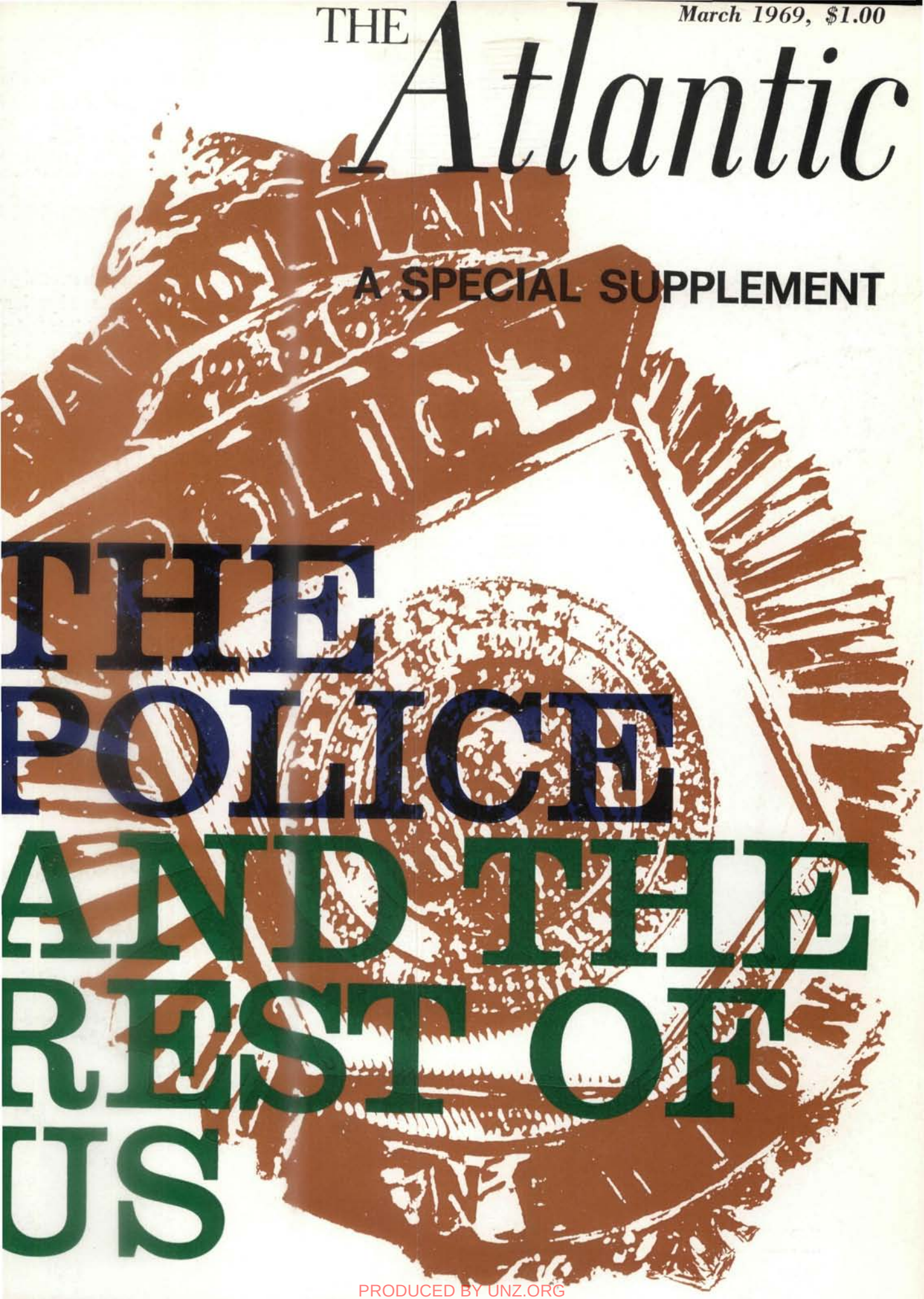

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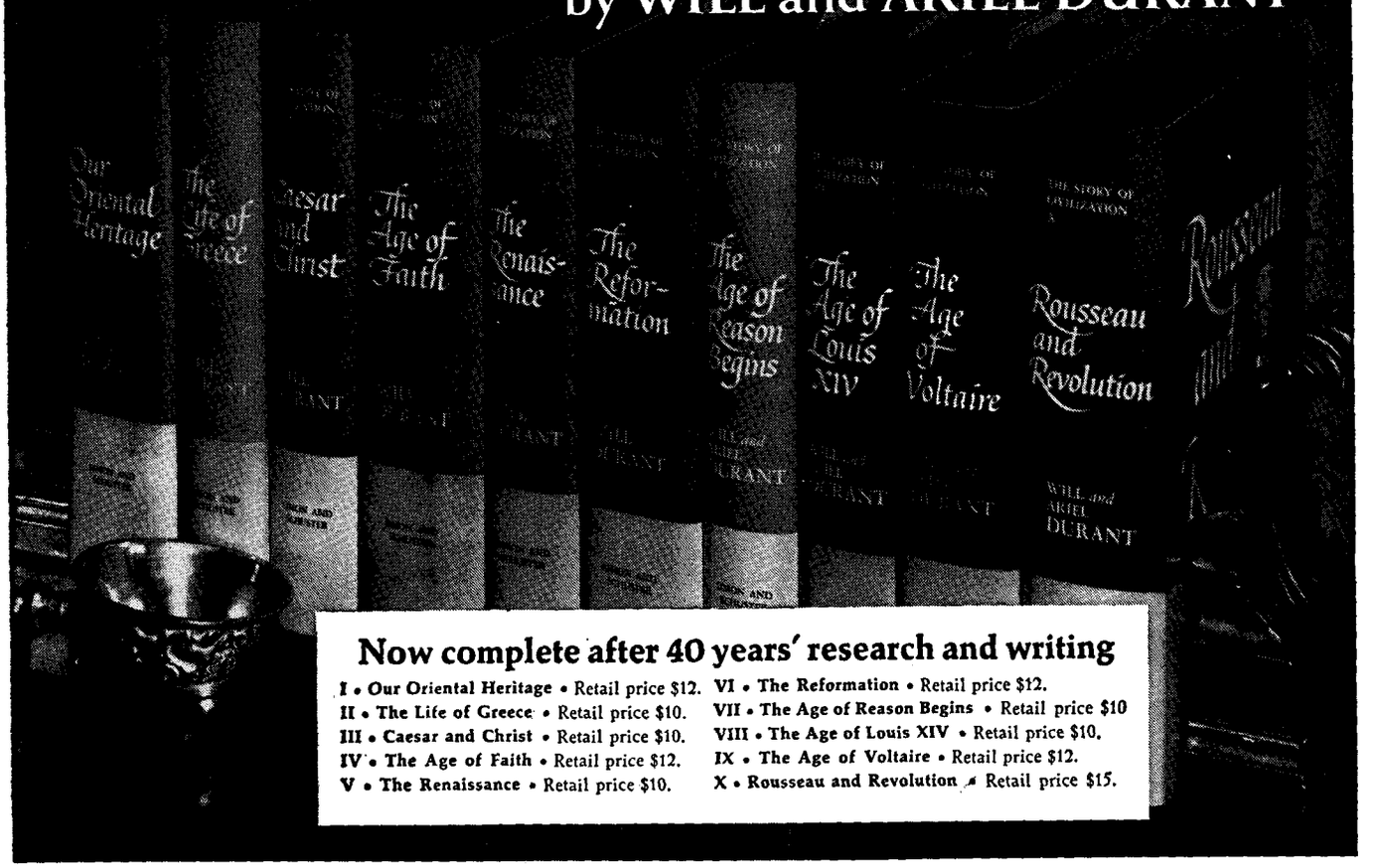

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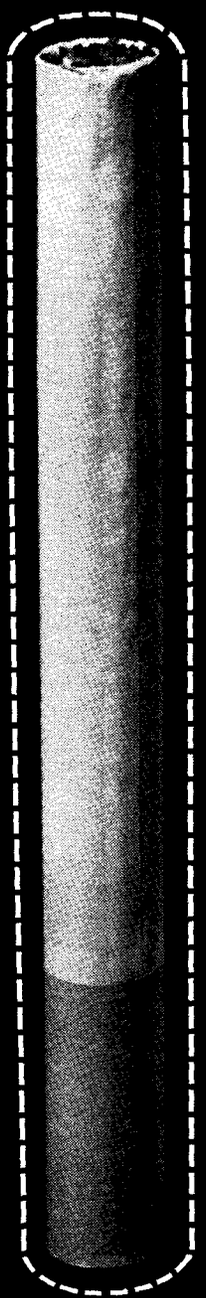

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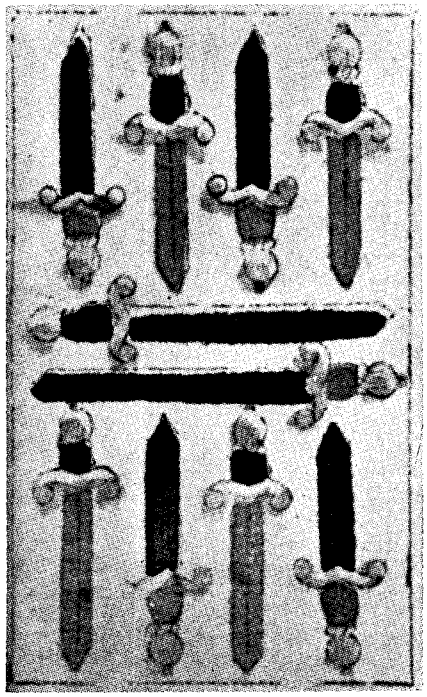

Spanish pack

It is generally agreed that no other set of decisions to be made by the Nixon Administration is more important than that having to do with arms policy. The United States and the Soviet Union are now in the initial stages of a new arms-race spiral which threatens increased uncertainties and even dangers, not to mention vastly increased expenditures. Beyond the decisions about strategic (that is, long-range nuclear) weapons and about negotiating an arms freeze with Russia, there are also significant questions about how the broad issue of spending for military purposes will be approached.

Whatever the question marks or blotches on Robert McNamara's record at the Pentagon—decisions about the war and about the TFX – F-111 would be at the top of the list—his contributions to a revitalized civilian management of the military, and to public understanding that after a certain point there is no more safety in more arms, were enormous. Both achievements began to be undone, however, during Clark Clifford's brief tenure at the Pentagon, providing an arresting reminder of their fragility.

There is already taking place here a good bit of positioning for the great pounce on the "post-Vietnam" savings. The military and their friends in Congress are gratified at increased public awareness of the idea that an end to the war will not necessarily mean substantial reductions in military spending.

Arms racing

Two very simple principles govern the making of defense policy: one assumes the worst about the other fellow, and one proceeds with the possible. Thus, even after taking office and finding that the United States had not fallen into a "missile gap" (which was an expression to cover a multitude of frustrations, including Sputnik), the Kennedy Administration proceeded with a massive stockpiling of intercontinental ballistic missiles—more, McNamara later reflected, than was necessary. One consequence was an intensification of the arms race. "A strategic planner must be conservative in his calculations," McNamara wrote in his book *The Essence of Security*, "that is, he must prepare for the worst plausible case. . . . *Thus, in the course of hedging against what was then only a theoretically possible Soviet build-up,* we took decisions which have resulted in our current superiority in numbers of warheads and deliverable megatons. But the blunt fact remains that if we had had more accurate information about planned Soviet strategic forces, we simply would not have needed to build as large a nuclear arsenal as we have today." Later McNamara points out that "clearly, the Soviet build-up *is in part a reaction to our own build-up* since the beginning of the 1960's. . . . *That was not, in fact, our intention.*" (Italics added.)

McNamara's intention was that each side would reach a stage of what he termed "mutual deterrence," at which point the arms race might be leveled off. He thought through and defined what has become known as the "second-strike capability," wherein each side would have sufficient well-protected intercontinental nuclear missiles to absorb an attack of any intensity by the enemy and still be able to fire back sufficient weapons to wreak unacceptable damage upon him. Safety, if it could be called that, then, lay in both sides' knowledge that each could survive an attack and destroy the other. In such a context, McNamara argued, "superiority" was meaningless, for at this point a superior number of weapons could not be translated into political control or diplomatic leverage. McNamara wanted to destroy what he called the "myth of superiority," most particularly in order to create conditions under which the United States and the Soviet Union could agree to level off the arms race. As long as one side or the other maintained a significantly greater number of weapons, this would not be possible. Therefore, the American public had to become acclimated to a condition of rough nuclear parity with the Soviet Union.

Semantics gap

That was one view. Clark Clifford, to McNamara's considerable distress, was not at all reluctant to talk in terms of "superiority," and believed, as he said in a speech to the National Press Club in September,

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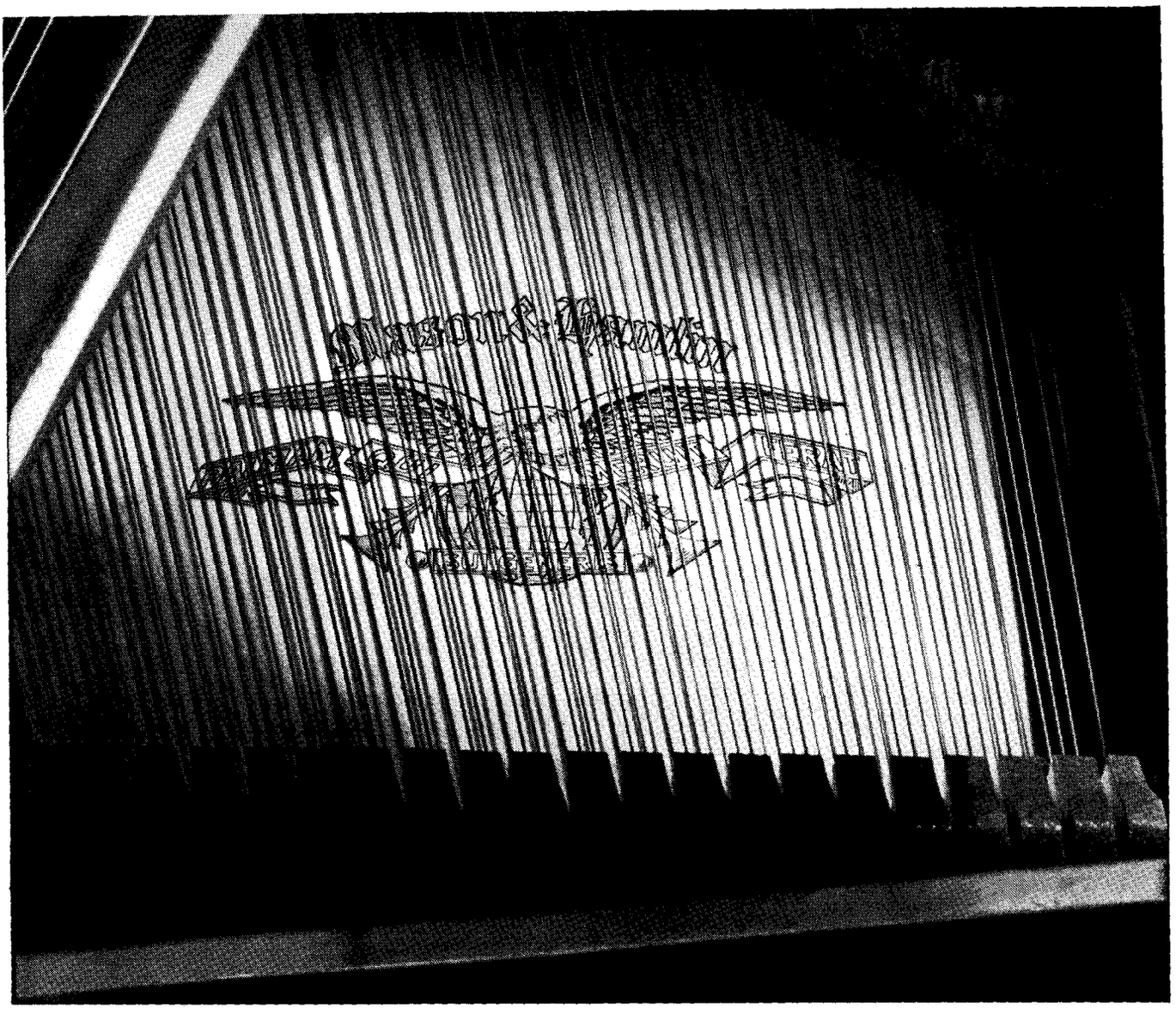

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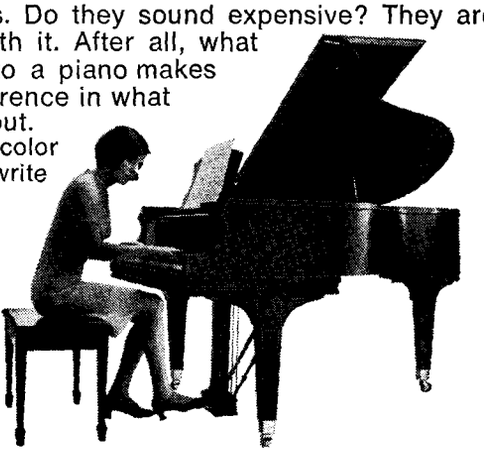

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1968, that "when and if we negotiate, safety and success demand that we negotiate from strength." "My own deeply held belief in the importance of dealing from strength," Clifford explained, "has not resulted from the past half-year alone, but stems also from my experience with the Administration of President Truman in the period following World War II. Those were the years in which our hopes that the Soviet Union would cooperate out of good will and common aims in a world of free nations turned out rapidly to be pure illusion."

How much Richard Nixon's coming of political age during the cold war indelibly impressed upon him similar views should become clearer in these early months of his presidency. In an October 24 radio address, he charged the Democratic Administrations with having permitted "a gravely serious security gap," and he condemned "the peculiar, unprecedented doctrine called 'parity.'" On the other hand, he has taken numerous occasions to point out—and Defense Secretary Laird has echoed him—that we are now in a period of "negotiation, not confrontation." In his first press conference as President, Nixon said, "'Sufficiency' is a better term than either 'superiority' or 'parity.'" The elusive semantics of the "superiority" issue are complicated by the fact that the United States *has* maintained a nuclear advantage over the Soviet Union, and no one was propounding the politically untenable position of giving that up.

Some of Clifford's associates said that his break from McNamara over "superiority" was simply the conclusion of a political pragmatist: since we do have the edge, why ask for trouble by making a complicated and politically unattractive argument against superiority? (Moreover, Clifford, having come to the Pentagon a hawk, had accepted after reviewing perhaps the most important briefing papers during the course of the war, prepared by the International Security Affairs staff, the necessity for putting a lid on the U.S. commitment in Vietnam and of negotiating a settlement. In subsequently pushing this position within the government, he was going against the Joint Chiefs of Staff and other important advisers to President Johnson. Arguing against "superiority" seemed tactically impractical.

The point about the United States's nuclear margin is that it used to be a good deal greater. As of September, 1968, we maintained 1054 land-based Minuteman (in "hardened," or underground, silos) and Titan intercontinental ballistic missiles to the Soviet Union's approximately 900; we maintained 656 Polaris missiles on submarines to their estimated 45; we maintained 646 intercontinental bombers, and the Soviet Union about 150. Russia is expected to catch up or pull ahead on ICBM's this year, but Johnson officials claimed that the most relevant number was that of deliverable warheads—that is, bombs and missiles held by each side. In this the United States held a 3-to-1 margin (our 4200 to their 1200). The split comes over the question of how much superiority the United States can maintain, and boast about, without spurring more arms racing.

MIRV maneuvers

Talks with the Soviet Union over a possible weapons freeze are considered of paramount importance right now because no one can think of any other way to stop the arms race, which has slipped into a new, dangerous, and expensive phase. The effectiveness of the deterrent depended upon neither side having a defense other than its second-strike capability (that is, its surviving offensive weapons), and upon both having a reasonably accurate count of the others' weapons. Therefore, the deployment of an anti-ballistic-missile system, and the development of missiles with multiple warheads (multiple independently targeted reentry vehicles, or MIRV's, which are supposed to help penetrate an enemy ABM shield), both of which appear now to be under development to varying degrees by both sides, will escalate the arms race. McNamara ordered the development of MIRV's early in 1967, at a point when it appeared that the Soviet Union was coming up with an extensive anti-ballistic-missile system. On closer inspection, the Soviet system (Tallinn) turned out to be a conventional air-defense system. Yet the deployment of the MIRV's went forward nonetheless: because Russia might still set up an ABM, because Russia might develop MIRV's, and

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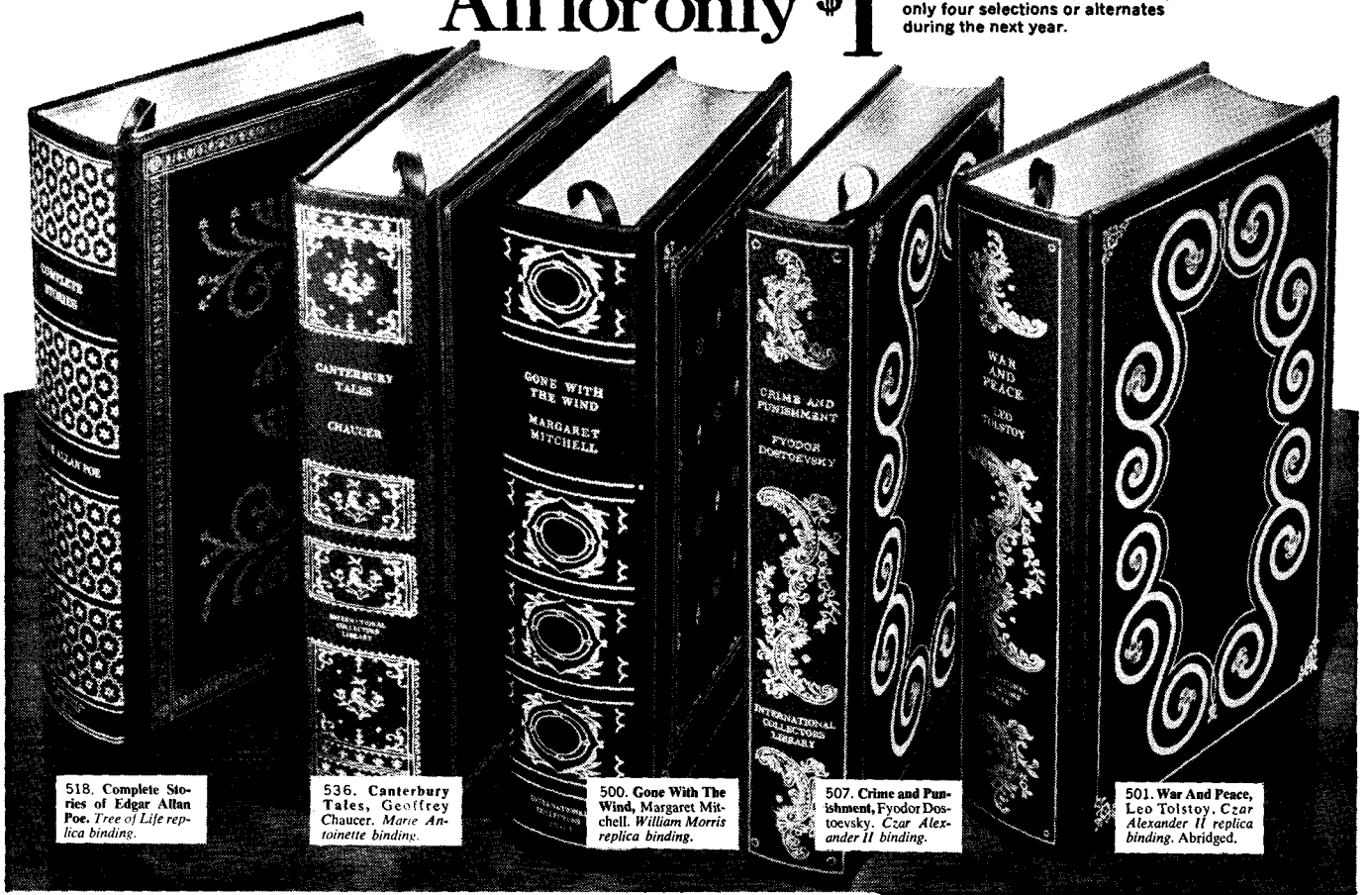

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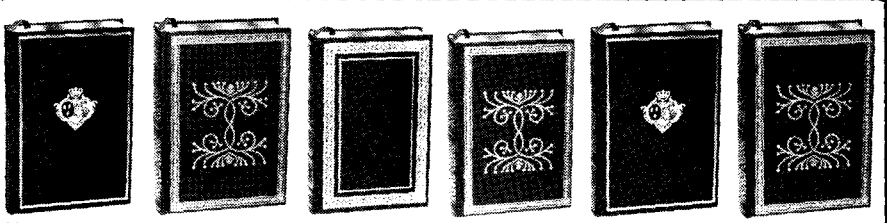

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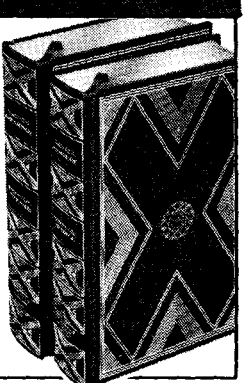

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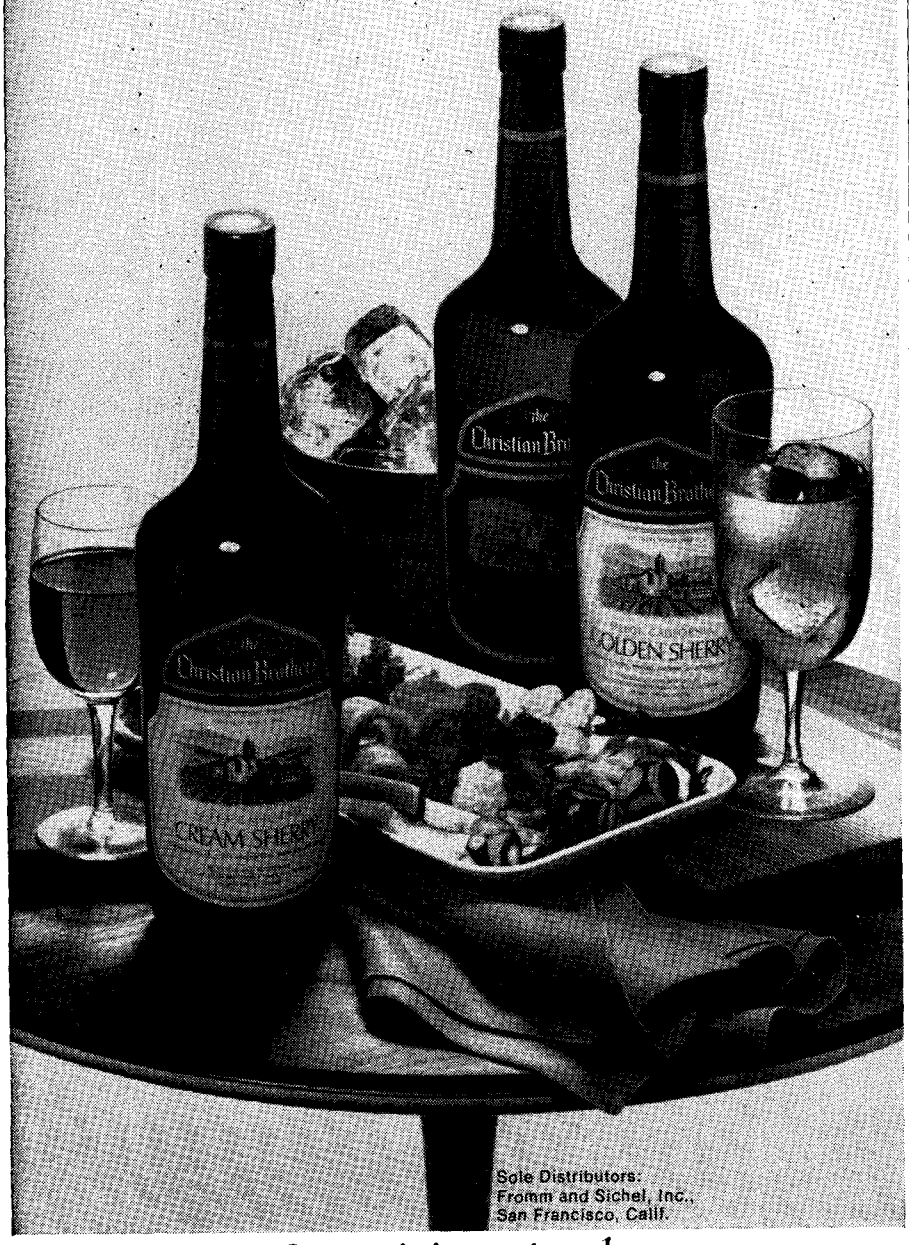

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because, simply, MIRV's had become technically feasible. (One assumes the worst and proceeds with the possible.) In the view of arms-control advocates, the combination of MIRV's and the ABM constitutes a greatly increased danger to stability.

Once MIRV's are deployed, each side will have more difficulty in estimating the number of effective missiles held by the other. Moreover, MIRV's substantially enhance the advantage of the side which strikes first. For one missile containing several warheads might wipe out several missiles containing several warheads. If one side has both MIRV's to use in a first strike against land-based missiles and an anti-missile defense which is effective against a second strike by sea-based forces, the other side can no longer be certain of its own deterrent. Neither side has yet deployed MIRV's; the United States is testing them, and the Soviet Union might be. Once MIRV's have been sufficiently tested, it will be difficult for either side to assess, without very intrusive inspection, whether the other has put them into effect. The time for reaching agreement to ban MIRV's is before they have been fully tested—that is, soon. There are even some officials within the Pentagon who argue that the Soviet development of an ABM is at such a rudimentary stage that MIRV's are not needed, and that in fact they constitute an untoward danger. But these men concede that the only politically realistic basis now for undoing the MIRV decision is in the context of an arms agreement with the Soviet Union. For now, they argue that development of both an ABM and MIRV's should be slowed, because an effective ban on them would be easier to obtain, politically and logistically, at the earlier stage of their development—yet Johnson's budget sped both projects.

Thinking thin

The histories of the two nations have traditionally led the United States to place more emphasis on offense, the Soviet Union on defense. Thus in the mid-1960s, the Soviet Union did begin to place a very limited, and some say primitive, anti-missile system (Galosh) around Moscow. For some time, the Joint Chiefs of Staff had been recommend-

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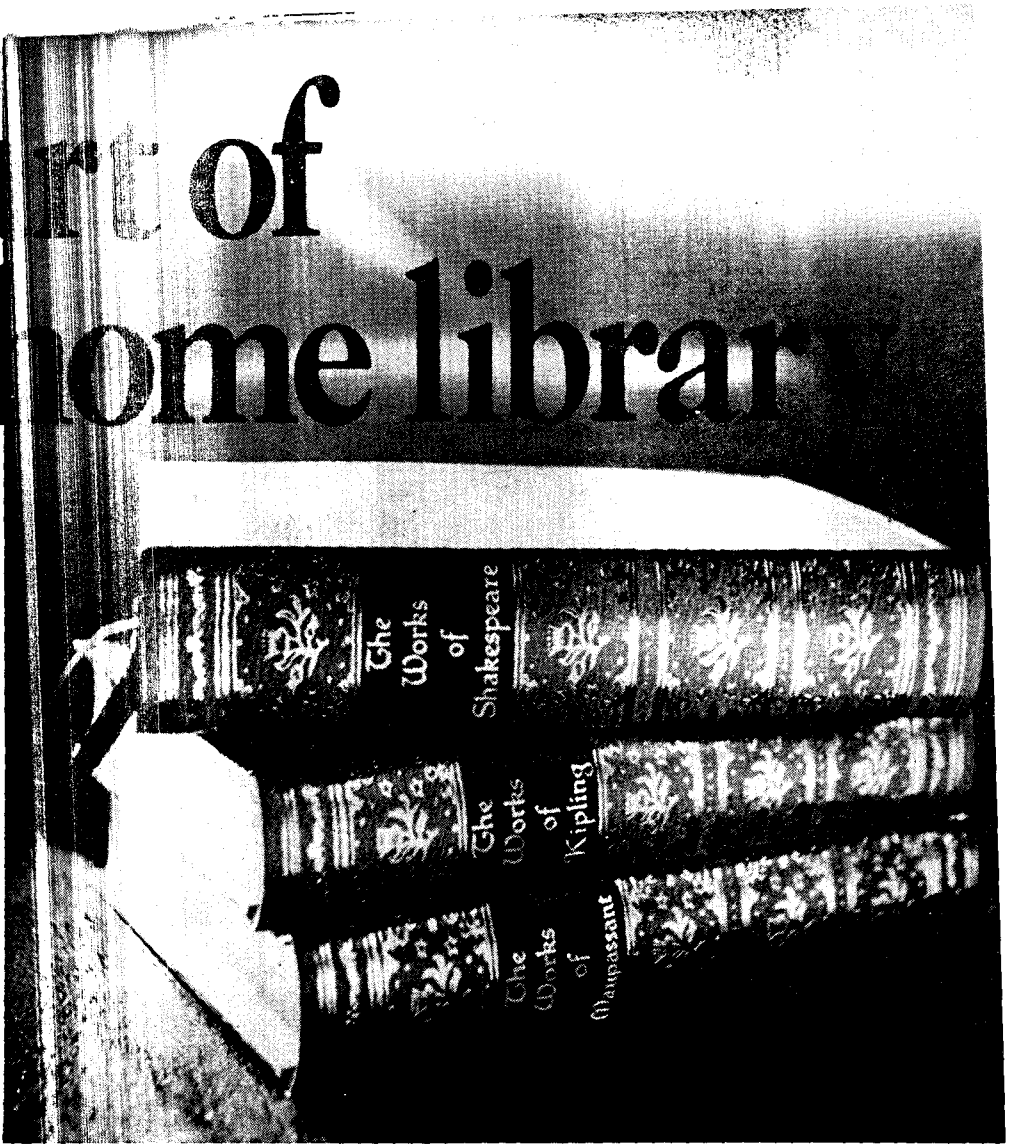

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ing that the United States build an ABM, and McNamara had been rejecting their recommendation. His arguments were that the system needed more technical improvement, and that deployment of an ABM to protect American cities from Soviet missiles did not make sense; such a system would cost at least $40 billion, and if the United States did deploy it, the Soviet Union would simply deploy more warheads and other devices to penetrate the ABM, intensifying the arms spiral but adding to no one's security.

It is too soon to know what the precise balance of political and security considerations was that went into the Johnson Administration's decision in 1967 to proceed with a limited "thin" anti-ballistic-missile system. The Administration said the system was to protect cities against a Chinese missile. If President Johnson instructed McNamara to go ahead with some kind of ABM in order to relieve the military and congressional pressures—which has been the prevailing assumption in Washington—their conversation has been a well-kept secret. McNamara's associates insist that the Secretary concluded to his own satisfaction that deployment of a limited ABM made sense, a decision which McNamara himself uncharacteristically kept referring to as "marginal." The Sentinel, or "thin" ABM, system, actually was to have two purposes: to protect cities against Chinese missiles or missiles from potential nuclear-equipped nations, and also to protect the Minuteman missile sites against Russian missiles. (The decision to use an ABM to protect the Minuteman, like that to develop MIRV's, was taken partly to deflate military demands for an assortment of entire new strategic weapons systems. Both decisions were seen as a means of postponing those new systems. MIRV's were simply new warheads on old missile systems; thus Minuteman II equipped with MIRV's would be called Minuteman III, and Polaris with its new warhead, to make the change appear more fundamental, would be called Poseidon.) Yet the missile-protection aspect of Sentinel was not implemented. One explanation is that shortly after the announcement, McNamara took a trip to Europe, where various defense experts asked if an ABM system to protect U.S. missiles was not in fact an anti-Russian system. The difficulty of getting across that it was not anti-Russian because it did not protect American cities against Russian missiles led to a postponement of the missile-protecting component of Sentinel.

"Mad momentum"

The essential difference between a "thin" and a "thick" ABM is the amount of money that is spent. Knowing what he did about how the pressures upon the Pentagon worked, McNamara warned against "the mad momentum intrinsic to the development of all new nuclear weaponry" in his speech in San Francisco in September, 1967, announcing the Sentinel decision. "If a weapons system works and works well, there is strong pressure from many directions to procure and deploy the weapon out of all proportion to the prudent level required. The danger in deploying this relatively light and reliable Chinese-oriented ABM system is going to be that pressures will develop to expand it into a heavy Soviet-oriented ABM system."

Sentinel opponents have secured from the Armed Services Committee a commitment to break their usual practice of hearing from Pentagon witnesses only and to hold open hearings on the ABM this year. Among the most vigorous opponents are several physicists, who have been fighting for containment of nuclear power ever since they invented it. Now that the ABM is being deployed and sites selected for it, a number of congressmen are hearing from their constituents that they would just as soon forgo the protection and the accompanying resident nuclear weapons. Therefore, the fight over Sentinel is not over. There is within the Pentagon what one official has described as "schizophrenia" over whether the thing would even work, and some *sub rosa* opposition to it. Like those of all weapons, its costs are already rising well beyond the original estimates, from $4 billion to $5.5 billion, and they are likely to keep growing. The way the pressures go, arms talks offer the best hope for stopping the inexorable expansion of the ABM, with the consequent expense and spur to the Soviet Union to expand its own ABM and to develop new weapons to penetrate ours.

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Washington

The Russians are said to be anxious to come to an arms-control agreement with the United States. The Soviet Union has now reached a relative level of armaments which makes talking with the Americans feasible, and it suffers budget pressures of its own. Government officials were literally packed and ready to begin talks in Geneva last summer, just as Russia marched into Czechoslovakia. Later in the year, the rescheduling of the talks became complicated, both by President Johnson's interest in opening them at the summit, and by the coming transfer of power.

While an agreement to stop the accumulation of nuclear equipment at something like current levels—deployment of only a limited ABM, and no MIRV's—would permit a considerable saving in future defense expenditures, it would not make much difference in the current level of spending. Moreover, strategic weapons now account for a surprisingly small proportion of the Pentagon budget—roughly 12 percent. An arms agreement would prevent the strategic budget from doubling or even tripling, but the real savings are to be made elsewhere.

Scaling down

In a chapter on "Military Strategy, Military Forces, and Arms Control," in *Agenda for the Nation,* published by the Brookings Institution late last year, Carl Kaysen, formerly of the Kennedy White House National Security Staff and now director of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, argues for scaling down United States force levels, and for a post-Vietnam defense budget of about $50 billion. (The current Pentagon budget is $80 billion, of which about $20 billion is directly attributable to costs that would not be incurred if there were no war.) "The proper conclusion of such a reexamination," says Kaysen, "is that our security interests and needs require great changes in the underlying rationale of our military policy and in the force structures which are the concrete expressions of that rationale. Our policies should determine our weapons, not vice versa."

Kaysen's proposals for readjusting our policies are: hold strategic weap-

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ons at something like current levels; redefine American security interests so as to reduce the likelihood of intervention; cut active ground forces by four or five divisions, or about 21 percent, leaving enough to meet a large troop requirement in Europe and one small one elsewhere, simultaneously and on short notice; reduce the number of American troops maintained in Europe; put controls on international trafficking in arms; and dismantle outmoded military bases abroad.

Shopping list

This sort of examination is clearly unlikely to take place within the Pentagon. Nor, in light of the predilections and power of the armed services committees, is such a review likely to happen within the Congress.

The capacity of the Joint Chiefs of Staff for promoting their causes through their ability to play upon public fears, and the extent to which politicians are impressed with that capacity, are major factors in the making of defense policy. (Lyndon Johnson was constantly worried about reactions by the military to any moves to scale down the war in Vietnam. Thus he made a deal with the Chiefs that in exchange for their support of the halt of the bombing in North Vietnam, they could do as much bombing of the South and Laos alone after the halt as they had of the North and South together. This was an even better bargain for the military than they had thought, for they found that planes bombing the South needed to carry less fuel and could therefore carry more bombs; the result of the bombing halt was that more bombs were dropped on the South and Laos than had been dropped on the North and South together.) The Chiefs make their position more difficult to oppose by making a series of trade-offs among themselves—an ABM for you, a bomber for us, etc.—and coming up with "unanimous" recommendations.

Each year, the Chiefs present the Secretary of Defense with a "shopping list," knowing that it will be cut extensively. This year's list, for example, would have cost $120 billion. "If Nixon and Laird," said one outgoing Defense official, "think they will get peace in the family by buying $10 billion more than the Chiefs want, they'll be mistaken." The Chiefs are pressing for a new

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manned bomber, an expanded ABM, tactical aircraft, a new land-based missile and a new missile-launching submarine, and other expensive new weapons.

What is intriguing about Nixon and Laird's position now is that if they should choose to try to curb, to the extent any men can, the forces that propel ever increasing investment in arms, they are well situated politically to do so. They do not have to feel the need to prove things that the Democrats felt they had to, at such great cost. Their credentials as defense-minded, business-oriented, hard anti-Communists are impeccable. It was Eisenhower, not Kennedy or Johnson, who warned about the "military-industrial complex." Times have changed since the days when Congress whooped at the chance to force more defense spending on the Eisenhower and Kennedy Administrations. Some members of Congress who were most enthusiastic about filling the "bomber gap" are now chagrined at the costly anachronisms they foisted upon the country. Every indication is that the "security gap" issue was a dud.

During the campaign, the Nixon organization talked about a post-Vietnam Defense budget of about $80 billion. Former Democratic officials say that it could and should be held to the low $60 billions. Under the Kaysen thesis, the post-Vietnam budget *could* be about $50 billion. These are very great differences, particularly in light of what else might be done with the money. The budget figure for the Pentagon is a political one, the key part of the politically grounded decision on the level of the federal budget as a whole. The political road to be taken by Mr. Nixon and Mr. Laird in the next few months will determine the fate of a great deal else.

—Elizabeth B. Drew

Cuba

"What remains to be done now is to name this year. What do you think? If you agree with it, we shall hereby baptize this year as the Year of the Decisive Effort, and this year will be eighteen months long. The next New Year we will probably celebrate on the first of July, 1970." Fidel Castro was speaking to about one million people—or one Cuban in eight—who came to the Plaza de la Revolución in Havana on January 2 to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the Cuban Revolution. For months a single message had been urged, on the radio, in the newspapers, on each billboard in the city: "Everyone! To the Plaza with Fidel! The 2nd of January 1969! *Viva El X Aniversario!*" They had come by bus and by boat, and they waited all night in the shelter of a wall on which was inscribed an immense and multicolored promise: the Road of Communism is to create Riches *with* Conscience. At dawn, the invited guests came through the crowd to their seats in the Tribuna, a concrete balcony at Fidel's feet. Foreigners, journalists, the Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister. The crew of the Cuban fishing boat seized in October off Venezuela. The Moncada Brigade of the best workers from each factory and farm, with honorable red-and-black flags. Fidel spoke at 10 A.M., for 130 minutes, with rain clouds overhead.

"We have not yet graduated as revolutionaries," he said through the Japanese earphones that were given to foreign visitors for simultaneous translation into a sort of comic-book Miami American. "We have no university diploma. But we have graduated from the primary school of revolution. We are now going into the junior high school of revolution. After ten years another ten years begin."

"We did not know the geography"

In the first decade of the Cuban Revolution, the old Cuba died; in the second, it is to be born again, to grow again like sugar in a field. The unspoken dialectic of Fidel's speech places nationalism and revolution side by side, and synthesizes them, through agricultural development, in the Cuban earth. Castro's language is heavy with an accretion of detail and anecdote, sounding at times like the *Georgics* of Virgil. "Once droughts have been overcome," he began, "once hurricanes have been coped with through the proper protection of crops; once plagues are eliminated and undergrowth cleared . . ." After ten years of stumbling progress, the country has experienced bitter deprivation. In Havana, strict rationing is now in effect; even the hours to be spent waiting in line for food are rationed. Yet the path of revolutionary development now seems determined. Cuba is to be an agricultural community, the garden of the world.

"To tell the truth, at the beginning of the Revolution," said Fidel, "we did not even know the geography of Cuba—not even the geography! I would say, not even the landscape." To all revolutionary Cubans—and to the homesick diplomats, who tell one at the United Nations of the oysters in Havana and the hills of Las Villas Province—the great psychic achievement of the last ten years has been the rejection of foreign, or American, patterns of cultural and economic domination; the destruction of the Havana that was the Whorehouse of the West and of the colonially distorted Cuban economy. Cuba has identified itself unequivocally with the Latin-American Third World: it is an underdeveloped country with material problems like any other, "confronting underdevelopment, with no experience, in the conditions of today's world." In his speech, Fidel said of the economic blockade that "it makes us laugh, and it cannot be otherwise." Cuba's children's toys come, *westwards,* from China; its bureaucrats joke that their ties are Swiss, their shoes Chinese, and their socks Czechoslovakian. Cuban economic development is no longer defined negatively, in terms of "Yankee" and "Imperialist." The Revolution and the Nation and the Land are to develop as one; and for the young Cuban ideologues, the three have a mystical, sensual unity. Next year, 1970, will be the Year of the Ten Millions; Cuba is supposed to produce ten million tons of cane. Fidel said in his speech that "the Ten Millions are a Debt of Honor to the Revolution."

Pounding and roaring

The frontier of the revolution is the frontier of agriculture. The most politically advanced settlements in the country are the new citrus plantations on the Isle of Pines, Treasure Island, where goods are allocated on the basis of need, and where the village matriarch told a visiting American journalist to go back to his own land and work for the revolution so that he too could give free candy to his children at the Feast of the Three Kings. (Candy, of course, is severely rationed in Cuba.) On the Isle of Pines, and increasingly across the country, it is the farmers and the food technicians who are the new

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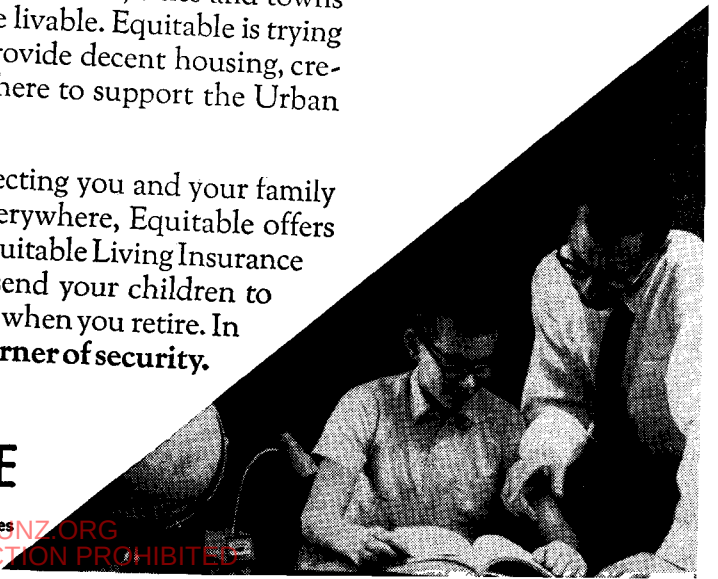

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elite. There was a delegation of hydraulic engineers from the Aswan Dam traveling with Major Faustino Perez, veteran of the Sierra Maestre, and Minister of Water: heroes of the Revolution. In the agricultural vanguard, as everywhere in Cuba, Fidel is personally dominating. "He always shows up when you don't expect him." He is obsessed with statistics: half a million cows are growing in this country; in the next decade agricultural land will increase from 9,880,000 acres to 16,500,000 acres; by 1970 Cuba's agricultural production will be approximately double what it was before January 1, 1959. "It is good to eat ice cream, it is nutritious and full of milk and cream, and besides it is made of sugar, it is a patriotic food."

He looks, even, as though he were made in the black Oriente clay; pounding and roaring, he has a pastoral, ecologist's, vision of the land: "We shall put cane fields by the sugar mills, rice where rice should be, and everything in its place."

Green belt

By committing Cuba to an agricultural future, the Cuban government believe they will achieve an unprecedented fusion of patriotic and revolutionary zeal, a fusion they have experienced, and want to communicate to the rest of the Cuban people. As usual, the medium for mass political education will be Fidel.

The most extraordinary expressions of the new synthesis are to be found in Havana, which in the Year of the Decisive Effort is a city in crisis, a city of revolution within the revolution. "Havana Province," said Fidel, "which used to receive a great many of the root and other vegetables it consumes from the rest of the country, now receives practically none of these products from other provinces. In 1970 the Province of Havana will grow as many root and other vegetables as the whole country produced before the revolution." In the first decade of the revolution the old Havana died; in the second a purged, experimental city is to be born. The city is now surrounded by a *cordon*, or green belt, and in the planners' cathartic future, an integral city area will be created, fields and inner city in a single unit. The planners want none of the urban sprawl of other nations.

The center of Havana is to be a place for students and bureaucrats alone. Already the pre-revolutionary population of the city is leaving in busloads for the Eastern provinces, and for the rural parts of Havana Province, beyond the green belt. The old Spanish villas have been turned into dormitories for some

Russian pack

200,000 scholarship students, chosen from across the country. Food is scarcest in Havana, and the sugar rations smallest. The city streets are as clean as any in the world: ten minutes after Fidel spoke, the Plaza was filled with garbage men, sweeping and scrubbing the stones. There are no police patrols: only the traffic cops, young girls in khaki miniskirts with sheriff's stars and cowboy boots. Even the narrow alleys of the old Spanish district are empty, with perhaps one woman sitting outside the Revolutionary Defense Committee rooms, to guard the peace as far as she can see, five blocks north and five blocks south. The social and cultural puritanism, which is to Western visitors one of the most disturbing aspects of the Cuban Revolution, has been concentrated in Havana; the mores of sexual imperialism are for this generation of Cubans a dark part of some private past. One is told, everywhere, of the depravity of the pre-revolutionary streets; where, one wonders in Havana, are the notorious small boys who were selling their sisters on January 1, 1959? Can they all be in Miami?

Havana the parasite

To the new revolutionaries puritanism has not been enough. It has not been enough to try to drive social corruption back across the Straits of Florida. From young Communists in Havana, young government officials, one hears, with the revolutionary euphoria, a persistent self-criticism. They feel that as city-dwellers they are *physically* inferior. It is as though the effort to be demanded of Havana is physical rather than moral or psychological. We have been, they say, like a parasite, feeding off the rest of the island. We have consumed, and we have not produced. We are bureaucrats, and we have not worked.

The conversation of the young Party enthusiasts in Havana is dense, in an almost pagan way, with concrete descriptions and images. You see, they say, the problem is that new people go out into the fields, and they are weeding at the beginning of the year, and by mistake they pull up the young coffee plants. Or, we do have Soviet machines for cutting corn, but they have not been worked out so well yet. They cut the corn too short, and in the next harvest the corn does not grow. Or, Fidel cuts ten tons of corn a day. How many do you cut? We now catch so much fish, but many kinds of fish the Cuban people do not like to eat.

The green belt is the first part of Havana that foreigners are shown. One makes wide looping detours through the suburban cornfields to see the coffee plantation that is tended each Sunday by the press section of the Foreign Relations Ministry. Almost everyone in Havana goes into the countryside on weekends for "voluntary work." Groups of people—fourth-year chemical engineering students, or a government department, or the families who live on a certain block—are

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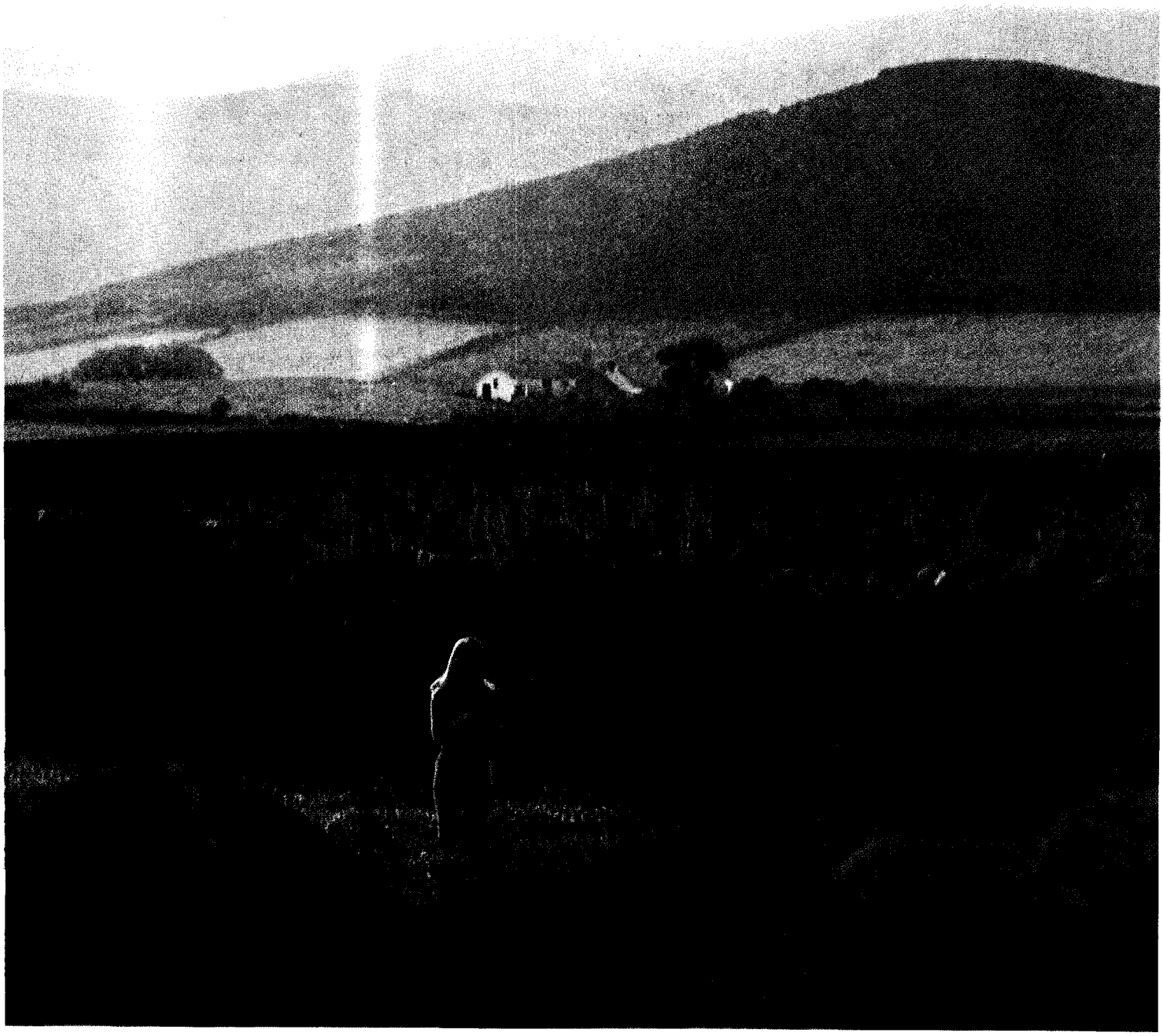

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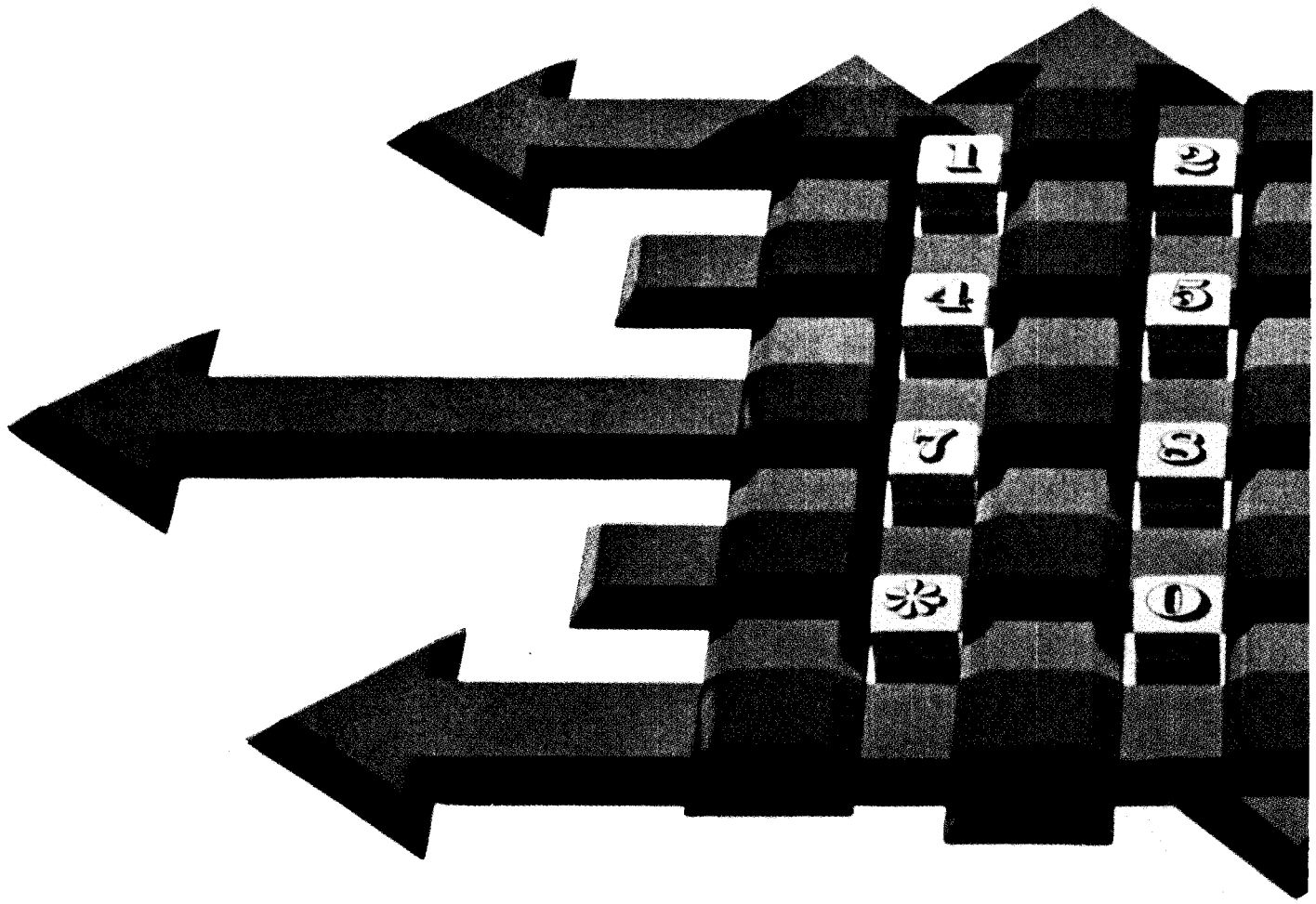

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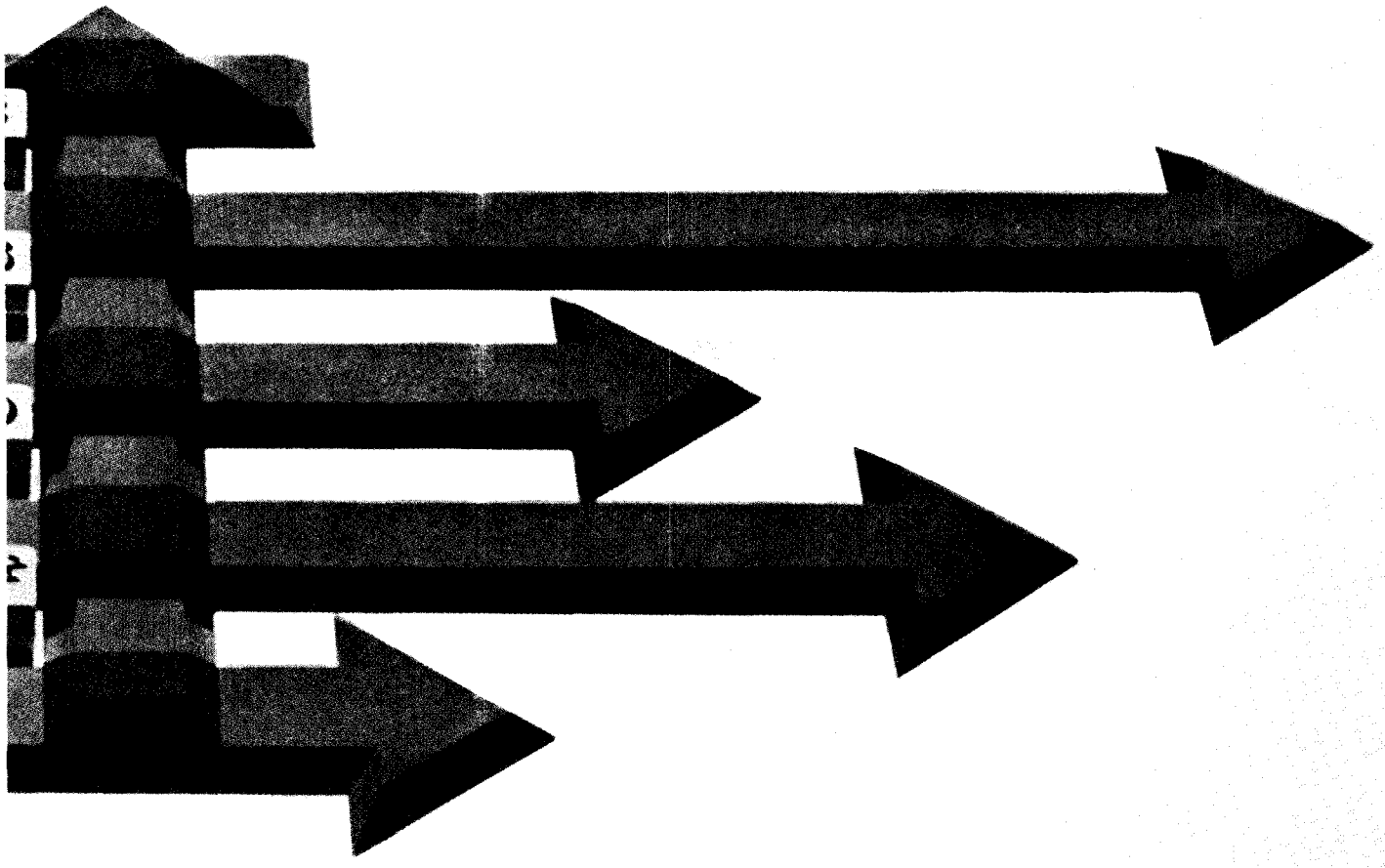

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given responsibility for particular farms or fields. They are organized into squads by the school, or ministry, or factory, or by their local Committee for the Defense of the Revolution: and the work is voluntary only in the context of the extreme spiritual value attached by the government to the physical transformation of the capital. Ironically, it is the very ideologues who are responsible for the new agriculturalism who will remain in Havana.

The work of the Cuban bureaucrats will be the administration of an agricultural economy, just as the students will study "useful" sciences such as nutrition and soil technology and hydraulic engineering. The new scientific and technical campus of the University of Havana is in the cane fields of the *cordon,* and the students do agricultural work for three months each year. "Not in these fields," said the project director, gesturing into the empty countryside. "But nearby." Even the Havana mental hospital, which houses 4000 patients and is one of the proudest achievements of the revolution, is in the green belt. Its inmates work on the land, in a strange and pastoral division of labor, keeping chickens and growing acre upon acre of red roses.

No one seems to know when the new, whole Havana will be a reality. But the vision of a productive city in a productive nation is one which is closely tied to the psychic roots of the revolution. Cuban life in the last ten years has been circumscribed by a collection of repudiations: the young revolutionaries want a new, indigenous pattern of economic development: a new, indigenous metropolis: a new, indigenous social morality. ("The kids like voluntary work," some Communist youth leaders explained. "They think it's like summer camp, a great place to get to know girls. . . It's not promiscuity we mind—but it takes so much time, it interferes with one's work.")

Next word

It will be clear that these reflections are based on conversation with the young, enthusiastic Cuban Communists who are the advance guard of the new revolution. There are people in Cuba whose lives and be-

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liefs have hardly changed in the last ten years, and their views have not been represented here. Foreign visitors to Havana live in one of the two enormous old hotels, which crouch like twin cities, Sodom and Gomorrah, at the periphery of the revolution. Foreigners are well fed, and gaze out to sea in the direction of Nassau. Delegations, SDS and the North Vietnamese, are in the Havana Libre, which used to be the Hilton; the journalists all together, complaining, are on the fourth floor of the Nacional. Although one can move about quite freely, the Cubans to whom one talks at any length are the young revolutionaries. Yet this is appropriate, to the extent that it is from these people that one can derive a representative view of the *new* Cuba. The New Revolution is after all their vision, and their creation.

The healthy, rural Cuba is still only a chiliastic ideal. But it is the ideal of people who happen to be in a position to change Cuban society, and to change the aspirations of that society. Driving from the airport, through the green belt, the visitor to Cuba passes a series of ten red-and-blue government placards. R (the first one reads)—1959; E—1960; V-1961 . . . and on to O—1967, the Year of the Heroic Guerrilla; N—1968, the Year of Heroic Endeavor. R-E-V-O-L-U-C-I-O-N: ten letters in the word, ten years, ten posters. Nineteen sixty-nine is to be the Year of the Decisive Effort; 1970, the Year of the Ten Millions—ten million tons of sugarcane.

—Emma Rothschild

Laos

Although the bombs have ceased to tumble down on the towns and transportation networks of North Vietnam, there has been no stand down at the big U.S.-run airbases dotted around Thailand. At Takhli, Korat, Udorn, Ubon, Utapo, and Nakorn Phanom, the warm-up roar of attack aircraft continues without letup. For the U.S. Air Force, and for some of the carriers in the South China Sea, the business of war is as usual; only the targets have changed.

The primary target for the planes that used to bomb North Vietnam is now Laos. The savage internecine conflict in Laos runs on in the wings of the greater Vietnam theater. We bomb Laos in strict violation of the 1962 Geneva Accords, which we signed, in order to get at the North Vietnamese who are infiltrating through Laos in strict violation of the 1962 Accords, which they also signed. That neither side admits it, or who started it, is of little concern to most Laotians. For they are losing over a thousand men a year in the bitter civil war which has followed the breakdown of those 1962 Geneva agreements.

Laos has not been on the agenda in Paris. But both sides know that

Hindu pack, c. 1800

there can be no meaningful peace in Indochina unless there is a settlement in Laos as well. As in Vietnam, for the first time in many years the old rhetoric is changing, and both sides are beginning to look beyond the end of hostilities to the political struggle that must follow.

Were it not for an accident of geography, Laos, with its tiny population of scarcely more than two million, would be about as important to American strategic interests as Upper Volta. But for over 1000 years Laos has been caught in the clash between the aggressive and Sinocized society of the Vietnamese to the east and the Indian-oriented culture of Thailand to the west. This old struggle was temporarily suspended during the colonial period. But as soon as French power began to dwindle, the old nationalisms and antagonisms broke out again. The United States got involved in Laos because these old battle lines coincided with the new battle lines of the cold war. But the struggle goes far deeper—again, as in Vietnam, Communism is but one of the factors in the Laotian struggle.

During the Kennedy Administration the United States decided that it was overcommitted in Laos. There were arguments for setting up a strong anti-Communist right-wing dictatorship, but the Administration settled for support of the neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma, though the Americans had previously helped to drive him out of the capital. A shaky tripartite government was installed, with the blessings of all the major powers. This regime sought to draw power away from both the right and the left to the center. But the coalition fell apart in 1963. By 1964 the Vietnam War had escalated, to the point where neither the United States nor the North Vietnamese thought they could fight each other without involving Laos. Soon the country reverted to a state of civil war.

Orwellian war

The civil war in Laos follows a cyclical pattern. Souvanna Phouma's Royal Lao Army, with its superior weapons and air support, advances during the wet season, roughly May to November. During the dry season, November to May, the Pathet Lao push it back again. But a curious *modus vivendi* has been observed. The basic positions never change, and neither side pushes the other too far. Except for a few towns deep in Pathet Lao territory, the government controls the Mekong valley, where nearly two thirds of the population live. The Pathet Lao control the mountains and forests to the east —about two thirds of the geography but only about one third of the population.

The Americans and the North Vietnamese have respected this status quo. Neither has sought a direct confrontation in Laos. The North Vietnamese, on their part, are content to control the Ho Chi Minh Trail and the regions along the Vietnam border. Their occupation of much of eastern Laos is complete and in some areas amounts to an annexation of territory. There is no doubt that with North Vietnamese help the Pathet Lao could overrun every town in Laos, with the possible exception of Vientiane itself. But if they did, they would risk bringing American troops, and probably the Thais as well, into Laos in force.

The Americans are content to hold the Mekong River valley, and despite all the talk about extending a McNamara line across Laos and cutting the Ho Chi Minh Trail on the ground, no serious attempt has been

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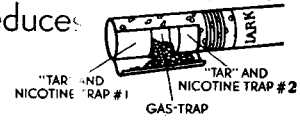

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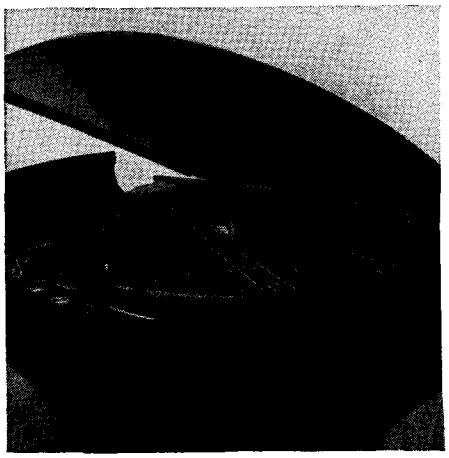

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made to oust the Pathet Lao and the North Vietnamese from eastern Laos. Thus neither the North Vietnamese nor the Americans have been willing to give their favored Laotian factions enough support even to win the civil war. So the government and the Pathet Lao fight it out in an unwinnable Orwellian sort of war.

With an eye to negotiations, the Pathet Lao may well try to improve their bargaining position this dry season. Few believe, however, that they will try to upset the basic status quo any more this year than they have done in the past.

There is evidence now that the Pathet Lao are beginning to tell their cadres to prepare for peace and the political struggle rather than war, possibly with eventual elections in mind. In November the Neo Lao Hak Xat (NLHX), as the Pathet Lao call their political party, held a new Extraordinary Conference. Their first Extraordinary Conference was held in 1956 when the party first surfaced. The second was held in 1964 soon after the last of the leftist ministers had left the government. So the November conference, being only the third ever held, was meant to be a significant gathering. Out of this meeting came a new, twelve-point political program clearly designed to broaden the base of their struggle. The program borrows liberally from the so-called "Alliance" in Vietnam, and some of the language has been lifted right out of the National Liberation Front's program of August, 1967.

Welcome for the lackeys

There is little trace of Marxist language in this program, and there seems to be something in it for everybody. "They seem to be casting themselves in the classic liberal mold," a diplomat in Vientiane observed, "and it is significant that all this sort of sweet reasonableness is not in accord with the Chinese position." Propaganda or no, the program is at least evidence that Laos has been following Hanoi's line.

The program takes an anti-American tone, of course, but the strong pitch is to nationalism. In the preamble the Pathet Lao say: "Buddhism has been offended seriously, and in many places pagodas have become places or breeding grounds

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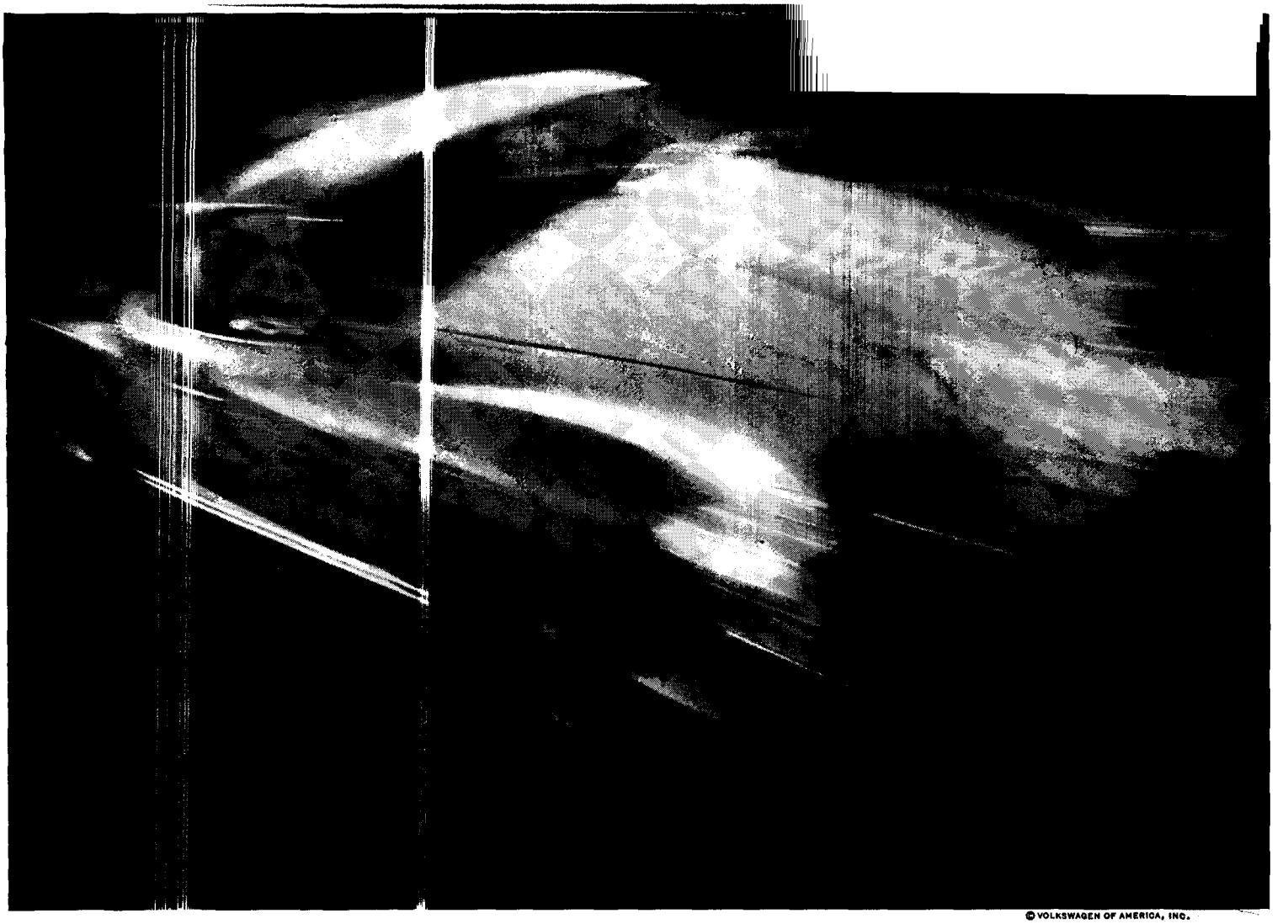

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Laos

for depraved American culture and way of life. The traditional culture and the fine customs and manners of the nation are being trodden underfoot."

But the Pathet Lao open their arms to the "United States and its lackeys" as well. They offer to "welcome and support all forces, individuals, personalities, intellectuals, students, soldiers, policemen and employees of the Vientiane administration who are against the U.S. aggression and are for freedom, democracy, and justice." The Pathet Lao's propaganda message is that it is not too late for other factions to see the light.

"We are interested in free and democratic elections in which all shades of opinion can find expression," the Pathet Lao representative in Vientiane recently said. Many officials in Vientiane fear that corruption and a heavy-handed army have turned scores of villages in the government-controlled areas against the regime. Similarly, there are many Laotians living in Pathet Lao country who would like to vote against the Pathet Lao. But it is doubtful that any villages in the government zone would be allowed to vote Pathet Lao, any more than villages in Pathet-Lao-controlled areas would be allowed to vote for the government. Even if they take place, elections are not likely to be the immediate way to national reconciliation.

Back to 1962

Both sides in Laos agree that the basis for a peace settlement should be a return to the tripartite agreement of 1962. None of the interested parties in Laos, neither the North Vietnamese, the Chinese, the Russians, nor the Americans, have denounced the 1962 agreement. A Pathet Lao communiqué in September laid down the conditions for peace talks. The first step was that the Americans should put an immediate halt to the bombing in Laos to create an "ambience favorable to resuming tripartite negotiations in view to finding a solution to the Laotian problem."

Prince Souvanna Phouma, for his part, is much more flexible about a bombing halt for Laos than he has been in past years. Under the right conditions "we certainly wish it," he said soon after the October 31 bombing halt was announced. In the Prince's view there is no need for a new Geneva conference on Laos. "The Lao problem has already been settled in 1962," he said, "both externally and domestically. It is not necessary to convene another conference to settle the same problem. If the Paris talks ever come to a conclusion whereby the Vietnam War comes to an end, the North Vietnamese troops will withdraw from Laos, and consequently there will be no more war in Laos." In the Prince's view, once the Vietnam War is over, the North Vietnamese will have no further use for the Pathet Lao, and they will allow the Pathet Lao to rejoin the government. According to the Prince, the only reason the Pathet Lao left the government in the first place was "because the North Vietnamese needed them as a tool for the purpose of infiltrating into South Vietnam."

Blur

The Pathet Lao claim that they left the government because the neutralists and the rightists had joined forces against them. Whether or not that was true in 1963, it is certainly true now. The obstacle to a return to tripartite government is going to be the fact that there are no longer three parties in the field.

Prince Souvanna Phouma started off his reign as the Russians' neutralist candidate, back in the days when the United States was still backing the right wing. But the neutralists as a separate military force began to fade when the Russians stopped supplying them with arms and ammunition. In the years since 1963 the Prince has become so dependent on the Americans and on the right-wing generals that there is some doubt that he can be called his own man anymore. The neutralists who stayed in Vientiane have long since melted into the right wing. And the neutralists who stayed in the forest have been taken over by the Pathet Lao. Although there is still technically a neutralist military force on the government side, the neutralist troops have been integrated with the Royal Lao Army in everything but name.

Although Souvanna Phouma has steadfastly fought for the neutralization of Laos in the international sense, there are Laotians who feel that he never really was a neutralist in a true sense. "The so-called neu-

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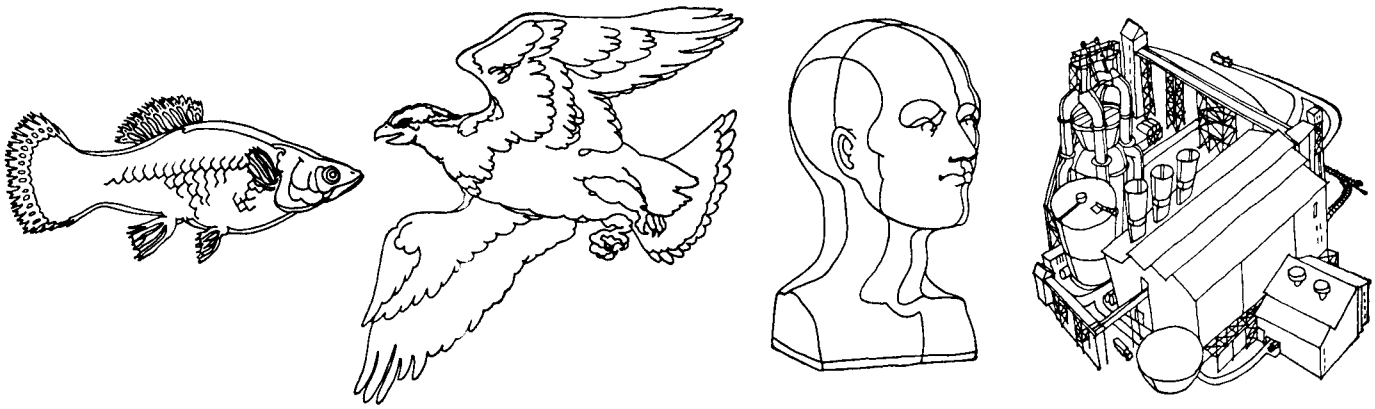

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tralist faction was an accident of history," says one. "It was the by-product of the American policy of the fifties that wanted a vigorously anti-Communist group in power rather than the more flexible and tolerant group represented by Souvanna Phouma. Even when Souvanna Phouma was out on the Plain of Jars with the Pathet Lao he was never sympathetic to the Pathet Lao." It was inevitable that the rightists and the neutralists should blur.

Everybody's second choice

It has been said that Souvanna Phouma is everybody's second choice. This helps explain why the courtly Prince, who prefers to speak French rather than Lao, has become the indispensable man, even though he now has no real power base of his own. Politics on the government side is based on a complex of involved family relationships, regional associations, and positions of military power by the right-wing generals who, like the barons of medieval Europe, get rich off the countryside and quarrel among themselves. The right wing is neither consolidated nor united, and this is just as well for Prince Souvanna Phouma. Few of the powerful families or generals have any love for the Prince, but they hate each other more, and the Prince rules by juggling their jealousies.

But Souvanna Phouma also rules because he has the firm support of the Americans. "The land of the million elephants," with all its quarreling princes, has been called a Gilbert and Sullivan country. The composer who calls the tune in Laos today is William Sullivan, the able American ambassador who has been on the scene for four years. Sullivan controls the channels of American aid on which the generals depend both for power and personal fortune. Sullivan has made it very clear to the right wing that Souvanna Phouma is America's man.

By any standards the American presence is enormous—larger than the French presence ever was. The American Embassy-USAID telephone book for Vientiane is as large as the telephone book for the whole of Laos. Per capita, Laos receives more U.S. aid than any country on earth. Military aid figures are still secret, but an AID official recently estimated that altogether, on a per capita basis, the United States is spending $100 a year on every man, woman, and child in the country. Of course only a very small portion of it ever filters down to the people, except under the wings of bombing planes.

Neutral chips

Partly because of the American presence, the bipolarization of Laotian politics has become an inescapable fact. But Souvanna Phouma and the Pathet Lao maintain the myth of tripartism: though the neutralists as a meaningful third force are no longer in the game, both sides would like to pick up their chips. Recently Pathet Lao broadcasts and the Pathet Lao representative in Vientiane have been talking about a return to tripartite government that takes into account the "new realities" and the "actual situation" in Laos. In other words they are going to want more than one third of a tripartite government.

If the neutralists no longer exist as a third force how can there be a return to tripartite government? It is not inconceivable that some form of sham neutralist bloc, acceptable to both sides, could be resurrected at least temporarily. It would not be the first time in Laos that myth has been crammed into a mold to fit reality. Then, despite efforts, the Pathet Lao have not yet captured the forces of nationalism in Laos as the Viet Cong have in Vietnam. Theirs is still a foreign ideology, and ideological differences do not mean as much in Laos as they do in Vietnam. This, and the fact that the international aspects of the war in Laos have never been allowed to get out of hand as they have in Vietnam, make optimism possible.

Pheng Phongsavan, the Laotian minister of the interior, summed it up recently. "We are a profoundly Buddhist people," he said, "and if not specifically anti-Communist we are all, at bottom, pacifists. It will be possible for the Communists to return to the government, no matter how difficult things may seem now, because we are all Laotians first." This fact has often been the despair of Americans, and probably North Vietnamese too, who have watched their Laotians fire over the heads of an advancing enemy rather than offend Buddha, but it may just save Laos.

Much depends on how other powers perceive their strategic interests. The North Vietnamese may want to keep troops in parts of Laos, especially in the two northeastern provinces which were administered from Hanoi until 1942. The Thais and the Americans may not want to risk an unfriendly force on the Mekong. But if the big powers will leave Laos alone, or at least avoid confrontation there, and if the Laotians themselves can achieve internal peace and stability, the country might serve as a neutral buffer between the Vietnamese and the Thais, between Communists and non-Communists and between Chinese and Western interests in Southeast Asia.

—Hugh D. S. Greenway

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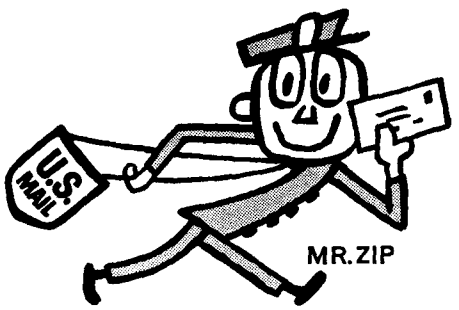

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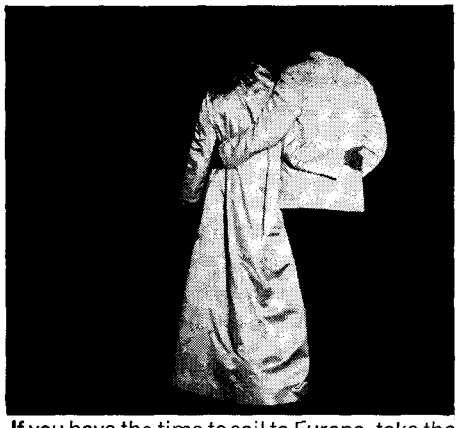

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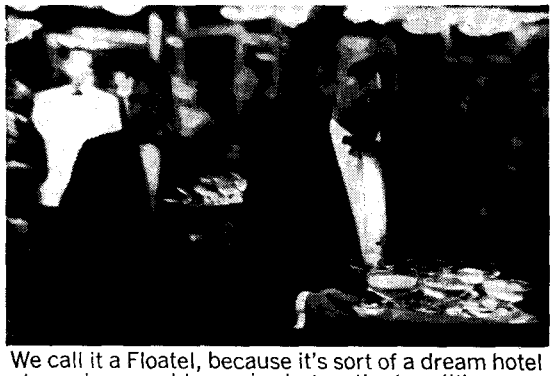

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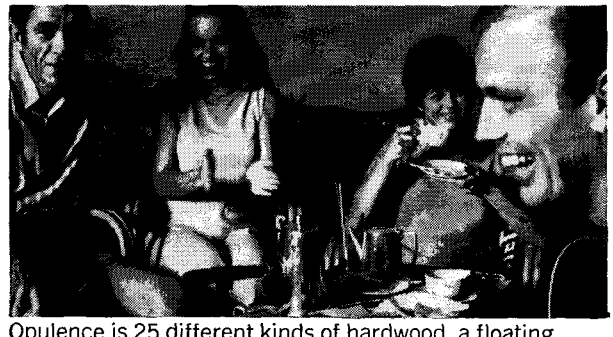

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the mail

On losing the war

SIR: I find it difficult to comment on so melancholy an article as Ward Just's "Notes on Losing a War" (January *Atlantic*). I wish this able journalist had looked beyond the high places in Washington and Saigon while setting the mood for his writing. The scapegoats he would have found then would have been us, the people, Americans and Vietnamese.

There are millions of people in Vietnam, some known to Ward Just, who have risked their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to fight off the NLF, the VC, the DRV, the NVA, and all the others with alphabetical tags that simply spell "the enemy." Whatever those in high places do or say, these millions of Vietnamese will still be there at war's end.

In a sort of despairing arrogance, some Americans seem to want to hide all these people under the rug by shoving some new form of coalition government over them and bringing American boys back home. Yet, many among these millions of Vietnamese people are well aware of the ugly consequences of such an action if imposed by us. Presumably, some enemy leaders would be named to high posts in such a coalition. These same enemy leaders are those who *selectively* ordered the murder of more than 20,000 civilian men, women, and children, along with the kidnapping of over 52,000 of them from their homes, during the past decade simply because they held views opposing those of the enemy. If such enemy leaders are given a freer hand by being part of the central government, it is not difficult to conclude that these leaders would indulge in a much greater bloodbath of those who dare to think differently than they. If we walk out on these people, our souls aching, we surely are not going to appease our own hurts.

There is no Taiwan (or even a bit of free Vietnam, such as in 1954-1955, when a million Vietnamese fled south away from Communist rule) waiting to receive these people. These millions of our Vietnamese friends and allies simply and plainly and agonizingly don't want to be conquered by the modern Asian methods of "People's warfare," as conceived by Mao, Giap, and others who set their twentieth-century juggernauts in motion for the eventual benefit of a handful of Communist elite. So, are we supposed to leave these millions of our friends and allies to a fate of genocide?

I doubt that any responsible American wants to abandon the Vietnamese people to a grisly fate. Thus, rather than conjecturing over who among the highly visible might become scapegoats, let us admit forthrightly that we, the people (both Americans and Vietnamese), have been hurt most grievously to date, and that we stand to be hurt even worse in the final outcome, unless we keep our wits about us and aim for a truly honest resolution of the struggle. Ward Just and other thinking Americans can certainly give yeoman help in such an endeavor. The decrying can await the time of postmortems. We aren't there yet. There is still much honorable work awaiting the doing by us.

EDWARD G. LANSDALE
Major General USAF (Ret.)
Alexandria, Va.

SIR: Ward Just's "Notes on Losing a War" inadvertently reveals how the sentimental, "patriotic" attitude of the U.S. press has contributed to the Vietnam fiasco. By his reference to the search for scapegoats (the generals blame the press, while the "demonologists" blame the generals), Just seeks the higher middle ground of what he mistakenly views as Olympian detachment.

Just's view springs from the common error of transferring the canon of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence "innocent until proven guilty" to politics. Those who commit a political act like starting a war should be judged guilty until proven innocent. The burden of the proof is on the militarists to prove themselves right —not on their critics, as has been universally assumed, to prove them wrong.

The U.S. military view of Vietnam ("Be patient, and we'll clean up the Viet Cong") is like the view of the medieval Inquisitors (just a few more burnings, and we'll stamp out heresy). The means of achieving the goal is as unrealistic as it is immoral.

You simply can't set up a corrupt, unpopular dictatorship and maintain it in power while it jails its opponents and censors its press, all the while proclaiming it part of the "Free World." When you bomb and burn innocent villagers and poison their crops, you can't deodorize the stinking mess with the euphemism "pacification." A policy founded on lies must ultimately fail. In unequivocal answer to Just's plaintive question, the 30,000 Americans killed in Vietnam *did* die in vain—a sacrifice to incredible stupidity, venality, mendacity, and apathy. The important thing now is not to preserve the illusion that they died for a noble cause, but to save another 30,000 from dying while the Saigonese puppets play in Paris at U.S. taxpayers' expense.

C. W. GRIFFIN, JR.
Denville, N.J.

SIR: I have never seen the real meaning of the Tet offensive clearly stated. Full NVA battalions moved overland into the major cities in perfect secrecy. The "hated enemies" from the North were helped and fed and hidden by the very people we are supposed to be protecting. The absolute lack of hard intelligence was amazing for several reasons: (1) nearly a million people moved south when Vietnam was partitioned, presumably because they dis-

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liked Communism, (2) many people in Vietnam make their living selling us information. The NVA were vulnerable both during their march to the cities and while they were dispersed and hidden in the cities awaiting the attack. Proper information might well have prevented the offensive, and such information might well have been rewarded. Was it terrorism that kept "our loyal allies" quiet?

PAUL S. WHEELER, M.D.
Baltimore, Md.

Another view of Hemingway

SIR: Hemingway is dead, and nothing anyone says about him now can affect him or his works, but the question of the war in Spain is still very much alive, the subject of numerous books, inquiry, research, and of concern to a great many people, particularly to the Spaniards, who fought Fascism then and are fighting Franco now. In a small way I include myself among their number, and for that reason would like to set the record straight.

The letter referred to by Carlos Baker in "Hemingway: Living, Loving, Dying" (January *Atlantic*), as having been written by Alvah Bessie for the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade and sent to the *Daily Worker* over the signatures of Wolff, Keller and Goff, was in fact part of a general news release dispatched to all the newspapers and wire services in New York City. The *Daily Worker* may have been the only newspaper to publish it, this I do not know, but for Baker to imply that it was the only place we sought to publish it is misleading and makes it appear that the dispute was solely between the Communist Party and Ernest Hemingway.

What was at issue was the failure of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* to reflect truly the nature of the war against Fascism as Hemingway publicly, fervently, stated it to be, and as indeed it was. Apparently, Hemingway was aware of this, as witness his misgivings, even if Kahle, Walter, Markovich, *et al* were not. Further proof, if needed, that Hemingway knew exactly what he was doing and how necessary it was for him to do what he was doing to ensure the success of the book with the literary establishment is revealed by the intelligence that he selected Pilar's story of the "massacre of the *Fascists*—" (italics mine) for submission to Max

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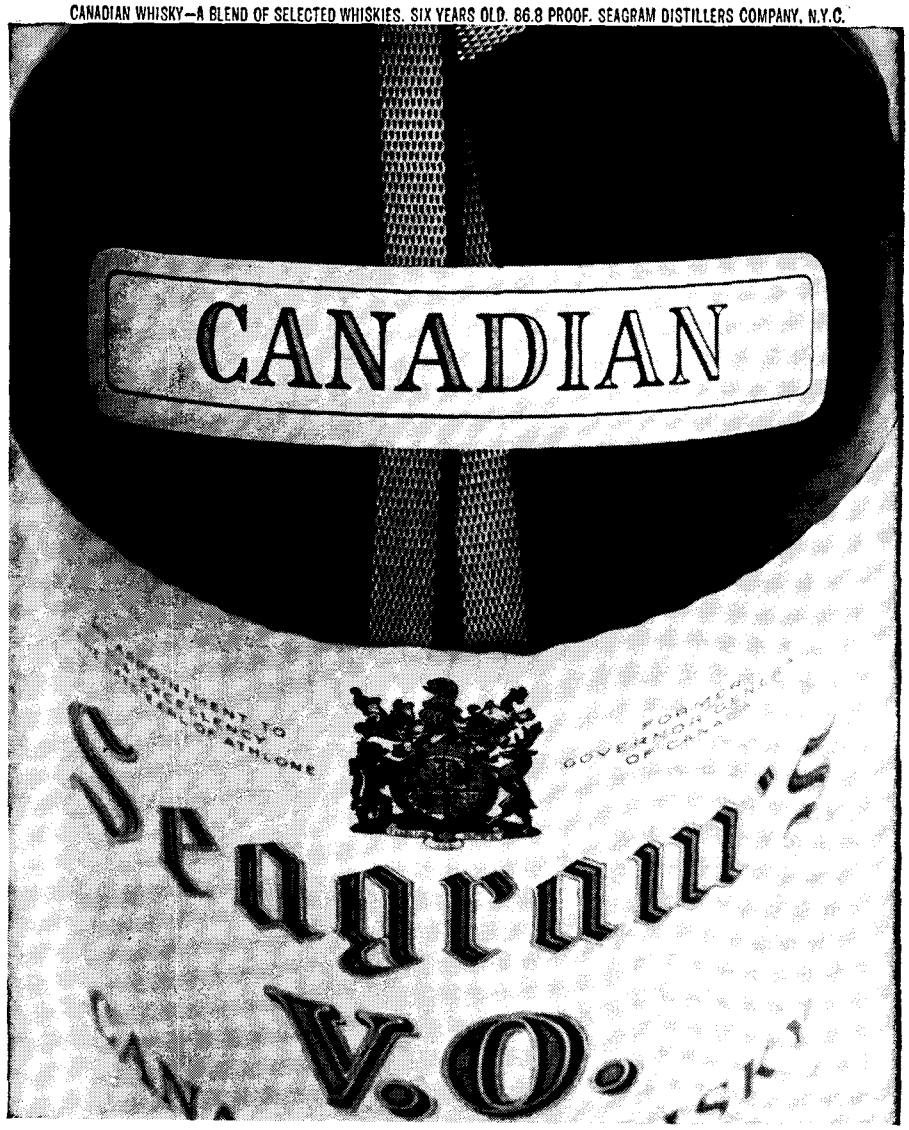

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Graciela

Graciela is a shy and timid three year old—a Chilean child. Her family, losing everything and terrorized by the recent earthquake, fled from its destruction and arrived in Santiago homeless. A struggling Protestant Day School, just affiliated with Children, Incorporated, noting their hunger and extreme need, let them occupy rent free a small wooden shack of one windowless room with a dirt floor. There are three beds for a family of seven but only one mattress and insufficient covering. TB germs lurk in the dust of summer and sticky mud of winter. The father, when he can secure work, makes about $30 a month. Graciela has been squeezed into the crowded day school which is trying to help her family.

Although the school manages to meet the Government's teaching standards, its buildings are flimsy, without electricity and in urgent need of repairs. 300 children are enrolled with 85 more approved for admission but money is lacking to accommodate them. Graciela, like the other children, exists under sub-human conditions. The lunch which the school tries to provide, is the nearest thing to a real meal cruel poverty permits to most of these children. Insufficient and improper food bloats their bodies and weakens and stunts their development.

Chile is a beautiful land with friendly people and bright, attractive children. But there are the Gracielas who have so pitifully little—they are "unfinished children". They have such potential. Their lives could be so changed if they could be helped even a little. They could blossom out into lovable, bright and capable youngsters. Graciela's life can be changed, like that of other similarly needy children, her whole future could be broadened and the worried look in her little face could disappear if she were sponsored under the CI "Adoption Plan". The cost of an "adoption" is the same as in all the CI projects around the world—$12 a month.

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Perkins as bait. The equation of an act of undisciplined vengeance carried out by enraged villagers against their oppressors, with the systematic, officially sanctioned, and institutionalized reign of terror by the Fascists, was in my mind a basic weakness of the book. I suppose that for Perkins it was assurance that the book would make it in the America of 1940.

I, for one, have never doubted that Hemingway knew which side was up, nor have I ever faulted him for knowing which side his bread was buttered on, but when he threw the black-and-white issues of Spain —of people versus Fascism—into the gray areas of doubt and pessimism, he opened the way to a generation of equivocators who now thrive on the "Curse on Both Your Houses" approach to the war in Spain.

MILTON WOLFF
Carmel, Calif.

SIR: That Hemingway cover is one of the greatest I have ever seen.

It tells almost as much of the Hemingway story as Carlos Baker's superb selection.

JOHN S. MONAGAN
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

SIR: Carlos Baker's snide little Key West anecdote about Hemingway, James Farrell, and "a man named Jonathan Latimer" is untrue.

Farrell never gave me a public tongue-lashing for putting on literary airs, as Baker asserts. He never gave me a tongue-lashing for anything. What he did in Key West in 1936 was live with me.

The Hemingways occasionally used my place as a sort of annex for house visitors they either couldn't or didn't want to take care of. Farrell was one of these. He occupied my spare bedroom, ate my food, drank my liquor, and finally departed, saying neither thank you nor good-bye.

Baker's picture of me as a fatuous nonentity is a real hard putdown.

The ATLANTIC welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless otherwise stipulated, is free for publication in our monthly letters column.

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I'd be crushed if it weren't for the London *Sunday Times*. In a fairly recent compilation of the world's greatest crime stories, its editors selected one that was being written in Key West that same year: *The Lady in the Morgue* by a man named Jonathan Latimer.

JONATHAN LATIMER
La Jolla, Calif.

No more Vietnams?

SIR: I can't resist a comment about the symposium "No More Vietnams?" (November and December *Atlantic*). Since several of the participants are political scientists, I was rather surprised at how slightly they dealt with what could be called, broadly, the two basic directions of national political development. Ideology aside, the Vietnam struggle may be interpreted as a contest between development from the top down (or Saigon out)—the method we favor—and development from the bottom up—our opponents' method. The experience in various Asian countries seems to suggest that, relatively speaking, our method produces economic growth and political stagnation; our opponents, on the other hand, seem to be rather good at grass-roots political mobilization but bunglers at economic growth.

It's a pity we can't get together. We need each other.

EDGAR WICKBERG
Associate Professor
Center for East Asian Studies
The University of Kansas
Lawrence, Kan.

SIR: In "No More Vietnams?" in the December issue I found myself deeply in agreement with the suggestion by James C. Thomson, Jr., that American foreign economic aid be channeled through multilateral agencies. As Thomson put it: ". . . one obvious solution is multilateralism: the channeling of our largess through intermediate bodies that can muffle the collisions and avert the embarrassments of bilateral relationships."

It has long been apparent that the most efficient, the most effective, the least wasteful, and the least resented foreign economic assistance is that which is provided by the United Nations and its specialized agencies. Of the UN Children's Fund even conservative Herbert Hoover said, "It is my conviction that UNICEF is ably and honestly conducted." Of course this might truthfully be said of much bilateral aid, but even when the latter is wisely administered, it is often profoundly resented as a "tool of American imperialism."

When the United States, acting under bilateral agreements with recipient nations, tries to tie the aid to social reform, hostility against our country is understandably provoked. When a UN agency such as the Food and Agriculture Organization does substantially the same thing, speaking for more than a hundred member nations, the conditions which are laid down by the agency are not resented.

PALMER VAN GUNDY
Los Angeles, Calif.

Advice and consent

SIR: The *Atlantic* should be congratulated for publishing a timely article by a timely man: "Israel and the Arabs" by Charles Yost in the January issue.

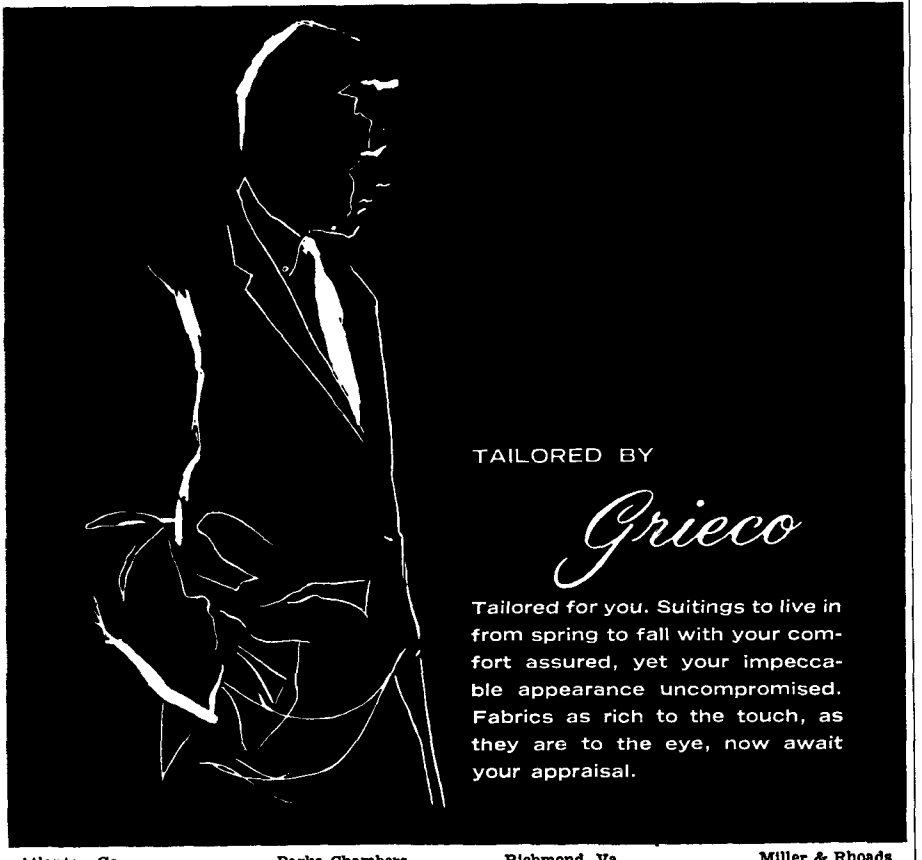
What we need in the Middle East is not myths based on prejudice or military weapons supplied by the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R., but neutral observations and diplomatic negotiations. Yost's insistence on the United Nations Security Council's November, 1967, resolution seems to be the only hope for the settlement of the crisis, more serious now than ever before. As he says, "There is no time to be lost." We must act now.

Those of us who are concerned with peace in the Middle East wish that Mr. Yost would act out what he has written as he undertakes the role of Ambassador to the United Nations under the Nixon Administration.

TADANORI YAMASHITA
Mount Holyoke College
South Hadley, Mass.

SIR: I was very disappointed to read John R. Everett's *Viewpoint* article in the December issue of your magazine. Starting a dialogue on the school decentralization issue is such a good idea that I hate to see it set on the wrong track by an article such as this.

What is needed is a confrontation over the new questions raised by the decentralization problem, which takes very different forms beyond the boundaries of New York City (trying to generalize from the New York



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Ernest Hemingway, Scott Fitzgerald, the incomparable Dorothy Parker, and Dashiell Hammett are among the characters who people the pages of *Unfinished Woman*. New Orleans in the era of *The Little Foxes*, the high-flying literary set in New York in the twenties, free and easy Hollywood in the thirties form backdrops for the *Atlantic's* first installment from *Unfinished Woman* in the April issue. An equally large and engrossing second installment will appear in the May issue.

Also coming:

THE NEW AMERICAN MILITARISM *by Marine Corps General David Shoup*

THE JOURNEY OF PHILIP ROTH *by Theodore Solotaroff*

LETTER FROM A FAR FRAT *by Herbert Gold*

experience about the decentralization question in other ghetto areas is in itself a way to get the debate off to a very shaky start). How can a ghetto school be truly responsive to the needs of the particular community it serves? How can the resources of a ghetto community be marshaled to help the ghetto school do a hell of a lot better job than can be done by even the best "professionals"? Are the interests of teachers and parents not far more in concert than in conflict, if only we can find a way to get these groups together? These are the kinds of questions your series should seek to answer. This article is a poor start in the wrong direction.

HARVEY PRESSMAN
Newtonville, Mass.

SIR: I've now read Tom Matthews' review of *Time Inc.* by Robert Elson in the December *Atlantic*. I shall resist the temptation to ask why you chose Tom Matthews to review the book or why you're running so partial a comment. But I can't resist correcting one of the factual errors which concerns us as publishers of the book: Matthews states that Time Inc. undertook to buy enough copies to pay for the printing. I don't know where he got that idea, but it is flatly untrue, and the implication that the publication was in any way subsidized is equally untrue. The book was read in manuscript, enthusiastically accepted, and published in the ordinary way, with the publisher incurring the ordinary risks.

It is true that Time Inc. has purchased some copies, but that was arranged after the book was printed, and the quantity purchased in no way pays for the printing. Matthews can deal with his own conscience over his treatment of a serious piece of work by a fellow writer, namely Robert Elson. But he ought to be more careful before he denigrates the character of a book or of a publisher with falsehood.

SIMON MICHAEL BESSIE
Atheneum Publishers
New York City

We are happy to print Mr. Bessie's correction and pleased that he resisted the temptation to question our choice of a former TIME managing editor as a reviewer. This relieves us of the necessity of reminding Mr. Bessie that our book reviews are designed to serve the readers of books, not their publishers.

—THE EDITOR

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An inspired mixologist at Fort Lauderdale's Mai-Kai restaurant created this cocktail to toast the winner of the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park. It is often called the Derby Daiquiri.

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REVEILLE FOR DEMOCRATS

BY BILL MOYERS

"If we perform the necessary surgery on ourselves . . . we Republicans will find many opportunities to work with," wrote John V. Lindsay in the January, 1965, ATLANTIC. *"For all the power at his command, Lyndon Johnson . . . may be more vulnerable than you think." Four years later, it is time for good Democrats to come to the aid of their party. Mr. Moyers, publisher of Long Island's* NEWSDAY, *suggests how.*

THE politics of 1968 may have appeared inconclusive in November, but they were at least conclusive enough to put Richard Nixon in the White House. And the matter does not quite end there.

The Democratic Party certainly survived 1968 less mutilated than expected after Chicago, only barely losing the White House and falling back just slightly at congressional and state levels. The Democrats are stronger now than the Republican Party was after Lyndon Johnson's 1964 landslide. Whether they are wiser remains the important question, for considerably more than conventional wisdom will be necessary if they are to put together a new coalition which accommodates the new party style of 1968 while preserving the best of the party's tradition.

In any American party, the Democratic in particular, coalitions are of the essence. Emerging in its modern form from FDR's massive shotgun wedding of 1932, the Depression-forged liberal-labor-Negro-farm coalition has been expected to shatter before every election since 1948. Few pundits believed it could survive Roosevelt's death; Harry Truman, they said, would be overwhelmed by the task of holding it together; 1952 was to bring its death knell, then certainly 1956; and Senator John F. Kennedy wrote a year later of "our crumbling coalition." Enough of these crumbs were swept together for Kennedy's own recipe of victory in 1960. The Johnson landslide four years later enveloped the old coalition, which was again pronounced dead in 1968 until November 5, when Hubert Humphrey just missed with a passable FDR pitch. Reports of the coalition's demise continue, in Mark Twain's words on reading of his own obituary, to be "greatly exaggerated."

We too easily forget that our parties constantly appear to be on the verge of flying apart. Television, dramatizing dissent, magnifies this persistent illusion. But, as Samuel Lubell points out, it is only when several segments of a coalition spin off simultaneously that a party can be irrevocably dissolved. Individual spinoffs or partial erosions can strengthen other segments of the party and attract new elements altogether. Coalitions change, and by changing, shift the loci of their parties, but they rarely shatter. Last year's election may signal the final loss of the conservative South and the decline of the big-city machines but may reward Democrats with contrasting replacements.

Democratic losses in the South can be counteracted by gains in the new suburban areas, gains which John English, for example, has secured in New York's traditionally Republican Nassau County since 1960. Essentially moderate but charismatically progressive figures like Iowa's Harold Hughes

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and Missouri's Thomas Eagleton provide hope for spading new rural-suburban ground to replace losses in the cities.

Roosevelt's coalition and whatever liberal majority existed after his death were deeply rooted in economic issues. It is hard to tell just how large a role economics played in the 1968 election. A pre-election cliché held that in our affluence economic loyalties paled before discontent on Vietnam and social issues like race and crime. An English observer was shocked to find that no one to whom he talked throughout the campaign gave the Democrats credit for eight years of prosperity. Union leaders seemed obsessed with insisting that loyalty to Humphrey and to Johnson's Vietnam policy belonged ahead of every other issue. Because they were dovish, friends of labor like Gilligan of Ohio and Clark of Illinois received lukewarm union support. Al Lowenstein had a one-hour meeting with union officials on Long Island in which his nonendorsement of Humphrey was almost their sole concern. Union members, 46 percent of whom now earn between $7500 and $15,000 a year, appeared ready to vote their prejudices over their fat pocketbooks.

The ultimate swing of the rank-and-file union men back to Humphrey reflected a last-minute embrace of traditional bread-and-butter issues. To adherents of the New Politics the Vice President's New Deal rhetoric may have sounded gauche and irrelevant, but in this sense he proved the shrewder politician in the closing days of the race.

But Humphrey did lose. If his bucket-pail program did rekindle fading depression-and-recession fears for one more hurrah, 43 percent of the vote is, as the late Senator Kennedy would have said, "unacceptable." Assuming continued prosperity, such appeals probably cannot be warmed over for another campaign in 1972. Depression memories are fading fast and recession memories do not stain so easily. The Democratic Party will have to form a coalition based on other than purely economic interests if it is to win in 1972.

NEW COALITION

The main pillar will continue to be the remains of the original FDR coalition. This is still a substantial group. Blacks have, in fact, become the Party's "new Irish." The outcome in Texas, where increased registration among Negroes and Latin Americans carried Humphrey to victory, proves how unlikely minorities are to vote Republican. Labor will hardly kick the Democratic habit in four years' time. And despite an occasional embrace from a Pat Moynihan, Republicans will be a long time draining significant strength from the intellectual community.

Old coalition voters, however, will in themselves not be enough. The Deep South is lost, possibly for good. Older factions are dribbling off. The farmers who nudged Truman to victory in 1948 went for Nixon in 1968 and will continue to go wherever they define their interest to be. Younger union members cannot be taken for granted. Most important, as the population grows, the old coalition must add numbers incrementally to reconstitute itself a majority. Since blacks and Latin Americans are the only firm and growing groups within the coalition, votes obviously must be sought elsewhere.

Most liberals, taking hope from Eugene McCarthy's campaign, look to the burgeoning "new class," the educated upper middle, as the savior of the Democratic Party. Affluent, they will vote issues over economics, the theory goes, and as they are educated, they will be liberal. Components of this new democracy will be youth, the new managers, the newly affluent, and the college-educated suburbanites. There is some evidence for this reasoning. Since 1964 a record 12,500,000 young people have become eligible to vote. A recent Greenwich College poll showed 51 percent of college students uncommitted to either party. McCarthy and Lowenstein proved that many of them can be effectively marshaled for liberal campaigns. The affluent grow apace (25 percent of our population earned over $10,000 last year, compared with 7 percent in 1947), and since these are the people who are less directly threatened by social unrest than the new middle classes, they are ripe for a McCarthy type of appeal. Many of these operate Galbraith's "technostructure." They are educated men filling jobs with a vested interest in corporate liberalism—college administrators, foundation bureaucrats, computer players, and others. Finally, the college-educated grow out of enrollments which have increased 70 percent since 1960. By 1972 almost 35 percent of the electorate are expected to have college degrees, in contrast to 29 percent today.

This bubbling quasi-intelligentsia certainly appears to be fertile hunting ground for Democrats in search of new coalescents. But those dreaming of such a "new left" grouping grow strangely silent or vague when discussing actual figures, resorting to statements such as "The census is on our side." They have occasional statistics to employ, such as McCarthy's 49-to-41 margin in New Hampshire among those under thirty-five, and 51-to-42 among the college-educated, though these figures are limited to Democrats.

The problem is that a closer scrutiny puts in jeopardy the potential of this new grouping to combine with "traditional" Democrats for 51 percent of the vote in 1972. Consider youth. Voters under twenty-five still fall short of the more than 19

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million registered Americans who are sixty-five and over. A transient group, the young often do not take voting seriously—only 51 percent voted in 1964. In 1968 only 48 percent of those between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-nine were registered to vote. For all the sound and fury from the left in early 1968, Nixon and Wallace took more than half of the under-thirty vote in November.

The affluent and college-educated have exceptional voter-turnout records, but this is a mixed blessing for Democrats. It may prove just a liberal conceit that their numbers inevitably swell as education levels rise; last year Nixon attracted 54 percent of the college-educated.

CONSERVATIVE TIDE

Liberal Democrats must honestly face what the pollsters have been telling us for some time: there is a definite conservative tide running in America. We can dream and tinker, move pins, compute figures, and massage our prejudices all we wish, but any consideration of new Democratic coalitions must face up to that basic trend. Furthermore, this is not a racist or reactionary current. Goldwaters and Wallaces are not likely to fare any better in the future. Richard Nixon, for one, seems to understand this. There are no Rockefellers in his Cabinet, but neither are there any Thurmonds. (The White House staff is balanced, in fact, between Rockefeller's Kissinger and Thurmond's Dent.)

How should Democrats respond to this conservative accent in America's politics? Certainly not with a spasm of imitation in which we jettison the Roosevelt-Truman-Kennedy-Johnson vision of a better and more equal society. But we can begin with a more realistic understanding of what is happening in the country today.

The American electorate has historically been conservative, usually apathetic to be sure, but capable of aroused reaction when threatened. We have, as David Riesman recently wrote, "a blend of traditions, a conservatism about American values coupled with an interest in innovation and, when people have felt unthreatened, a certain measure of mutual tolerance for different ways of life."

Newly middle-class unionists are a case in point. Though liberal on economic issues out of self-interest, they are at best quiescent and at worst harshly repressive toward noisy dissent. A poll of one union's membership five years ago showed 61 percent opposed to letting Communists speak in public, 48 percent opposed to any socialist's teaching social sciences, 36 percent opposed to the same for a Republican, and 41 percent who felt that Barry Goldwater should not be allowed to address union meetings. And this was in relatively quiet 1963! Yet the same membership endorsed National Health Insurance by 82 percent and school integration by 78 percent! The testimony of William L. Abbott, former education director for United Rubber Workers, is that "intolerance of dissent has been an unfortunate mark of the labor movement, which still considers itself a garrison holding off hostiles at gun point." An anti-Yippie unionist revealed both his affluence and his attitudes in commenting on Chicago: "Thank God, I say, that we had color television so we could see red blood coming from some of those kooks."

Liberals have failed to take seriously enough the very genuine apprehension inherent in such declamations. Middle-class concerns in 1968 were left to the angry articulation of a George Wallace on the one hand and the country-club rhetoric of a Spiro Agnew on the other. There is absolutely no reason why liberals should abandon the defense of domestic peace to spokesmen who explicitly or implicitly couple it with repression. Arthur Waskow, a radical himself, talks of middle- and working-class fury at "the loafing classes"—particularly students. These malcontents are not the well-to-do who can flee from the clamor; these are people who have generally made great sacrifices for what they own, and their near-hysterical anger at "revolutionaries" must be understood.

Carey McWilliams, editor of the *Nation,* noting these "new, smug strident voices which mock the old decencies of life," reminds us that "liberal-left America, saccharinely sentimental about the problems of racial minorities and foreign peoples, seems incapable of even minimal concern—let alone respect—for the human dignity and dilemmas of middle America." And so my own father, a decent and gentle laboring man who has never forgotten what Franklin Roosevelt did for him in the Depression when he was earning 50 cents a day, felt constrained to explain in apologetic tones to me why he was distressingly tempted to vote Republican: "I can't vote for Wallace because he's a hater, but my own party doesn't seem to understand how to keep this country from falling apart, or that that is what some of these people want to happen." We lost millions like him last year, who felt, not without some cause, that Democratic compassion for the underdog (they were themselves underdogs once, and the beneficiaries of social liberalism) has in latter days evoked a bewildered tolerance of extremism. These voters are not lost forever. They can be won back with an intelligent program that espouses the kind of reforms which enlarged their own lives but eschews violence and restores their hope that Democratic liberals also believe in domestic peace.

We have some other lessons to learn from the

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conservative phenomenon. One is the value of responsible rhetoric. Liberals tend to be apocalyptic at heart and in speech, and Richard Nixon was justified in accusing Democrats of promising far more than they could produce in social welfare. One explanation of why so many turned away in November may well be contained in Amitai Etzioni's assertion that "public confidence is shaken more by the unfulfilled promises and millennium rhetoric . . . than by the inability of the country's leadership to quickly solve our pressing problems."

TIME TO EXPERIMENT

Four years to ponder what will and will not work while the Republicans man the trenches may not be such a bad thing for Democrats. Friedman's negative income tax may prove workable. Black capitalism is hardly to be opposed in concept. It will be interesting to watch Nixon trying to deliver on a volunteer army. The political peril for Democrats in all this is that once the initiative for innovation has passed to the Republicans, they may be surprised at how much they like it and be reluctant to return once again to normalcy. Lubell contends that for extended periods of time major programs are thrashed out largely within one party; the party then tends to prevail because of greater relevance and greater timeliness. The Democratic Party has held this position since 1932 but is now in danger of losing it. To reclaim their leading role on issues and votes, the Democrats will have to prove again that their party is the crucible for social experimentation of the issues at hand.

Why should liberal Democrats, for example, not give higher priority to an attack on crime?—militant black leaders are against mugging in the ghetto. And if our past civil rights programs are now proving inadequate, we may have to follow the lead of Innis, McKissick, and others in devising a program of mutually acceptable separate development as a prelude to later cohesion and cooperation. New Deal federalism is not feasible in its old form, and creative approaches to decentralization—as Robert Kennedy was proposing before his assassination—should increasingly receive our attention. None of this is inconsistent with traditional Democratic bread-and-butter issues—more social security, expanded Medicare, full employment —or in conflict with "quality of life" issues for the new class—consumer protection, conservation, anti-pollution measures, aid to education, and so on. Youth-oriented "new politics" programs such as lowered voting age, more primaries, party democratization, and reform of the draft are equally important for the reconstruction of a winning Democratic coalition.

The ideal (or at least the most realistically progressive) coalition thus is rooted in the remnants of the old while assuming their gradual atrophy. Blacks, Latins, and other economically deprived minorities are grossly underregistered and could invigorate the old coalition along with lower-income whites outside the South. The "new class" will broaden the base with active students, housewives, and others but cannot by itself bring the numbers to a winning majority. The margin must come from the groups toward which Robert Kennedy was reaching: the lower middle class and the urban dweller. Across this bridge between the suburbs and the cities the Democratic Party could march to victory four years hence.

If . . . and here we must pause to explore the dilemma of ideals versus ideology.

In terms of intelligence, creativity, and dedication the role of the new participants in 1968 politics was unprecedented and impressive. Since the election, they have demonstrated maturity by sticking with party work, exploring McCarthy-Kennedy coalitions, planning candidacies at all levels, and reaching out for cooperation with other classes. Such movements prevail or are growing in at least half of the states. With the new leisure and affluence their participation should continue to be spirited and issue-oriented.

But they also carry dangers with them, ideological dangers and class arrogance chief among them. McCarthy was typically candid but unfortunately myopic in telling us that his voters were largely the educated. Too many of his followers did view themselves above compromise and were at times forced into intransigent anti-Kennedy and anti-Humphrey positions. A greater self-scrutiny could have diluted the aloofness which shut them off from the stevedore, the taxi-driver, and the printer, and presaged the coalition which I believe to be the best hope for 1972. I, for one, would hold a Democratic Party bereft of its commitment to the working class to be hollow and hypocritical, not to mention incapable and unworthy of winning future national elections.

It is one thing to be evangelistic in politics, another to be priestly and dogmatic. Richard Daley is today the scapegoat of the liberals, yet he came within a hair of emerging their hero. All he had to do was to throw his support to Edward Kennedy —and he seemed almost ready. We are reminded that many of today's fiercest advocates of the open primary complained not a whisper when Adlai Stevenson was nominated in 1952 in that packed convention in Chicago over primary winner Estes Kefauver; that Stevenson again took the prize unprimaried in 1956; and that it was Eugene McCarthy himself who nominated Stevenson in 1960 though John Kennedy had won the primaries.

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It is well for us to keep in mind the query of Adlai Stevenson a decade ago: "It does not belittle the movement to ask some questions. . . . What are the effects of an almost exclusively 'ideological' political motivation? Is some degree of instability the likely price of a lack of the restraint of economic interest and of part-time interest in politics? What are the implications of all-out election campaigning by highly vocal groups who assume little responsibility for legislative follow-up of either their nominees or their programs? What is necessary to prevent hit-and-run politics—even by one's highest-minded political friends? These seem to be worthwhile questions." So they are. Fortunately they are receiving high priority within the New Politics movement itself. Donald Peterson and Jack Gore, leaders of the New Democratic Coalition, have expressed the desire to attract the black and working-class voters now reluctant to attend their meetings. People like Adam Walinsky have spoken out against both the rigidities of ideology on the left and the cynical indifference and parochialism of the regular organizations.

The Democratic Party is almost certain to change structurally over the next four years. The elimination of the unit rule and the decline of the power of the conservative South should make it more open and volatile. With organization men like Jesse Unruh embracing the insurgents and Richard Hughes imitating them, with Edmund Muskie and Hubert Humphrey still active on the national scene, and with young senators like Edward Kennedy, Fred Harris, Harold Hughes, Joseph Tydings, and Walter Mondale expanding their influence, there is no reason why the wounds cannot be healed and unity forged by 1972. Humphrey, with his usual magnanimity, now talks of using his influence to broaden participation in the party. Having been torn by the conflicting pressures from two intractable areas, he undoubtedly wants to see the party avoid inflicting similar torture on its future presidential candidates.

The outlook is far from bleak. It's largely a coalition game, a neck-and-neck race with similarly minded Republicans for a majority by 1972 (the most thorough and lucid recent discussion of changing coalitions appeared in the journal of the liberal Republican Ripon Society). In a day of new politics the Democratic Party must forgo some of its letterhead leaders to appeal directly to members of constituent groups. Television is here, for better or worse, and it is unlikely that any future candidate will be an effective national leader if he cannot use the medium successfully. This does not demand just Reagan-like showmanship. Muskie has shown that candor is a good beginning in developing media style, and Ted Kennedy that dignity and declarative sentences are mutually enforcing.

Senator Kennedy's brisk and successful challenge to the old guard and his replacement of Russell Long as Senate Majority Whip provide the most dramatic indication yet that the progressive figures in the party are determined to reassert themselves. George McGovern and Gaylord Nelson continue to demonstrate that their kind of muckraking defense of consumer interests and deprived citizens is as urgently needed as ever, and Birch Bayh that Democrats can keep the initiative on important issues like electoral reform. The Kennedy coup helps to assure them a conspicuous forum in which to do that.

Theological purists may be disturbed by the lack of attention to a detailed program. It is simply too early for that, and efforts now to frame such a program might only accelerate the Republicans' consolidation of support in what we hope will prove only a brief right-leaning hiatus. Furthermore, I remain immensely skeptical of realigning our parties ideologically. The very stability of the American political system is grounded on the pragmatism of both parties and their reluctance to veer too far from the center.

Most Americans are not ideologically committed. But there remains in the majority of them, liberal and conservative alike, what Gunnar Myrdal recently called their "common explicit morality . . . the old Enlightenment ideal: dignity of the human individual, justice between people, liberty, equality of opportunity, and brotherhood." Keeping that ideal alive among diverse competing interests, without yielding to any one group's precise creed, is the heart of the Democratic strategy. While the base of our strength must continue to be the deprived, disenchanted, and disenfranchised, we will be useless to them if we write off as wicked or stupid those who, having "made it," will have to provide the fiscal resources and moral support for the works of compassionate reform. Robert Kennedy understood this, which explains, perhaps, his appeal to the black militant, the white student, and the steelworker in Gary.

The Republicans did not ignite the imagination of the American people in 1968; they won through default in one of the most uninspiring campaigns in memory. I believe they won because Democrats seemed to lose faith in their own party as an instrument of reconciliation. The road to 1972 begins with the rediscovery of that faith.

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PATIENTS

A Story by Jonathan Strong

Tim was a thirteen-year-old fat boy, the youngest patient on the ward. I knew him after I had been at the hospital several weeks and had begun to get myself back in touch. We talked first in the lounge on a rainy afternoon listening to a Donovan record.

"Jamie," said Tim, "that's your name, right?"

"Right," I said.

"You been here long?" His round face was red because it had been hard for him to start talking to me.

"Three weeks," I said. "Don't you remember?"

"I been here so long I don't remember who were here when. I been here eight months. Where you from?"

"Winnetka," I said.

"Is that your car, the turquoise-blue one?"

"Yep."

"You must be rich," he said.

"I wouldn't say so. Where you from?"

"Skokie." He had a bright voice that was starting to get lower but was mostly high-pitched still. His teeth stuck out a little, but he could have been handsome if he were not so fat. "I love rainy days," he said. "I hate sunny days. I love it when it's all gray and soggy."

"Are you kidding?" I said.

"Nope," said Tim. "I really do."

Our ward was in the basement of the building. The lounge was built of gray concrete blocks, and the windows at the ceiling showed clouds and long grass that had not been clipped. There were about fifty of us day patients. A lot of guys were in for drugs, but there were all kinds—straight guys, suburban ladies with nerves, some far-out chicks, old ladies having shock treatments, two old men who played chess. I slowly made friends all around, but I mostly stayed with the guys my age with the same experiences.

I had sat with Tim once before at the O.T. table when he was drawing a bullfrog that turned out quite well. I had been working on a leather belt myself. We had not talked then, but now in the lounge we had. He sat back in his chair, and his T-shirt lifted up to show his round middle. We did not talk anymore for a while but listened to the Donovan record, with the rain in the background. Tim had brought the record in. The lounge had a Victrola donated by someone, but we had to bring our own records. The younger patients were usually the ones who brought records in, though sometimes we had to suffer through some lady's Dean Martin album.

"Hey, Jamie," said Tim, "you like this song?"

"Yep," I said. It was "Mad John's Escape," which I think is a cool song.

"I play the bass guitar, you know," said Tim.

"You do?"

"I couldn't get into a group yet, but I'm learning it."

"Great," I said.

"You play?"

"Some," I said. "Hey, how's the bullfrog?"

"Miss Hedrick wants me to enter it in the hospital art show." Miss Hedrick was the O.T. nurse and a cool chick.

"Great," I said.

"I love frogs," said Tim. "Except you know a funny thing? When I were little, I used to dread lily pads."

"What?"

He was sitting on the edge of his chair, and his friendly eyes were looking at me. "I don't understand it," he said. "I actually dreaded lily pads, I dreaded them."

"How come, do you suppose?"

"I don't know. When I were little, a wet lily pad blew onto my stomach and stuck when I were swimming up in Wisconsin. I couldn't get it off. I were really scared."

"How come you always say were instead of was?"

"I don't know," said Tim. "I just do."

Though he was seven years younger than me, I did feel like being his friend in a way. I found him a cool person. He was very bright for his age,

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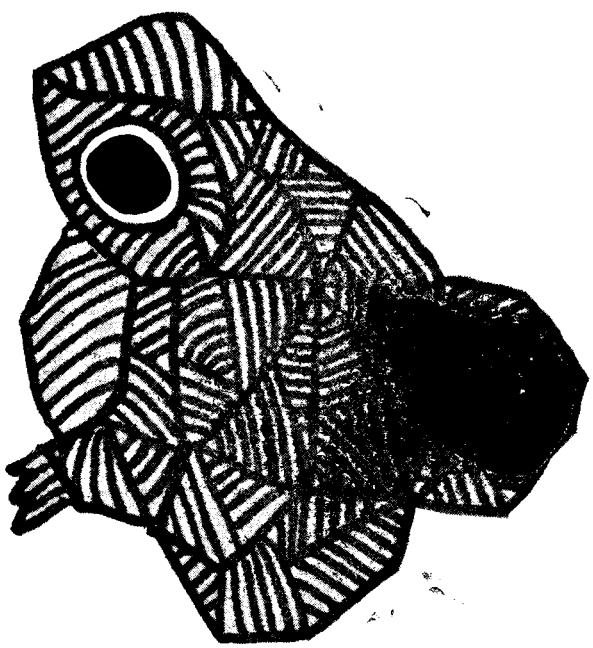
not that he necessarily knew a lot, but he responded with a lot of feelings to things. I myself had been such a dead kid at his age. We went on talking most of the afternoon. I had nothing else to do, having got my work therapy out of the way that morning. We talked about his family and his lack of friends. He brought up his fatness, which I was going to ignore, but I should have known he would want to talk about it. He said Miss Hedrick told him he would look something like Donovan if he lost some weight.

I was a particular friend of Tim's for the rest of my time at the hospital. He said he did not have anyone he could talk to about his life except me and of course his doctor. Every day we sat and talked, particularly about the things he wanted to know about sex. He worried about getting excited seeing girls on the bus on his way to the hospital in the mornings. Once he went three stops beyond the hospital and had to take another bus back because he could not stand up without grossing-out the whole car, as he put it. He wanted to know all about my chick Diane, and every morning he asked me if I had slept with her last night.



I made several other close friends too, but I do not feel like writing about other guys who were into drugs. I talked with them about drugs the same as if we knew each other on the outside. I was trying to get away from all that. My friends and I had spent the winter in one apartment or another turning on. They were still doing it. My doctor and I agreed that while I was in the hospital I would not hang around with my friends outside anymore. I only saw them for an hour or so in the evenings on the way home, and they thought it was very mystical and mind-blowing to be in the hospital. I spent most of my time at home and with some old straight friends from high school. I did not mind the quiet evenings, because my days were busier, and I slept a lot. I soon got sort of attached to the hospital. It was an experience I was having by myself which my friends could not share.

One Monday I wanted to talk to a chick who had just been admitted to the ward, but she was withdrawing, sitting with her head between her knees, rocking a little back and forth. While I was sitting beside her on the green plastic couch in the lounge, I heard a crash in the dayroom. I got up and went in, and it was Tim throwing things. He had tipped over a bridge table and thrown a chair. The ladies at the sewing table were all scared but trying not to notice what he was doing. Mrs. Fisk, the head nurse, was standing facing Tim with her hands on her hips. I realized that though I had thought of him as my friend, I did not know him well enough to do anything at that point. I could not go up to him and try to calm him down because I was not his doctor and I did not know what was involved. That was the hard thing about making friends at the hospital.

They put him on restrictions for the rest of the week. He could not leave the dayroom to go to the gym or the grille or even the lounge, and the attendant had to go to lunch with him. The next day I tried to talk to him, but he did not want to talk. They had upped his dose of Thorazine, and that kept him pretty much subdued. He said he wanted to go to sleep, but it was against the rules to put your head down or close your eyes, and the nurses kept making him sit up.

Tim spent the week at the O.T. table painting. His first bullfrog was so good, he did more of them. He modified them till they were simple heart-shaped green things with one eye and feet. Then he started to do them in all colors. The last one he did was not even a frog but blobs of dark colors which he called "Frog at Night." While he was painting frogs, I wrote a poem about drowning which I hoped one of my friends outside could make into a song, and I submitted it to the hospital newspaper. The girl who had been withdrawing read it and said it was "a real trip."

The next week Tim was off restrictions, and we sat in the lounge again listening to records. I brought in the Cream and the Doors, and Tim brought Tim Buckley. He told me then what had caused his tantrum. He had gone with Lucille, a teeny-bopper who was really tough, into the closet where they stored the gym equipment, and she had got him excited and unzipped his fly, and they had made love sitting on a chair. Tim had told his doctor because he thought he would keep it secret, but his doctor told the entire staff. Tim

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was so mad when one of the nurses talked to him about it that he started throwing things. Of course his doctor had to tell Lucille's doctor and the staff, but Tim did not understand. Now he wanted to know more about sex. It had not been very good, he said. He felt all funny about it. I told him that for it to be good you had to care something for the girl and you had to do it more relaxedly, in your bed, not in some closet.

That week Tim became troublesome again. Though he was still on Thorazine, he burped very loudly all the time and made the ladies at the sewing table cringe. In our talks he got more dirty-minded and talked about bathroom things a lot. I tried not to laugh and told him I did not want to talk to him if he would not be serious. He showed me a picture he had drawn of himself looking like a meatball standing behind his doctor, who was throwing up into the toilet and saying, "Tim, what a stupid, disgusting patient you are, you make me vomit!" I told him he should show it to his doctor. He said he already had.

My work therapy was changed from the shop to the grille, and Tim used to meet me on my break and have a milk shake. Once I told him to have a Diet-Pepsi instead, but he said Diet-Pepsi made him vomit, and he let out a burp. Everyone in the grille, mostly patients, looked at him.

"Jamie, why am I such a stupid baby?" he said to me.

"You're not stupid," I said.

"I know. You might not believe it. I have a very high I.Q. When I were tested, they said my I.Q. were near genius level."

"I can believe it, Tim," I said.

"But I always act like such a baby. If I were only handsome like you."

"Cut out the milk shakes every day. Have a grapefruit juice if you don't like Diet-Pepsi."

"Oh, puke," said Tim. "You know what that is you're eating?" I was eating a strawberry-rhubarb pie with powdered sugar.

"I hate to think," I said.

"It's bloody snots with curdles." I just kept eating and ignored him.

"I told you I want to talk to you without all that," I said.

"I can't help it. It just comes out. Like puke." He burped.

"Come on, Tim," I said. He looked at me with his friendly eyes.

"Why do you like to talk to me?" he said.

"Because I can really talk to you. I can tell you things. It helps me too, you know."

"But you'll be going soon, and you have all your friends and sexy Diane and your car. I'll be still here for years."

"It won't be years, Tim."

"Nothing will get any better."

"How do you know? Have faith in the place."

"They said I were getting worse."

"Well, I don't know, Tim."

"Why should some people be handsome like you and some ugly and fat?"

"Why don't you just try eating a little less each day?"

"You told me before I should starve myself for a couple of days so my stomach shrinks, and then I wouldn't want as much."

"Well, then try that. Doesn't your doctor give you a diet?"

"I'm mad at him now."

"Tim, you know, being thin doesn't mean you solve your problems." I felt bad saying that to him. To him being thin was a kind of solution.

The following week he was doing well enough to have work therapy. They assigned him to the grille with me, but he kept sneaking brownies and shakes. After a few days he had enough of work. When he was fooling around with the soda jet, it sprayed out onto some customers, and the manager of the grille sent him back to the ward.

I WAS going to be discharged, and I had told Tim about it. We were working at the O.T. table. I told him as casually as I could, and I immediately suggested that maybe I could still see him, maybe I could pick him up some afternoon and go to a movie. He said they would not allow it because patients cannot see each other on the outside. I told him I would not be a patient anymore, but he was still sure it would not be allowed. Anyway, I felt better saying I would try to see him again. It was going to be a hard thing leaving the hospital after so many weeks, especially the patients I meant something to.

My own therapy had been going pretty well. I would still see my doctor once a week to keep me in line for a while. I planned to get a job and hopefully go back to college in the fall. I really felt I was through with drugs, at least acid and speed for sure. I am not going to get into that kind of thing again.

Tim painted a lot during my last week. He was on restrictions again and taking a lot of Thorazine. I decided to paint too, and I did a psychedelic painting of the bottom of the sea with creatures crawling around. It was an illustration of my poem.

Mr. Strong is a talented young writer who has just completed his course work at Harvard. This story comes from his first collection, TIKE AND FIVE STORIES, *to be published next month by the Atlantic Monthly Press.*

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Tim drew in a little frog at the top, swimming.

Once I went into the bathroom to clean off my brush, and when I came back the paints on my palette had all been swirled around in a big mess and VOMIT was written across my painting. Tim was not around. I did not see him the rest of the day.

The next day I was in the lounge listening to somebody's Donovan album, *Sunshine Superman.* It was a beautiful day outside, but of course we could not go out. I was glad I was being discharged before the really good weather started. The chick who had been withdrawing had become a pal of mine. She was sitting with me on the green couch making a string of beads. Tim came in and sat down across from us.

"Jamie," he said. "I'm sorry I wrote VOMIT on your painting."

"That's OK."

"I just had to get mad at you, for going."

"That's what I figured."

"I don't have any friends anywhere," he said. He looked up at the windows. "I wish it were gray and soggy out. I hate it like this."

"I asked my doctor about us getting together for a movie or something on the outside," I said. "He said he'd have to talk to your doctor, but it might be all right."

"It doesn't matter," said Tim. "When I get discharged from here, I can see you whenever I like." We sat and listened to the record, and then Mandy, the chick, had to go, so Tim and I were alone. The side was over, and the needle lifted up and started at the beginning again.

"I lost three pounds," said Tim.

"Great."

"You know what this looks like?" He was eating a brownie.

"You don't have to tell me," I said.

"Don't you want to know?" he said, sitting on the edge of the chair.

"I know."

"What?" He was chuckling.

"You know. I'm not saying."

"Did you sleep with Diane last night?"

"Nope," I said.

"I wish I could meet her," said Tim.

"Maybe you will," I said. Suddenly I felt sad encouraging him. I did not know if I would come through. "Dreaded any lily pads lately?" I said.

"Nope. I really used to though."

"You wouldn't make a very good frog."

"I know. But I wish I were a frog."

"Hey, Tim, I've got a present for you." I pulled off the belt I was wearing, the one I made in O.T., and gave it to him. "I'll make you a bet that when you're my age you'll be wearing this buckled at the same notch I do. That's this one." I took out my knife and scratched a cross on the next-to-tightest notch.

"Thanks, Jamie," he said and leaned forward to hold the belt. He put it on, but it did not go around him at all. I had not thought he was that fat.

"Oh, boy," I said. "Well, that's incentive then."

He smiled. Then we said what was hard for us to say. He started. "I'll miss you, Jamie, I'll really miss you here."

"I'll miss you too, Tim," I said. I remember him as he was then: he knew I was going outside and that I would change. It was like leaving him there.

The day I left the hospital it was hard saying good-bye to everyone. I talked with Miss Hedrick for a while, and I wished I had got to know her better before. Our doctors still had not decided whether Tim and I could get together for a movie. My record as a responsible guy was a little fuzzy. Anyway, I could not know all that was involved. Tim was a sick guy.

I promised to write him a song on frogs, something about the Frog-who-would-a-wooing-go or the Frog Prince. My poem about drowning was printed in the hospital newspaper that week. I will put it at the end of this story.

DE OOZY BED

Layin in de oozy bed
Minners swim about me head.
Swarm o waterbug at play
Swim above me all de day.

Now me sinkin in de ooze,
Close me eye an take me snooze.
Do no hear de lates news,
Do no want an do no choose,
Nuttin here fo me to lose
Sleepin down among de ooze.

All dem fish no matter whose,
Comes in greens and comes in blues.
Crabbies crawlin by in twos,
Lobster grabbin at me shoes,
Crawdad an de octopooze
All a-livin in de ooze.

Sink into de oozy slime,
No mo place an no mo time.
All de oozy people knows
Here de place to close de eye.

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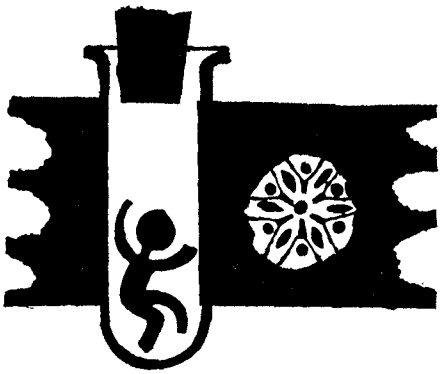
FURTHER THOUGHTS ON THE BIOLOGICAL REVOLUTION



In last month's issue, Harvard historian Donald Fleming, in his article "On Living in a Biological Revolution," ventured a contemplative summary of recent scientific discoveries that bring us closer to "the manufacture of man." That this scientific ambition is controversial, on both scientific and humanistic grounds, is amply borne out by these comments, all written in response to the Fleming article by men distinguished for their own work in genetics or related fields.

Donald Fleming's article impresses me as a valid statement of the views of a strident biological minority, which would, if it could, impose a social and evolutionary disaster on man. The article ignores the early and needed applications of genetic engineering in (a) the alteration of micro-organisms as biological controls of pests and as more effective biochemical transformers—for example, of sewage into edible proteins; and (b) the modification of plants for desired properties.

Professor Fleming exaggerates the extent of today's genetic knowledge, especially with reference to metazoan species. Certainly, many genetic components are common throughout life, but it is equally clear that the aggregate quantity and organization of genetic information is vastly different in bacteria and man. This applies especially to the still obscure process of cellular differentiation (for example, why one cell becomes part of an eye rather than part of an intestine), and to polygenic traits (such as stature or components of intelligence), which are governed by the interactions of many gene loci.

More important, Fleming confuses the possibility of controlling specific traits with the maintenance of entire "desirable" types. The independent assortment of genes in sexual reproduction constantly introduces changes. The perfect replication of Superman is not possible; however, a "clone" of Superwomen might, in theory, be maintained through the asexual activation of eggs.

In general, Fleming's sources appear innocent of population genetics or modern evolutionary theory, as developed by Mayr, Dobzhansky, Hirsh, and others. In evolutionary perspective, man has been successful over a half-million years and through enormous change because of his variability and constant hybridization. Variability also has reduced conflict and promoted cooperation within the species—a fact well known for the basic variants: male and female. Characteristically, many of man's traits are at once "good" and "bad"; such worldwide diseases as juvenile diabetes and schizophrenia probably have highly desirable complements linked with energy mobilization and abstracting capacity. Moreover, man, as an old, successful species, carries a heavy burden of deleterious recessive genes which would be maintained by the close inbreeding needed to maintain specific traits. (Old frozen sperm, by the way, produces an increasing proportion of defective offspring.) All this means that genetic tinkering could produce many culls —how are they to be handled?

In any case, the introduction of tailormade man on any significant scale could only be done by the elimination of virtually all of today's social institutions and values. The development of the latter is, however, far more likely to achieve viable solutions to man's problems of survival and emotional satisfaction. Thus my prospective view for the year 2000 A.D. is not a Biological Dictatorship, but either a cultural collapse in the wake of nuclear war or a tamed biology ruled by more sophisticated Social Man.

DEMITRI B. SHIMKIN
Professor of Anthropology and Geography
University of Illinois
Urbana, Illinois

My own specialty is gerontology, and I am surprised Professor Fleming places as much stress as he does on organ transplant and says so little about the biochemical control of the aging process. I think that such control is implicit in modern molecular biology if understood and considered desirable.

Fleming's paper fails to make what I consider an important distinction. Extension of life-span past the age of frequent conception has a limited effect on the total population. While the extension of mature life-span is occurring, the proportion and number of older individuals do increase. However, the population is mainly determined by the rate of breeding and infant mortality. The population of the world is more dependent on the number of

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surviving great-grandchildren we produce than the length of our own lives. The world could well afford to have people live longer, as long as they were productive and provided that they did not contribute extra offspring.

Growing larger cerebral cortexes is not as sensational as suggested by Professor Fleming. We have discussed the matter a number of times in our own laboratory, and I am sure that somewhere experiments are under way. The questions are technical—what agents should be used, would they cross the placenta, how would they affect uterine blood flow, and what other effects would there be on the developing embryo?

I believe Professor Fleming misses one point, and that is that before genetic tampering becomes commonplace, there is going to be a period where people will have a good deal of latitude in determining the causes of their death and the risk they will run with particular diseases. Many situations will arise where a course of action might result in less probability of cardiovascular disease and more probability of cancer. The person who receives a transplant runs more risk from infectious disease. I am sure that there will be a risk concerned with gene manipulation of the type that is being discussed in this article. Efforts to introduce more perfect genetic information will always run a risk of damaging other genetic information. The patient, instead of making no decisions, may face the problem of making a good many more. I don't really believe that the biological revolution is a threat to the individual. I would hope that he could aspire to a more creative, better life and that he would have more time for his education, a successful career, and the enjoyable use of his leisure time.

F. Marott Sinex
Chairman, Department of Biochemistry
Boston University School of Medicine
Boston, Massachusetts

Most of the promises of the New Biology enumerated by Professor Fleming will doubtless be fulfilled sooner or later. But these promises are really of two quite different categories. Some will alleviate human suffering without endeavoring to change the basic nature of human beings; others purport to create new kinds of beings by altering their genetic composition.

The biologists, unfortunately, are generally so preoccupied with the genetically determined instinctive characteristics of man as an animal that they tend to ignore the role of cultural activities in human affairs. Culture, not inheritance, sets the values of different societies. Generally speaking, changes within the societies of *Homo sapiens* will be accomplished with varying degrees of difficulty, and social science analysis can predict the acceptability of such changes within limits. Genetic alteration of *Homo sapiens* into another species, however, involves problems of qualitative transformations, which leads into the unknown.

The late Hermann Muller, Nobel laureate in genetics, whom Professor Fleming cites with approval, proposed a sperm bank to select people who are genetically more healthy, intelligent, and cooperative. Professor Fleming seems to believe that someday gene manipulation can remove the "aggressive instincts of the human animal" and increase "his lamentably low average intelligence for coping with increasingly complicated problems." Others have discussed man's instinct for territoriality and his aggressiveness in defense of his habitat, and some primatologists attempt to trace the roots of human society to vague instincts shared with primate ancestors and the whole animal kingdom.

The most elementary knowledge of the history of culture and of its varieties should make it clear to anyone that man is cooperative or aggressive, territorial or nonterritorial, warring or peaceful according to cultural circumstances, and that only the emotional components of these varieties of behavior arise from the basic qualities of all human beings. At present, therefore, it is more realistic to think of how culture can be changed than how man may be altered to respond instinctively to a culture not yet envisaged.

The most alarming ethical aspect of the proposed use of the New Biology is that the nature of the genetic transformations shall be stipulated by those of superior intelligence, and that the remainder of the population shall conform to the needs of society, childbearing being licensed. Not only is it unlikely that specific temperaments and forms of behavior that are socially desirable have any genetic basis, but intelligence alone by no means assures an answer to social problems.

One has only to think of the intellectual eminence of the Nobel laureates in their own fields as compared with their basic misunderstanding of the implications of the proposals discussed here. No one will object to intelligence per se, but it is by no means a simple Mendelian factor. Moreover, it becomes effective only when trained and applied to specific problems by means of an appropriate methodology. Such efforts have scarcely begun.

To entrust the remodeling of the basic nature of *Homo sapiens* into a new species, with more clearly conceived characteristics than docility in the hands of their masters, will rightly be opposed. If use of drugs and chemicals, surgery, electrodes in the brain, brainwashing, and other techniques are added, I can only picture a new race of zombies, and it occurs to me that mechanical robots would be cheaper and better behaved.

At a moment in history when nonwhite races are striving for self-identification and dignity, it is deeply disturbing that the old eugenics should be offered with pseudoscientific claims. Not all the New Biologists have any such goals, and one must hope that they would refuse to be part of the intellectual caste of dictators. One thing is clear about our present society: the required freedom of research which makes the New Biology possible will also make individuals rebel against such a new society.

Julian H. Steward
Professor of Anthropology
University of Illinois
Urbana, Illinois

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The claim that molecular and organismic biology no longer "constitute a community" is sheer rubbish. And rubbish it would remain even if some Nobel Prize winner endorsed it. The great discoveries which enriched biology in recent years have given biology, the science of life, an unmistakable coherence, not a schizophrenia. Life has two aspects, equally significant and equally fascinating—its unity and its diversity. It is purblindness or puerility to ignore either.

Yes indeed, we may be entering a century of biology. Yes indeed, it would be a bold man who would deny that the possibilities outlined in Mr. Fleming's article may someday be realized. It takes an even bolder, or perhaps a thoughtless, man to be sure that they will be realized by the year 2000. And when and if they will, biologists had better keep in mind that the application of these and other possible discoveries to man will raise a host of tough problems, which will be sociological, ethical, and even political, rather than primarily biological, in nature.

THEODOSIUS DOBZHANSKY
The Rockefeller University
New York, New York

Professor Fleming's article is encouraging in that it indicates scientists are becoming concerned with the social consequences of their discoveries. However, it is difficult to see how the technological discoveries he lists can be described as a "revolution." Indeed, many of them are little more than faint hopes or biological curiosities, and one of them, the preconceptual determination of sex, is no closer to solution now than it has been for the past thirty or forty years. To put these matters into proper perspective, the major unsolved practical problems of today are those of poverty, violence, warfare, overpopulation, and last but not least, a general rising tide of discontent with a bureaucratic and impersonally organized society.

These are social and ecological problems, and their solution is most likely to come from the efforts of scientists in the behavioral sciences and the ecological portion of biological science. Indeed, there are two centers of ferment and discovery in the biological sciences at the present time, located at almost opposite poles of complexity of organization. One of these is molecular biology as described by Professor Fleming, arising from the application of new biochemical techniques to basic biological processes. The other is animal behavior, including the study of animal societies and their ecology. While the nature of the social problems is so complex that they will require the best efforts of all sorts of sciences for their solution, it is from the latter area of biology rather than the former that possible solutions of our major problems are most likely to come.

For example, the population problem is likely to be augmented rather than diminished as constitutional diseases are cured and embryos are provided a better prenatal environment. While the newer methods of contraception are somewhat more convenient than the old, the way in which these techniques may be used to bring about a desirable result provides an extraordinarily complex problem of social control and social engineering. We still have too many narrowly trained scientists who anticipate that all human ills will be removed by one simple technical discovery, and each hopes that that discovery will come from his own discipline. What we need is a new breed of scientists who are aware of the complex and interdependent nature of biological and social processes, and who have the ability and motivation to cooperate with each other in attempting to understand and control these processes.

J. P. SCOTT
Director, Center for Research on Social Behavior
Bowling Green State University
Bowling Green, Ohio

I see no excuse for beefing up brains. The human range of neurons in excess over basic mammalian needs ranges from 7 to 12 billion, almost 2 to 1. We don't need more than 12 billion, only more people with better prefrontal areas and thus better judgment. A computer is a better storage house for excess information than a top-heavy skull.

If all these biological breakthroughs were employed, death might be abolished, and if it were, cultural change would be too. A frozen status quo is itself death, the end of the world, as presented by the Harvard *Lampoon* in its parody of *Life* in October, 1968.

But who is going to persuade or force people to accept these changes? Must we have a tighter dictatorship than any that the world has yet seen, or a reign of terror controlled by a Nobel laureate in a spaceship? Before it is too late, it might be wise to abolish the Nobel Prize as the world's greatest breeder of arrogance. Statements like "We will succeed in doing such and such by A.D. 1985," or "A.D. 2000," etc. remind me of the Arab story of the little men underground trying to dig their way out to daylight and destroy the world. Every night they say, "Tomorrow we will break through," but God fills in their holes because they forgot to say *Inshallah* (God willing). Perhaps these superbiologists might find some way to say their equivalent of *Inshallah,* or to cross their fingers when they set their timetables.

CARLETON S. COON
Gloucester, Massachusetts

The revolution that Dr. Fleming describes is real enough, but I do not feel that he has really come to grips with its implications. I kept asking myself "So what?" at each new revelation, and it is a good question. What Fleming fails to do —yet he is certainly equipped to do it—is to spell out what the biological engineering he describes will do to the traditional structure of American society. How, specifically, will it affect our egalitarian ideals, our laws, our lives? He hints at some of the answers—for example, the relief that might be felt by many adults if they could justify *not* having children—but such hints are not enough. Fleming, it seems to me, treats his "revolutionaries" entirely too gently. He is in awe of them and handles them with kid gloves.

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I would much prefer a bolder attack.

Joshua Lederberg may be a genius with macro-molecules, but he would appear to be a rather untrustworthy kind of guide to the new, biologically engineered society. What are his qualifications for this task? What are the implications of publicly sponsored research being used to destroy the institutions of the society paying for the research? How much autonomy should be granted scientists when the results of their research have implications of fundamental importance to society? These are questions that desperately need answers today; unfortunately, Fleming does not even raise them. I wish he had.

L. Pearce Williams
Professor of the History of Science
Cornell University
Ithaca, New York

I believe that Donald Fleming has quite misconstrued or at best oversimplified my own position on the subject he discusses.

I am indeed fascinated by embryology, since so much of the biochemical and physiological machinery of the body is laid down during fetal life. But I am equally fascinated by the psychological and social development of the child afterward. I would take particular exception to the phrase "maddened and obsessed," unless it is answered that my concern for healthy maternal nutrition to sustain the fetus' developing brain is an obsession. I think the further phrase "such a waste of time before the scientists can get at us" is particularly offensive—if Mr. Fleming wants to voice such an opinion on his own account, that is fine with me, but I hate to have even an indirect attribution of such language to myself appearing on the record. I also have to stress that the emphasis I have given to "euphenics" is a counterslogan in reaction to the zealous eugenicists. I pointed out elsewhere that euphenics is in fact nothing but medicine.

Mr. Fleming has certainly misunderstood me if he believes that I advocate a program of action. I do advocate that research that can enable us to achieve the human mastery of nature that has been the main thread of his cultural development; and I advocate the widest possible public education about these opportunities precisely in order to minimize the chance that they will be dominated by monolithic bureaucracy. For example, I am quite opposed to "foolproof compulsory contraception." At the same time, I join a great many biologists and others in warning that we must somehow achieve a humane solution to the very pressing problem of world overpopulation and underdevelopment.

As to organ replacements, I was among the first to point out the difficulties that would arise in managing the potential "market" in organs, and primarily for that reason, pointed out the need to stress some countertechnology in the direction of artificial organs.

I do not see any prospect of gene manipulation and substitution along the lines specifically laid out by Fleming, but I certainly do see new possibilities of therapeutic repair of those diseases about which we achieve sufficient biochemical understanding.

I do favor continued research on human development, particularly on the correlated questions of the development of the brain and of intellect, and there is no doubt that such research will provide answers to many tragic questions that plague people today.

I am in accord with Mr. Fleming in his cautions that the opportunities for more and more incisive intervention may have cumulatively insidious by-products, and that these will be far the worse if we do not broaden the base of public understanding of biology.

Finally, let me state one specific program that I do advocate and a theme to which I have returned again and again in my columns. The world's most pressing problems are the nutrition and education of the young.

Joshua Lederberg
Professor of Genetics
Stanford University School of Medicine
Palo Alto, California

It is too bad that Professor Fleming emphasizes the split at Harvard between the "old" and "new" biologies. Harvard in this area is way behind the times, and now appears to be going through the sort of convulsions which characterized other departments nearly a decade ago (and which Stanford was very fortunate to avoid). It is now abundantly clear that biologists of all persuasions must remain in close touch while attempting to solve the fantastic problems now confronting mankind. Many molecular biologists, presumably because of their extremely narrow training, have promoted preposterous systems of priority in biological research. One need only consider the money which over the past decades has flowed into what broadly can be described as "cancer research" in contrast to what has gone into research in areas related to population control. Cancer is a disease primarily of concern to older people in a world where almost 40 percent of the people are under fifteen years of age. The population explosion threatens to exterminate us all. On the other hand, "classical biologists," out of envy, ignorance, or stupidity, have all too often denigrated the striking advances made in molecular biology, refused to see their importance in all biological disciplines, and have reacted too defensively against the molecular biologists. The time has long since passed for this kind of nonsense. The brilliance of the molecular biologists must be directed first at problems of immediate importance, and the classical biologists must bring more rigor to bear on those problems which are too complex for a simple chemical solution.

If we had the time, perhaps the most interesting study of all would be essentially the study of the theology of science. There already has been one immensely interesting contribution to this area in Professor James Watson's superb book *The Double Helix*. Scientists could profitably spend more time trying to understand their own motives and faiths rather than promoting the corny ideas of how science operates

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that are characteristically repeated to secondary school students.

PAUL R. EHRLICH
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Stanford University
Stanford, California

Dr. Fleming's review of the revolutionary implications of some of the recent discoveries in biological science is challenging, even if there will be some disagreement as to the equal validity or equal importance of each of his twelve items.

The omissions seem to me to be the more important. Decisions will have to be made about whether and how to use our increasing ability to control hitherto uncontrollable natural and biological processes. These decisions will have great individual and sociological importance; and in addition, they are emotionally highly charged. Therefore they require men who are both erudite and emotionally mature. But to produce this combination in abundance implies revolutionary developments in the educational process. This cannot even begin until we acknowledge the fact that in the entire history of human culture, erudition and wisdom have had at most a purely accidental correlation.

I agree wholly that we must accept the responsibility of bringing order into planning the intervals and gender sequences of family life. Among the thousands of other variables which determine the processes of growth in human life, these have special and early importance. Once we have this knowledge, however, we will face the problem of how to use it. I agree that the right to prevent conception or to interrupt it will soon be taken for granted, and that our main problem will then be to determine how to induce people to use these rights. In itself this is an unsolved psychological and psychosocial problem on conscious, preconscious, and unconscious levels.

Even more fundamental will be the next problem—namely, to ascertain who has a right to have babies at all, and when, and how frequently, and at what intervals. So I agree that we will have to consider every possible technique by which genetic determinants can be ascertained, selected, and brought into harmonious use and control. But this implies again the same revolution in education, because to determine what are the most favorable intervals and the most favorable gender sequences in any family unit demands a special kind and degree of maturity.

Finally, as we attempt this, we will also have to avoid the danger of reverting to the ancient fallacy that genetics can operate in a vacuum. There is some danger that Professor Fleming's thesis, if accepted uncritically, will throw us back to a modern version of the ancient and unreal controversy between heredity and environment, as though either ever operates apart from the other.

For example, recent studies of infants have shown that in addition to genetic factors, inadequate nutrition can block the development of brain size, of the central nervous system as a whole, and of the IQ. But "nutrition" involves emotional as well as caloric and biochemical ingredients. So genetic factors do not operate independent of nutritional and other factors, and to select genetic factors for separate and isolated emphasis brings a danger of overlooking other concurrent determinants.

Professor Fleming steps furthest from his own field when he discusses drugs and the brain. In principle there is nothing new about the so-called hallucinogens and their simulation of psychotic states. Alcohol was doing this long before anyone coined the term "psychopharmacology." The fact that such deliria are a form of psychosis does not lead to the unwarranted conclusion that psychosis is due to some inborn error of metabolism which is remediable by the administration of drugs. This is an unwarranted assumption made by Linus Pauling and others who have observed this field only from clinically naïve armchairs. Even if true, the existence of a drug delirium does not prove this thesis, whether the drug is alcohol or LSD. We must not assume too much that is still unknown about the relation of the hallucinogens to the psychotic disorganization of the neurotic process.

Similarly, the lack of a tranquilizer is not the *cause* of a psychosis any more than a lack of aspirin is a *cause* of headaches. Actually, it is not always clear when a drug is therapeutic in any real sense, or when it simply masks symptoms to produce a temporary illusion of health while the underlying process of illness goes on unimpeded until even greater disorganization occurs. Also, when drugs make an illness accessible to psychotherapy, this is a valuable achievement, but only when the opportunity is seized upon by experienced psychotherapists. I am unhappy to see the current newspaper ballyhoo over psychopharmacology and hallucinogens given such unwarranted support.

LAWRENCE S. KUBIE
Sparks, Maryland

I consider it improbable, not impossible, that within this century eugenics by biological engineering will become feasible for man; that "euphenics" will become a reality; that it will be possible to prevent and cure mental diseases by drugs, although they will be increasingly important in ameliorating symptoms; or that the transplantation of organs will become more than an act of desperation to gain a worthwhile prolongation of life.

It is my opinion that the processes of life and development are too complex to be mastered to the extent predicted by Professor Fleming.

It is my opinion that predictions of successful transplantation of the human brain require gross ignorance or disregard for the complexity of its anatomical connections. Prolonged survival of the *caput* without a body is more probable.

DWIGHT J. INGLE
Editor, Perspectives in Biology and Medicine
Chicago, Illinois

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THE SUMMER PEOPLE

by James Merrill

" . . . et l'hiver resterait la saison intellectuelle créatrice." — *Mallarmé*

On our New England coast was once
A village white and neat
With Greek Revival houses,
Sailboats, a fishing fleet,

Two churches and two liquor stores,
An Inn, a Gourmet Shoppe,
A library, a pharmacy.
Trains passed but did not stop.

Gold Street was rich in neon,
Main Street in rustling trees
Untouched as yet by hurricanes
And the Dutch elm disease.

On Main the summer people
Took deep-rooted ease —
A leaf turned red, to town they'd head.
On Gold lived the Portuguese

Whose forebears had manned whalers.
Two years from the Azores
Saw you with ten gold dollars
Upon these fabled shores.

Feet still pace the whaler's deck
At the Caustic (Me.) Museum.
A small stuffed whale hangs overhead
As in the head a dream.

Slowly the fleet was shrinking.
The good-sized fish were few.
Town meetings closed and opened
With the question what to do.

Each year when manufacturers
Of chemicals and glues
Bid to pollute the harbor
It took longer to refuse.

Said Manuel the grocer,
"Vote for that factory,
And the summer people's houses
Will be up for sale, you'll see.

Our wives take in their laundry.
Our kids, they cut the grass
And baby-sit. The benefit
Comes home to all of us."

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Someone else said, "Next winter
You'll miss that Chemical Plant."
Andrew breathed in Nora's ear:
"Go, grasshopper! Go, ant!"

These two were summer neighbors.
They loved without desire.
Both, now over forty,
Had elsewhere played with fire.

Of all the summer people
Who dwelt in pigeonholes,
Old Navy or Young Married,
The Bad Sports, the Good Souls,

These were the Amusing,
The Unconventional ones —
Plus Andrew's Jane (she used a cane
And shook it at his puns)

And Nora's mother Margaret
With her dawn-colored hair,
Her novels laid in Europe
That she wrote in a garden chair.

"Where's Andrew?" Margaret queried
As Nora entered the room.
"Didn't he want to come over?
It seems to be my doom

To spend long lonely evenings.
Don't we *know* anyone?"
"Dozens of people, Mother."
"But none of them are fun!

The summer already seems endless
And it's only the first of July.
My eyes are too weak for reading
And I am too strong to cry.

I wish I weren't a widow,
I wish you weren't divorced —
Oh, by the way, I heard today
About a man named Frost

Who's bought the Baptist church
And means to do it over."
"Mother, he sounds like just the type
I don't need for a lover."

Andrew at the piano
Let the ice in his nightcap melt.
Mendelssohn's augmentations
Were very deeply felt.

Jane cleaned her paintbrushes
With fingers rheumatic and slow.
Their son came back from the movies,
She called a vague hello

But he'd bounded upstairs already,
Jarring three petals loose
From today's bunch of roses
Not dry yet — pink, cream, puce.

A YOUNG man spoke to Margaret
At a party: "Don't be bored.
I've read your books, I like your looks" —
Then vanished in the horde.

Her hostess said when questioned,
"Why, that's Interesting Jack Frost.
He's fixing up that eyesore
With no regard for cost.

Don't ask me where he comes from
Or why he settled here.
He's certainly attractive,
To judge by the veneer."

One thing led to another,
And long before summer's end
Margaret, Nora, Andrew, Jane
Had found them a new friend.

JACK FROST was years older
Than his twenty-year-old face.
He loved four-hand piano
And gladly took the bass,

Loved also bridge but did not play
So well as to offend,
Loved to gossip, loved croquet,
His money loved to spend

On food and drink and flowers,
Loved entertaining most.
The happy few who'd been there knew
Him as a famous host.

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The church was now a folly
Cloud-white and palest blue —
Lanterns, stained glass, mirrors,
Polar-bear rugs, bamboo,

Armchairs of gleaming buffalo-horn,
The titter of wind chimes,
A white cat, a blue cushion
Stitched with the cat's name, Grimes.

"Proud Grimes, proud loyal kitty,"
Jack said, "I love you best."
Two golden eyes were trimmed to slits,
Gorgeously unimpressed.

Ken the Japanese "houseboy"
(Though silver-haired and frail)
Served many a curious hot hors d'oeuvre
And icy cold cocktail.

The new friends, that first evening,
Sat on till half past two.
"This man," said Andrew on the street,
"Is too good to be true.

One views with faint misgivings
The bounty of the young."
"Speak for yourself," said Nora
Or the Cointreau on her tongue.

"Well, *I* think he's enchanting,"
Said Margaret, "and what's more
In the long run he'll find, for fun,
No one to match us four."

October came too quickly,
The leaves turned red and sere,
Time for the summer people
To pack up and call it a year.

In the mind's mouth summers later
Ken's farewell banquet melts.
Where would Jack spend the winter?
Why, here of course — where else?

"Stay here all winter? Really,
The things some people do!"
"Whither thou goest, Margaret,
To thee I will be true."

"Come see us in the city."
"My lovely Nora, no.
Too full of dull, dull people
And dirty, dirty snow."

"Come see *us* in Barbados."
"Forgive me, dearest Jane.
I've planned a Northern winter."
So they cajoled in vain.

The next days Jack lay drowsing,
Grimes in the bend of his knees.
He woke one dusk to eat a rusk
And smile at the bare trees.

THE FIRST huge flakes descended
Hexagonal, unique.
The panes put forth white leafage.
The harbor froze in a week.

The shrieking children skated
Upon its harsh white jewel,
Whose parents stayed indoors and paid
Outrageous bills for fuel.

Great lengths of gnarled crystal
Glittered from porch and eave.
It was, in short, a winter
You had to see to believe.

Whole nights, a tower window
Rained color on the storm.
"Jack's sure artistic," Manuel said,
"But how does he keep warm?"

Ken climbed the stair one March dusk.
"Dear Jack-san, now am ord,
Dream of my Kyushu virrage
Where nobody catch cord."

"Together, Ken, we'll go there,
But for the moment stay.
What would I do without you?"
Ken bowed and turned away.

Jack stood up. The cat scuttled
Discreetly out of sight.
Jack's eyes were wet. Pride and regret
Burned in his heart all night.

A mild sun rose next morning.
The roofs began to steam
Where snow had melted. Winter
Was ending like a dream.

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Alerted and elated
The summer friends came back.
Their exile had been tiresome,
Each now confessed to Jack.

His garden made them welcome;
Ken had spent May on his knees
Among the plots. From Chinese pots
On the church porch small trees

Rose thick with purple blossoms
Pendulous as Turks.
Said Andrew gravely, "I have seen
The fuchsia, and it works."

That summer was the model
For several in a row —
High-water marks of humor
And humankindness, no

Discord at cards, at picnics,
Charades or musicales.
Their faces bright with pleasure might
Not have displeased Frans Hals.

Jane, speaking of pictures,
Had started one of Grimes
Drugged on Jack's lap. Those sessions
Made for the merriest times.

Margaret brought out her gripping
Stories of love and war,
Peking and Nice. They held their peace
Who'd heard them told before.

Nora, one August afternoon,
Burst in with currant fool
Enough for the whole village.
Its last sweet molecule

Eaten, they blushed like truants.
"Shame on us every one,"
Jane sighed, "we've got no fiber."
And Margaret: "Oh, the fun!

Let's stay for Christmas. Andrew,
You can play Santa Claus!"
Jack gave a cry. Into his thigh
The cat had dug its claws.

Jane's canvas, scarred and peeling,
Turned up at the village fair
The other day. I'm sad to say
It found a customer.

The Chemical Plant director
Bought it for his wife
To overpaint with symbols
Flat as her palette knife.

They're a perfectly nice couple
So long as you steer clear
Of art and politics and such —
But to resume. That year

Jack's friends did stay for Christmas,
The next year into Lent,
A third year stayed all winter
To their own astonishment.

Logs burned, the sparks flew upward.
The whiteness when they woke
Struck them as of a genius
Positively baroque,

Invention's breast and plumage,
Flights of the midnight Swan . . .
The facts are in Margaret's journal
To be published when she's gone.

I should perhaps have trusted
To dry-eyed prose like hers.
The meter grows misleading,
Given my characters.

For figures in a ballad
Lend themselves to acts
Passionate and simple.
A bride weeps. A tree cracks.

A young king, an old outlaw
Whose temperament inclines
To strife where breakers thunder
Bleeds between the lines.

But I have no such hero,
No fearful deeds — unless
We count their quiet performance
By Time or Tenderness.

These two are the past masters
Of rime, tone, overtone.
They write upon our faces
Until the pen strikes bone.

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Time passes softly, scarcely
Felt by me or you.
And then, at an odd moment,
Tenderness passes, too.

That January midday
Jack's head fell to his knee.
Margaret stopped in mid-sentence —
Whatever could it be?

"He's sound asleep," said Nora.
"So clever of him. If
Only I were! Your stories
Bore everybody stiff."

"What can she mean," said Margaret,
"Speaking to me like that?"
"I mean you're gaga, Mother."
"And you, my child, are fat."

Jack murmured in his slumber,
"I didn't sleep a wink
All during last night's blizzard.
Where am I? Where's my drink?"

His eyes flew wide. "I'm sorry,
I'm sick, I have to go."
He took his coat and tottered
Out into windless snow.

The dogwood at the corner,
Unbending in a burst
Of diamond levity, let drop:
Old friend, think! First things first,

Not June in January —
"Be still!" cried Jack, and bit
His stupid tongue. A snowflake stung
Silence back into it.

Ken helped him up the tower stair,
"Rie down, Jack-san, now rest."
He fell among white blankets,
Grimes heavy on his chest.

Margaret went round next morning
And rang. No one replied.
She found Ken sleeping on the stair,
A wineglass at his side.

A white blur sped to meet her —
Was it that ghastly cat?
Grimes spat, crouched, sprang and sank a fang
Into her, just like that!

She screamed. A stern young doctor,
Summoned out of the void,
Dressed her wound, then telephoned
To have the cat destroyed.

Jack flew to the Police Chief,
Called the SPCA,
Despairing thought that Margaret
Herself might save the day.

She kept him standing, coldly
Displayed her bandaged calf.
He spoiled it all by failing
To check a thoughtless laugh.

Two men with gloves were waiting.
They caught Grimes in a sack.
Two good whiffs of ether
And his gold eyes shut on Jack.

That same night, Grimes in ermine
And coronet of ice
Called him by name, cried vengeance,
Twitching his long tail twice.

Jack woke in pitch dark, burning,
Freezing, leapt dry-lipped
From bed, threw clothes on, neither
Packed nor reflected, slipped

Money between pages
Of Ken's dog-eared almanac,
Then on the sleeping village
Forever turned his back.

He must have let a month go by
Before he sent them all
Postcards of some Higher Thing —
The Jungfrau, white and tall.

"Well, that answers our question,"
Said Margaret looking grim.
They dealt with Jack from then on
By never mentioning him.

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LANGUID as convalescents,
Dreading the color green,
They braced themselves for summer's
Inexorable routine.

Andrew at the piano,
Six highballs gone or more,
Played Brahms, his "venerable beads"
Fixed on the flickering score.

Kneeling in her muggy
Boxwood garden Jane
Stopped weeding, tried to rise
But could not move for pain.

She saw her son's tanned fingers
Lowering the blind
Of an attic window.
She did not know his mind.

Croquet and hectic banter
From Margaret's backyard
Broke upon her twinges.
"*En*," shrieked Nora, "*garde!*"

"Oh God, this life's so wearing,
So pointless," Margaret said.
"You're telling me," Andrew agreed.
"High time we both were dead."

"It *is*. I have pills — let's take them!"
He looked at her with wit.
"Just try. You know we'd never
Hear the end of it."

Their laughter floated on the dusk.
Ken thought of dropping in,
But his nails were cracked and dirty
And his breath smelled of gin.

"Missed you at Town Meeting
Last night," said Manuel
As Nora fingered honeydews.
"Things didn't go too well.

Fact is, the Plant got voted in.
I call it a downright
Pity you summer people
Didn't care enough to fight."

"Manuel, there have been winters
We stayed here," Nora said.
"That makes us year-round people."
The grocer scratched his head.

"I guess I don't mean season
So much as a point of view."
It made her mad. She'd meant to add,
"And we do care, we *do*,"

But it was too late, she didn't,
Didn't care one bit.
Manuel counted out her change:
". . . *and* ten. Will that be it?"

"Insufferable rudeness!
Of course by now it's clear,"
Said Margaret, laying down her trumps,
"We must all get out of here."

"We go next week," admitted
Jane with a guilty air.
"Old friends in Locust Valley
Keep asking us down there."

"Besides," said Andrew quickly,
"This climate's bothersome.
I may take Jane to Port-of-Spain —
All *my* roads lead to rum."

"So they do. Well, that's lovely,
Leaving us in the lurch,"
Said Nora, "just like what's-his-name
Who had the Baptist church."

"The summer's over," said Margaret,
"But you misunderstood:
I meant this town was ruined.
We must all get out for good."

Ken wrapped some Canton saucers
Like a conspirator,
To be exchanged for credit
At the corner liquor store.

September. Dismal rainstorms
Made everything a blur,
Lashed Margaret into action —
It was city life for her!

"I'll stay up here," said Nora,
"A month or two. I need
Time to think things over,
Listen to records, read."

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She drove home from Caustic
Where Margaret caught her plane.
The windshield streamed in silence,
The wipers thrashed in vain.

October. Early twilights.
To the wharf came a blue
And silver haul of fish too small
For anything but glue.

The boatyard was a boneyard,
Bleached hull, moon-eaten chain.
The empty depot trembled
At the scream of a passing train.

Nora long past midnight
Lay rereading *Emma*,
Unmoved for once by a daughter's
Soon-to-be-solved dilemma.

And late dawns. The first victim
Of Main Street's seventeen
Doomed elms awoke and feebly shook
Its sparrow-tambourine.

In the November mildness
Rose delicate green spears --
Spring flowers Ken had planted.
His small eyes filled with tears:

They were coming up too early!
He sniffed and went indoors.
He dusted all the objects,
Polished the bare floors,

Bathed and oiled his person;
Now put on his best clothes.
Thought up a huge sweet cocktail,
And sipping at it chose

The first words of a letter
He had long meant to write.
But wait, his glass was empty —
A foolish oversight.

Nora heard him coughing.
She stopped her evening stroll
And went to see. With courtesy
Both sinister and droll

Ken bowed low, made her welcome,
Concocted a new drink.
Darkly hilarious he said,
"Rong rife!" and gave a wink.

One didn't need to be Nora
To see that things weren't right.
In his brown silk kimono
Ken sat there high as a kite.

His talk was incoherent:
Jack -- his mother's loom —
The weather — his green island —
Flowers he'd not see bloom —

The dead cat — a masked actor —
Ghosts up in the hills . . .
And then those frightful spasms
Followed by small white pills.

Nora thought food might help him
And ran back for a cup
Of homemade soup. He took a sip,
Set down the cup, got up:

"Dear Missy-san, too sorty,
Night-night now. Kissing hand."
This done, Ken headed for the stair,
Though hardly able to stand.

Next day she found him lying
Cold on his bed. "I knew,
I *knew!*" sobbed Nora over the phone.
"But what was there to do?

He wasn't kin or even friend,
Just old and sick, poor dear.
It was his right to take his life,
Not mine to interfere."

"Exactly," said her mother.
"I'll come tomorrow. Jack?
Try the address on Ken's letter.
A wire may bring him back."

It did not. The two ladies
Arranged the funeral,
Then sat at home in silence
Deeper than I can tell.

Jack sent a check weeks later
And wrote them from Tibet
A long sad charming letter,
But friendship's sun had set.

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December. "I think sometimes,"
Said Margaret dreamily,
"That Jack was a delusion
Of the whole community.

No reasonable adult
Starts acting like a child.
How else can you explain it?
He had us all beguiled."

Nora looked up. The mirror
Struck her a glancing blow.
Her hair once blond as summer
Was dull and streaked with snow.

"Oh tell me, Mother, tell me
Where do the years go?
I'm old, my life is ending!"
"Baby, I know, I know."

As soon as they were calmer,
"I also," Margaret said,
"Know what to do about it.
So get up from that bed.

I know a clever fairy
Who puts gold back in hair.
I know of jets to Rio.
It will be summer there."

Come May, Ken's garden blossomed
In memory of him —
Hyacinth, narcissus
White as seraphim.

Jane and Andrew saw it.
They'd driven up to sell
Their house at a tidy profit
To the Head of Personnel.

It had grown so big, so empty.
Their lawn was choked with weeds,
Their son in California
Barefoot, all beard and beads.

They stood among Ken's flowers
Gazing without a word.
Jane put her hand in Andrew's.
The cat in heaven purred.

And then a faint piano
Sounded — from where? They tried
The door, it floated open,
Inviting them inside.

Sitting at the keyboard
In a cloud of brilliant motes
A boy they'd both seen somewhere
Was playing random notes.

He rose as if uncertain
Whether to speak or run.
Jane said, "I know who you are,
You're Joey, Manuel's son,

Who used to cut the grass for us.
Look at you, grown so tall!"
He grinned. "I won a scholarship
At M.I.T. this fall

To study cybernetics
And flute — it's worth a try.
I used to come and talk to Ken.
I miss that little guy."

"One by one, like swallows . . ."
Said Andrew in the gloom
That fell when Joe departed.
"Dear God, look at this room."

Full ashtrays, soft-drink bottles
Told an artless tale
Of adolescent revels.
Tan stacks of ninth-class mail

Lay tumbled helter-skelter.
A chill in the stirred air
Sent Jane outdoors and Andrew
To brave the tower stair.

Moon after moon had faded
The papers on Jack's desk:
Unfinished calculation,
Doodle and arabesque.

One window framed the sunset
Transfiguring Main Street,
Its houses faintly crimson
But upright in defeat.

The other faced the harbor.
Lights of the Chemical Plant
Gloated over water.
"The grasshopper, the ant,"

Breathed Andrew, recollecting
His long-ago remark,
Then shut both views behind him
And felt his way down in dark.

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viewpoint

The Price of Free TV

by Leonard Chazen

Mr. Chazen, an assistant professor of law at Rutgers, was a consultant to President Johnson's Task Force on Communications Policy.

After years of concern about the quality of television, we now seem prepared to begin paying conscience money. Congress has already established a Public Broadcasting Corporation to subsidize quality programming. Although its initial appropriation was small, a modest share of the post-Vietnam budget "dividend," if there is one at all, would keep public television well provided.

The wide support for a public broadcasting network represents a triumph of our bland national faith in high-minded enterprises armed with large amounts of money. Public television's backers have never bothered to tell us much about the kind of programming they will offer or where they will find it. Instead, they have relied for self-justification on an economic analysis of television's existing institutions. They argue that educational television has failed as a noninstructional medium because it hasn't had enough money, while the commercial networks have failed because they have been concerned with making money and little else. Therefore, they contend, we must combine the good intentions of educational television with the trappings of the commercial networks.

Specifically, public television requires a generous production budget and "interconnection" facilities, the network of microwave towers and coaxial cables that permits a single program to be seen simultaneously throughout the country. Theoretically, quality programming would follow as a matter of course.

The advocates of public television are able to take production for granted, because they believe in an identifiable commodity known as "good programming" that can safely be entrusted to a single well-motivated organization. But with all we have learned about the illusiveness of artistic standards, can we really be convinced that centralized decision-making, as represented by a public network, is the way to make television come alive?

Certainly this is not the answer suggested by experience in other communications media, and in particular, the movies. Film-making suffered from a malaise fifteen years ago very much like the one now afflicting television. At the time, it was commonly understood that a revival of the art would have to await a marriage between elevated popular taste and a major studio.

If the conventional wisdom had been correct and large-scale operations had, in fact, been necessary to do anything about the movies, we would still be gratefully accepting social conscience films like *Gentleman's Agreement* and *Judgment at Nuremberg*, crumbs from the tables of the great studios. What happened instead was that a subindustry of producers, distributors, and theater owners arose to serve a small audience centered in the universities and a few large cities. Of course, the movie industry is still not a perfectly receptive environment for someone with a script lacking in conventional audience appeal. But at least his options go beyond four or five major studies. Numerous combinations of independent producers, distributors, and financial backers can now give him an outlet for his work.

If television is to be freed as films were, it will require an institutional revolution of much greater scope than public broadcasting. For in a sense, public television as its advocates now speak of it would be just another network, one more place a man could go with an idea. True, it would be less beholden to popular taste than the commercial stations, but public television would be limited in its own way by financial dependence on Congress, and an obligation to what the Carnegie Commission Report called "the civilized voice"—not always the same as the voices of daring artistic experiment.

Let CATV do it

Cable television is the one development that promises the needed radical change, a chance for channels to become at least as plentiful as movie theaters. We have only recently begun to think of CATV as a medium for original programming. Even today its primary function is to import television signals from other cities so that in a market served by only two or three local broadcast stations, CATV subscribers can choose among twelve or more channels.

People could accomplish this feat for themselves by erecting tall household antennas capable of receiving stations in other cities, but CATV allows them to spread the cost among many households throughout the community. The cable proprietor, who typically operates under an exclusive franchise from the local authorities, attaches his antenna or

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microwave terminal to a multichannel cable which carries both distant and local signals to the television sets of his subscribers. The usual charge is $15 to $25 for installation and $5 a month thereafter, enough to make cable television a close competitor of broadcast television for high profits.

The first markets for this service were small towns without television stations of their own. A few years ago, however, it was discovered that even in places served by the three networks, there was an appetite for the reruns and old movies available from independent commercial stations in other cities. This demand for video junk seems inexhaustible. Today CATV would be bringing still more signals to markets with six or seven channels of their own, except for an FCC rule forbidding the importation of distant signals into the hundred leading markets.

As CATV has grown, so have the cables themselves—from five channels in the early years to twelve, and in most advanced CATV systems to as many as twenty. In principle, there is no limit to the number of channels a system can carry. After one of these multichannel systems has discharged its obligation to carry the local stations and has surfeited its customers with situation comedies from out of town, several channels are usually left over. Today cable proprietors fill the surplus channels with such unremunerative material as weather, time, and temperature charts, but these channels could be used more profitably for syndicated programming that cannot find a place on broadcast television.

At least as important as CATV's ability to add channels indefinitely is its reliance on the customer to bear the cost of the cable. This is a crucial difference from broadcast television, where survival is decided, not by the value of the station to its viewers, but rather by what those viewers are worth as a captive advertising audience. For all but national network programming, advertising is a penurious means of support. We may be impressed when we hear of an automobile company spending several hundred thousand dollars to sponsor a one-hour television show. In fact, the advertiser is paying only a few cents for every viewer he reaches. At this low rate, a station without a network affiliation may not even be able to afford the $100,000 a year it takes to amortize and operate a transmitter. Four UHF stations in Chicago, hardly a barren advertising market, have turned back their licenses to the FCC. The fact that there were undoubtedly 100,000 people for whom the stations were worth $1 a year was beside the point. The broadcast stations had no way to make viewers pay. Of course, cable television as presently constituted is not full-fledged pay-TV. The FCC does not allow cable systems to charge their subscribers a toll for watching particular programs. The monthly fee, however, can cover, in addition to the basic service, a production budget or the cost of syndicated material.

Opening up channels

When cable systems begin program origination on a large scale, we cannot expect experimental film-makers to have first claim on their surplus channels. Any profit-maximizing cable proprietor would seek first to use his channels for popular movies of the sort that already receive theatrical distribution. But the cost of adding channels to a cable system is only $2 a year per subscriber. Therefore, movies that are seen only at film festivals, because they fail to generate enough revenue to cover a theater's overhead, might profitably be carried on the cable.

CATV might also expand services available on a limited basis from broadcast television. Today news coverage commands only half an hour of network prime time. But if 3 million cable households (approximately the weekly sales of *Time* magazine) would pay $5 a month for a cable news channel, they could support a news organization with a budget much larger than NBC's.

Finally, there is local programming, an obligation of every broadcast station, but one that is honored, if at all, by coverage that subordinates the interests of neighborhood communities to those of the metropolitan area as a whole. On a cable system every such community might have its own channel.

Perhaps the best indication of what we could expect from cable-originated programming is the diverse range of subject matter covered by AM and FM radio. Compared with the scarcity value of a broadcast television channel, a radio license is virtually a free good, and as a result ethnic and cultural minorities use the radio spectrum to a degree that would be inconceivable on over-the-air television. CATV might establish some parity between the two media.

CATV has had a mixed official reception so far. The FCC forbids cable systems to import distant signals to the hundred leading television markets and thus denies them an economic base in the homes of the cultural and ethnic minorities which lose out in the competition for broadcast channels.

The Commission recently modified its position, simultaneously extending a version of the distant-signal rule to smaller markets and giving CATV's the right to import distant signals with the originating stations' permission. But broadcast licensees whose prosperity rests on a channel-scarcity environment would be the last ones to help CATV deliver a wider programming selection to its subscribers. Some local franchising authorities have been even more restrictive than the FCC.

These rules would be understandable if they were designed to protect over-the-air service to remote areas where it is prohibitively expensive to extend the cable. The official rationale for the distant-signal rule, however, is the need to save marginal UHF's in large cities. Ever since the initial UHF allocations twenty years ago, the Commission has been solicitous of these stations, which it envisions as outlets for minority expression and vigorous local programming. It is not about to let CATV undermine its work of several decades by diverting the UHF's slender audiences.

Most of these UHF's, however, have stayed alive by offering sports, reruns, and old movies. Their programming is no more exalted than

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that of the greediest cable system which at least offers a dividend of surplus channels. Of course this argument has a political dimension in which the anti-cable side is upheld, not by the UHF's, a negligible lobbying force, but by the major networks, whose precious broadcast franchises in the largest cities would lose their scarcity value if cable took hold. Only the fact that CATV also has its friends and financial associates in Congress has protected cable television from an even more damaging political assault.

If the FCC, nevertheless, continues to retard cable's development, we cannot expect a single public network to fill the gap, providing a needed vehicle for diversity and experimentation. On the contrary, the case for public broadcasting rests on the proposition that a milieu favorable to experimentation is unnecessary because we already know what we want from television.

Telling it like it isn't

Significantly, public broadcasting's advocates thrived in the commercial networks during the early 1950s, which they recall as a golden age, blessed by plays like *Marty, Patterns*, and *The Catered Affair*. These were more intelligent than much of what appeared on Broadway or in the movies, yet the problems they addressed (loneliness in the lower middle class, the pressures of big business) were prominent at the surface of many people's lives and could attract a fair-sized audience. Bad taste was no problem, because it seemed possible to say something important in the controlled manner of bourgeois social realism.

In the last fifteen years, however, our society has undergone radical changes, inimical to this "quality programming" genre. The solid middlebrow audience which took the demise of Playhouse 90 as a personal loss is now split into hostile camps, one part relishing, the other part repelled by, artistic assaults on the values it lives by. Like the mass magazines, the television networks have also been under pressures from advertisers to deliver an audience with spending power, rather than just an impressive head count. But except for such nonprograms as prime-time movies and professional sports, they have failed so far to develop a formula for courting the managerial and professional classes. When the networks have looked to the early 1950s for inspiration and have offered original drama on controversial subjects, the result has been an embarrassment to all. At close quarters with such unfamiliar subjects as drug-taking among suburban youth, the networks show all the fake self-assurance of political candidates proposing to "tell it like it is."

This problem of tone is especially acute for an enterprise like public broadcasting, which in a time of disintegrating standards must simultaneously honor the "civilized voice," please its financial backers in Congress, and assemble a reasonably large audience. Last season the Ford Foundation's Public Broadcasting Lab, prototype for a public network, relied on news programming, precisely the area where the commercial networks perform best and where public broadcasting would be most constrained by its source of funds.

Now to supplement news documentaries, it is turning to the *cinéma vérité* film-makers. But the choice of subject matter (what America means to me) and disputes with the directors about their right to make a personal statement suggest the narrow confines in which PBL operates. It has yet to offer anything that relates as successfully to contemporary sensibilities or goes as far beyond television's customary bounds of fair comment as two commercial programs, *Laugh-In* and *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour*.

Fresh air

There is reason to hope that cable systems would be free from many of the constraints that limit both public and commercial television. For example, the networks often argue that they cannot give their writers the freedom they command from book and magazine publishers whose products are in the home by express invitation. Television viewers, they claim, watch whatever appears on the screen as they negligently turn the dial, and must be protected from programming that trespasses on the borders of good taste. Whatever one thinks of this line of reasoning, it suggests that pay and cable television should have complete freedom of expression, since they are supplementary services analogous to a magazine subscription.

Even more important is the broadcast licensee's implied endorsement of the programming he offers his viewers. This is both a political reality and an obligation imposed by the FCC, which holds over-the-air stations responsible for the way they use their scarce resources. A cable proprietor, on the other hand, could legitimately make his abundant channels available to anyone who was willing to pay for them. In fact, cable systems might be treated as common carriers with an affirmative legal obligation, imposed by Congress or the FCC, to rent their channels to anyone who has programming material he wants to distribute over the cable. Like the telephone companies, the owners of cable systems would become passive suppliers of communications facilities.

This common-carrier approach was rejected for broadcasting in part because of the economic and technological limits on the number of over-the-air channels in a community. The federal regulators feared that worthwhile material would never get on the air if access to the few available channels simply went to the highest bidder. They preferred to rely on the good taste and obligation to the public interest of broadcast licensees who were made legally responsible for their stations' programming. But with the advent of cable television, we are entering an environment of channel abundance, where the old presuppositions about scarcity and the degrading effects of the marketplace no longer apply; and it seems time to take away from the suppliers of television facilities the power to decide what shall appear on their channels. Once this is accomplished, television channels could become avenues of expression as free from prior restraint as telephone lines.

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BOOKS and MEN

HADRIAN THE SEVENTH ON STAGE AND OFF

by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

For anything suggesting theatrical caviar, anything with a certain literary or historical cachet, Broadway looks these days across the Atlantic, in part because America's Broadway playwrights seldom attempt such work, in larger part because Broadway, to gamble on it, wants first a success abroad. To a list of London hits, including *A Man for All Seasons, Marat/Sade,* and *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern,* Broadway this winter has added *Hadrian VII,* adapted by Peter Luke from a much-too-little-known turn-of-the-century novel of the same name, itself the masterpiece of an English writer with fervent but few admirers who was christened Frederick William Rolfe and called himself Baron Corvo. The novel is to a remarkable degree *sui generis,* telling, autobiographically, of a Catholic denied the priesthood and then, very fictionally, of his becoming Pope. If it is rather noteworthy that Mr. Luke should have seen a play in so unorthodox a book, it is equally noteworthy that forty years ago another man saw a book in its unorthodox author, so that, at this late turn of time, Rolfe-Hadrian may, in papal fashion, appear triply crowned.

The stage *Hadrian VII*—to begin with the news of the moment—if very decidedly not all caviar may perhaps, for people fed up with Broadway's routine fare, be looked upon as manna. Enough of it remains individual, enough remains audacious, enough has vigor, to counter the play's serious shortcomings. Of the first-act Rolfe, who was denied the priesthood, who was ill used (as he thought) by clergy and laity alike and reduced to poverty and bitterness, Mr. Luke has made a largely faithful and often resonant transcript of the book, as the English actor Alec McCowen has made a vital character for the stage. With the second-act Rolfe, who has now become Hadrian VII and who, while snubbing cardinals with a dictatorial We, disclaims temporal sovereignty, and to benefit mankind, wants to sell the Vatican treasures, Mr. McCowen is very often again successful; but here Mr. Luke on the one hand falls sadly short of the book, and on the other falls back on its most lightweight, knick-knackish incidents and on its weakest element—a melodrama which it weakens a good deal more.

What is most rewarding in the play, both in itself and for introducing something different into the theater, is the portrayal—a blend of innate character and authoritative characterization—of Rolfe. He is first shown in dire straits, at about the age of forty, wearing his hurt on his sleeve, hating his fellow Catholics, hating women, hating, indeed, the world, his bitterness transposed into a bravura hauteur, with a pathological need to avenge every "injury" with insult. On becoming Hadrian, he plays a Vatican Hamlet, not just the theater's but the world's

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topmost role, using Hamlet-like tactics at times, and ultimately meeting a Hamlet-like fate. Mr. McCowen's Rolfe captures, often brilliantly, a man; his Hadrian captures, often vividly, a manner. An early scene where two prelates come to make amends for the injustices Rolfe has suffered and a scene immediately following, where a reclaimed Rolfe makes his confession, are admirable, the one for recapitulating Rolfe's past outer life, the other for sufficiently revealing his inner one. And later Mr. McCowen comes off well, whether as a severe Hadrian, grandly asserting his will, or as a genial one, walking unattended all over Rome and being jocular with the few people he likes. But except for one very short scene where Hadrian brings recalcitrant Church dignitaries to heel, and for another where he stands accused, through a journalistic exposé, of a malodorous former life, the Vatican episodes reflect the book's cutest and coziest bits—Hadrian's old English servant bringing him a jar of his favorite pickles; a Hadrian who, though the Pope, insists on pushing a cardinal's wheelchair. Or we are shown Hadrian's most implacable Vatican enemy melting into Instant Devotion (the scene, like the subsequent entrance of the Swiss Guards, is sheer musical comedy). Worst of all, the whole business of the villain, who first exposes Hadrian and then assassinates him, though derived from the book, is overextended in the play, almost comically mishandled, and badly acted. *Hadrian VII* has its impressive scenes of acidulous high comedy and explosive characterization, and attractive moments of liturgy and pageantry to boot. But the play is simply never a match for the book, nor even, on the whole, a satisfactory *Digest* version. It may, however, have the merit of introducing people to the two related works that are much its superior.

In one of the two—*Hadrian* the book—there is obviously a good deal that the stage cannot adequately treat. There is, in fact, what may well be the book's greatest chapters—the minglings of high ceremonial and unabashed horse-trading that have to do with electing a Pope, and with the eventual stalemate through which Rolfe, here called George Arthur Rose, attains the papacy. Magnificent in themselves, they lend at least a mild credence to Rose's elevation, where Rolfe, on the stage, is created Pope straight out of the blue. With this, as with the Instant Devotion scene, things in the play not only move too fast, they come off too thin. And though certain differences between book and play are inescapable, other differences seem less between two media than between two minds, the author's and the adapter's. The play's Hadrian VII seems about half Rolfian wish fulfillment and about half mere run-of-the-mill. The book's papal dream is as far more self-glorifyingly sumptuous, as intellectually it is more ample and spacious. What the play quite lacks is the book's grand-scale artistry, absurdity, audacity; is a Hadrian who systematically labors to alter the Church's future and the world's, to promulgate what to him are vast and vital reforms, and who simultaneously indulges in projects of self-exalting worldly grandeur and charms, advises, recruits the greatest real-life people of his time.

The book bathes autobiography in apotheosis: for every galling George Arthur Rose memory there is a grandiose Hadrianesque vision, for every petty squabble, a proclamation *urbi et orbi,* for every prejudiced view of the past, a prescient plan for the future; or—wholly Hadrianesque—set against a rough idea of a League of Nations is an assemblage of the world's sovereigns falling at the Supreme Pontiff's feet. Yet this marriage of egotism and idealism has great vitality just *because* of how intense are the memories which are Rolfe's and how spectacular the magnificences which are Hadrian's; just because a clenched fist and a pontifical-ring finger, in clashing, somehow coalesce. Corvo's extraordinary individuality has unified his book, though not so that it can be classified as any one thing, or praised at any one level. If, as Pope, Hadrian is extremely serious in his planning and thinking, he is often self-dramatizing in his appearances and a virtual movie hero in his feats. And beyond all this, his gorgeous wish fulfillment moves augustly toward a death wish fulfillment that is most gorgeous, most colossal of all, with a martyred Hadrian dying in the arms of his devoted Kaiser Wilhelm and his admiring Victor Emmanuel. (Such a finale may well explain Corvo's infusion of melodrama.) There is the same sort of contrast in the writing of the book, with its fine flexible lucid syntax but fancily brocaded vocabulary—often such words (or nonwords) as *contortuplications, rigesced, fastidy, liparose, noluntary,* and such spellings as *Perseys* for *Perseus* and *Xystine* for *Sistine.*

But if posturings, eccentricities, ostentations protrude, they ultimately fall into place. *Hadrian the Seventh* moves in descending steps from high seriousness to high comedy, from extravaganza to melodrama. But even where it seems silly, drunken, absurd, it has the sweep of something splendidly imaginative; and Rolfe, in his own cornucopious fashion, has not stinted for rhetoric, costume, spectacle, orchestration, decor. D. H. Lawrence compared *Hadrian the Seventh,* to its immense advantage, with comparable "decadent" work in Huysmans, Beardsley, Wilde; and indeed, it is not the

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mark of the nineties that it bears, but the imperious stamp of the nonpareil.

The book is a *couleur-de-Rose* revision of a life that had been, and would become even more, tragically mismanaged, so mismanaged that ten years after Rolfe's death in 1913, though his writings had their admirers, his life was an all but buried one. Indeed, it was because a young English writer, A. J. A. Symons, found the author of *Hadrian* as shadowy as he found the book impressive, that he determined, whatever work it entailed, to write his biography. Nor was this to burrow in libraries or buttonhole Rolfe's known friends or enemies; the job suggested, from the outset, putting together a jigsaw puzzle, no two pieces of which might be found in one place. Rolfe had lived under various names; long stretches, even of his later life, were wholly unaccounted for; known unpublished manuscripts had completely vanished. It was nine years before the book was published, possessing the double interest of a sleuth's dogged search and a biographer's well-knit story. Symons' *The Quest for Corvo* (1934) remains in its own right a small but very solid achievement.

Yet, exhilarating detective yarn though it sometimes is, the *Quest* would hardly survive but for the quarry. Though much about Rolfe might be inferred from *Hadrian,* much else in the way of incident, atmosphere, revelation, could only emerge from *Hadrian's* creator. Rolfe had lived fiction as well as written it, his persecution mania keeping him well supplied with villains; making him so much his own enemy as to lose friend after friend, so compulsive a playactor as to fumble role after role. Indeed, his very talent was used as often for punitive ends as for creative ones.

Born in 1860 into a London family on the decline, Rolfe (pronounced Rofe) left school out of "waywardness and discontent" at fifteen. He later became successively an unenrolled student at Oxford, a schoolmaster, a Catholic convert, a painter (so pious that he had his paintbrushes blessed), and a candidate for the priesthood, sent to study at the Scots College in Rome. There his associates for the most part disapproved of him: for one thing, he indulged in all sorts of transparent swank; for another, he was judged a dabbler who "painted and photoed and tinkered with triolets" and whose "general laxity and carelessness" led to his expulsion. In Italy he also became Baron Corvo, claiming that an elderly duchess who sent him remittances had conferred a family title on him as well.

Returning to England, he set up in Hampshire as a painter of ecclesiastical subjects, while piling up debts and getting mixed up in real-estate schemes. Decamping in due course, he next appeared in Aberdeen, where he tutored a young laird and pranced about like a lord, sponged off rich Catholics (always getting sick on the scheduled day of departure), and fought eviction from a boarding-house by refusing to leave his bed, only to be dragged out of it and tossed in his pajamas into the street. Farce was by now so intermingled with indigence as to foreshadow black comedy: so often was the sponging braggart a homeless wretch that to gain a roof over his head he attempted to be certified insane. Friends kept being twisted into enemies, opportunities into obstacles; having painstakingly collected gossip, Rolfe got himself a newspaper job and spewed out in print everything that had been told him in confidence. And the leaner and hungrier his life became, the plumper waxed his sense of persecution.

Having failed, with some cause for resentment, as a painter, he went to London to write, a decision that, if it eventually brought him a spindly fame, brought little change of fortune. That "stony-hearted stepmother" which De Quincey called Oxford Street, and which defines Grub Street even better, was to play with Rolfe her type-cast role, though he would respond with highly individual histrionics. In London, names once or still well known—such publishers and editors as John Lane, Grant Richards, and the *Yellow Book's* Henry Harland—did in some cases deal cheeseparingly with the Corvo who wrote *Stories Toto Told Me, Chronicles of the House of Borgia,* and—in which the cheeseparers were sliced thin—*The One and the Many.* But oftener, and by well-wishers and friendly collaborators, Corvo was paranoiacally insulted, defrauded, maligned. The writing of books with him led invariably to the writing of letters. He warned publishers against converting his "present attitude of forbearance into one of reprisal," or he straight out whacked them with "I doubt whether you have ever made a more ruthless and persequent enemy than your obedient servant." Even fan letters got such answers as: "Ask all or any of my thirteen worst enemies, *whose names and addresses I have written here,* to tell you about me." Into the Borgia book, as into *Hadrian,* he interposed himself, while describing a dreamworld age "when color was vivid; light, a blaze; virtue and vice, extreme; passion, primitive and ardent; life, violent; youth, intense." His most unorthodox stroke was to deny the Borgias their chief source of fame: they "could no more poison artistically than they could send telegrams." Not surprisingly, one critic wound up his review with: "Baron Corvo must pardon [readers] . . . if they consider him almost as great a problem as the strange family whose fortunes he has traced."

A more cankering malady, perhaps, than even his swollen ego, sexual aberrations, paranoiac de-

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lusions, was his dire and humiliating poverty. (His books did not lack praise; they lacked sales.) While poshly denying that he was a "luxurious sybarite" with such utterances as "Strawberries I loathe, and asparagus I merely use," he was constantly struggling to eat at all; and amid all the hate and the highfalutin, he flung forth in one letter a kind of classic pronouncement:

> Nothing but a thousand pounds . . . nothing but a sum, a lump sum will . . . give me *confidence*. The secret lies in the lump. Little bits are worse than useless, they irritate, they exasperate, they annoy, simply because they prolong my agony.

Yet, a reckless spendthrift when not a starveling, he was a kind of plucked bird of prey, his opulent dreams begetting haughty demands which, when not honored, produced howls of abuse. His fierce hatred of fellow Catholics persisted, yet in his own way he hugged the Church: "If I were not a Catholic," he said, "I shouldn't be anything at all."

Financially, however, there were bright intervals; thus an admirer, Harry Pirie-Gordon, became Rolfe's collaborator, and his family took a for once warmly grateful Rolfe to their heart and hearth. (People, all his life, were attracted to him, and one or two at all times defended him.) But in the end the Pirie-Gordons were denounced; and another, and final English, collaboration began, this time with Robert Hugh Benson, a converted Catholic priest, the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and of a writing family once very well known. Here there was clearly some wrong on Benson's side, but small effort on Corvo's to right it: indeed, in retaliation he planned a pornographic work in three languages, bearing Father Benson's initials on the title page and the Pirie-Gordon coat of arms on the cover.

Soon a new admirer appeared, an Oxford archaeologist, R. M. Dawkins, who staked Rolfe to a holiday with him in Venice. But Rolfe insisted on very grand living and Dawkins cleared out, leaving Rolfe money to stay on for a while and then go home. But he never went home; and not one of his English "friends," though they would most assuredly be hearing from him, ever saw him again. The five-year Venice chapter is the last and the most macabre one, mingling semifarcical *luxe*, hideous penury, and lurking depravity. Rolfe was often reduced to being a gondolier, to chopping wood, to lighting fires, and to such hunger and homelessness as: "I have not slept in a bed nor changed my clothes for fifteen nights. . . . I have been 39 clear hours with nothing to eat or drink." On the other hand, he got much help from an Anglican canon, and was taken into the house of a sympathetic doctor and his wife who, despite unsavory rumors about him, let him stay on and write. After the doctor's wife had several times asked if she could read what he was writing, she was given it on condition that she say nothing of its contents to her husband. But after reading it, she retracted her promise; it "pitilessly lampooned" all her Venetian friends and was "rancid with libel." Given an ultimatum to abandon the ms. or leave the house, Rolfe characteristically chose to leave, caught penumonia walking the streets, and was taken to the very hospital he had vilified in his ms.

He recovered, and went back to living in hotels (till pitched out), in garrets, in gondolas, writing people letters with Elizabethan venom— "Squatting in your stews, you taint the light-dowered air"; and suddenly stumbled on a benefactor almost too good to be true. At once checks poured in and money rolled out, and, among other diversions, Rolfe lolled about the canals in a brand-new boat manned —"a privilege usually reserved for royalty"—by four gondoliers. But at length his benefactor called a halt; and not long after, suddenly, though decently in bed, Rolfe died. Only then did the British consul, searching through Rolfe's papers for his relatives' address, find "letters, drawings and notebooks sufficient to cause a hundred scandals." Rolfe had become a "patron" of the Venetian homosexual world, "a habitual corrupter of youth, a seducer of innocence," as well as acting as pander for a rich Englishman when he visited Venice. "Neither scruple nor remorse," writes Symons, was implied in Rolfe's long specific accounts of his sexual exploits. Many artists' lives have, understandably enough, stood at great moral distances from their work; but seldom has there been so great a gulf between a man and his masterpiece, between the living Inferno of Rolfe and the projected Paradiso of Hadrian. But then, in this man who showed neither scruple nor remorse, doubtless nothing purgatorial was possible.

The Play of Hadrian the Seventh by Peter Luke, introduction by Herbert Weinstock, has just been published by Knopf, $4.50. Frederick Rolfe's novel, *Hadrian the Seventh*, is being issued in paperback by Ballantine. *The Quest for Corvo* by A. J. A. Symons is still in print, published by the Michigan State University Press.

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HOW TO TEACH A DELINQUENT

by Nicolas F. Hahn

Once sent to "training schools," or other reform institutions, most delinquents become social casualties. They are denied serious programs of education or rehabilitation and are thrust into the company of older and more violent criminal types. A rare exception to this pattern, the Warrendale school near Pittsburgh, is described by Nicolas Hahn, a Swarthmore graduate who earned her master's degree in education at Harvard, taught English to schoolchildren in Athens, Greece, and lives with her teacher husband at the Rosemary Hall School in Connecticut.

For the past year I've been watching two men tackle one of the grimmest of all educational problems: how to teach institutionalized delinquents. Phil Pappas and Andy Hughey began with the idea that they were going to give their delinquents freedom, a freedom which would be real although the boys were living in the Warrendale Youth Development Center, a "training school" about twenty miles north of Pittsburgh to which the courts of Pennsylvania had assigned them.

The new program is one of the few in this country designed to educate delinquents and at the same time lead them out of the patterns of delinquency, and it is working without special funds or special personnel. Some program directors at the University of Pittsburgh are using Warrendale as a training ground for counselors and a test situation for new teaching materials; but few people outside the area have taken notice of the school's experiment. I began getting some idea of how unconventional the system is when I visited the school for three days last winter. The first class I observed was attended by seventeen students, the youngest a skinny ten-year-old, the oldest built like Sonny Liston. The first boy to arrive walked to a hot radiator, draped himself over it, and seemed to fall asleep. A swarthy, mustachioed boy dragged a desk into a corner; sitting with his back to the group and his feet crossed against the wall, he proceeded to scratch his groin. After extracting folders of work from a battered file, other boys flopped into the old wooden desks and, to varying degrees, got to work.

One opened to a problem about midpoints on a line. A second started figuring how long it would take a train going fifty miles an hour to reach Des Moines. A third was learning to multiply by twos. But because the lessons were part of a self-teaching course of programmed instruction, the range of level and subject matter posed few problems for the teacher, a strongly built Negro named Erv Biggs. Instead of standing before the class and "explaining" (as teachers did in the public schools that many of these boys had dropped out of: their first step toward delinquency), Biggs moved among his students, helping those who were stuck on problems, correcting completed lessons, furnishing new materials as boys finished units of work—and trying to keep the lid on, for often the class seemed about to explode. After working for a while Sam began making uncomplimentary observations about Charley's mother. When Biggs gave one boy a protractor, another punched Biggs from behind, screaming, "Biggs, you fat pig, gimme a new work sheet." A ten-year-old wandered around hugging his folder of yesterday's 100-percents. Tony worked hard for fifteen minutes, then scribbled Fuck You over his materials, aghast to find himself enjoying school. Near the end of the period an older boy ran from the room yelling, "I'm going to beat me some ass!"

When I asked what might become of this boy, Biggs explained that he relies on the school's two roving "child-care specialists" to "pick up bolters and talk with them until they calm down. If a kid can't take being in a class, it's pointless to force

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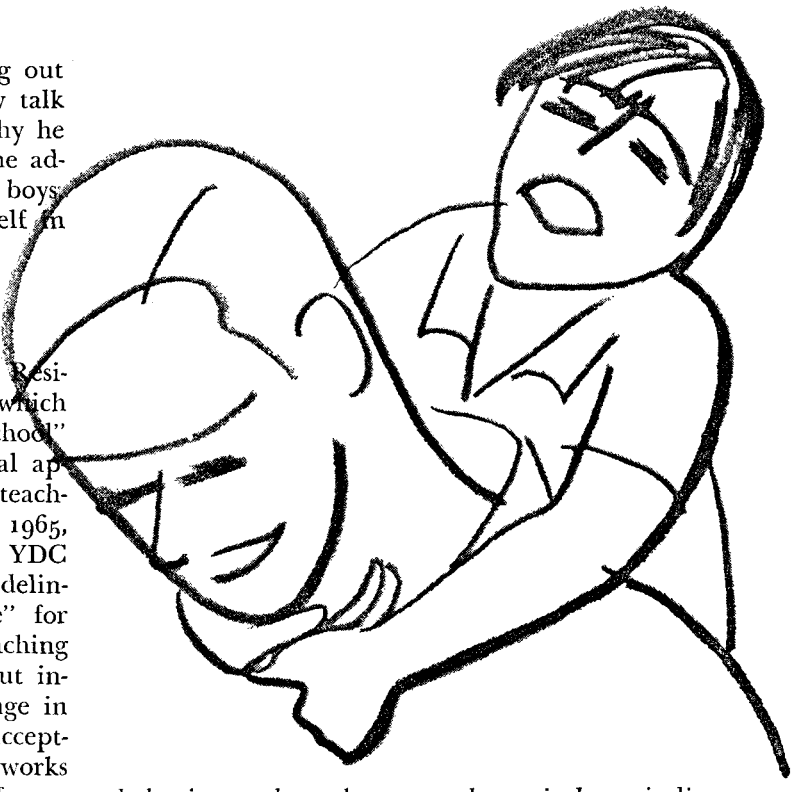
him to stay. He can get more out of figuring out why he wanted to leave—just as we can now talk to the kid who was punching me and ask why he acts so flaky. I pass my observations on to the advisers, and they discuss the incidents with the boys. And of course I do a lot of counseling myself in the course of a day."



WARRENDALE hasn't always been like this. Residents of the town still refer to the YDC (which owns 1000 pastoral acres) as the "Farm School" because until recently it took the agricultural approach to delinquency: rehabilitate boys by teaching them to milk cows and to hoe. In 1965, with the advent of a new superintendent, the YDC began using the "treatment" approach to delinquency. Its advocates argue that the "cure" for delinquency is neither beating boys nor teaching them a trade (be it farming or welding), but involving them in a process of *change*—a change in which they will come to substitute socially acceptable values for delinquent codes. The YDC works with about 140 boys at a time, keeping them for an average of twelve months. The boys' ages range from ten to sixteen, their offenses from the usual "incorrigibility," truancy, and car-theft to rape, arson, and assault.

The first phase of Warrendale's treatment program began several years ago, when group therapy meetings were started in the boys' "cottages" each evening. This aspect of the program is directed by the state of Pennsylvania, which runs the YDC as a whole. But as responsibility for educating the boys falls under the separate jurisdiction of Allegheny County, it was possible for the school division of the YDC to lag behind, unaffected by the innovations around it. The school continued to inflict the old elementary school format on its students, assigning boys to one teacher (in some cases incompetent ones who couldn't make it in the public schools), with whom they were condemned to spend the entire day in the same classroom, rereading *The Yearling* or failing third-grade math for a third time. The results: further hostility to school and authority.

Things changed in July, 1967, when Allegheny County hired two new administrators for the school, both in their early thirties: Phil Pappas, a vigorous Greek-American with little reverence for tradition; and Andy Hughey, a goateed, 320-pound Negro with charisma equal to his weight. Both of them had returned to the University of Pittsburgh to study counseling before coming to Warrendale. Although neither had previously worked with delinquents, their innocence enabled them to project a plan based on their convictions about human behavior rather than on theoretical prejudices. They were naïve enough to think of delinquents as human beings who, like everyone else, will become responsible only when given freedom to make choices.

One Thursday, the day the boys design their schedules for the following week, I sat in on a meeting of Cottage 2 boys with their adviser. Each boy had a "contract" listing the six courses available; each could sign up for from four to none of these, with no restrictions about "achievement levels" or previous attendance in a particular class.

"Hey Mr. Covato, I'm sick of Reading. I hate those work sheets."

"Then why not drop Reading for a while, Mac? Why not try Art next week? You haven't been to that class in a long time, and as I remember, you've got a half-finished rug to work on."

"OK. Art, and nothin' else." Mac checks the square after Art, signs his contract, and shoves it toward Mr. Covato. The boy next to him signs up for a full schedule of four courses: Reading, Art, Shop, and Science. This is the same schedule he took the week before, but few of the boys are so consistent.

"You've been going to Math pretty regularly the last six weeks, Dana," Covato remarks, leaning over a boy in a blue sweat shirt, "and Mr. Biggs says you've gone up a full grade level. What about signing for it again?"

Dana signs for Math and Science. Not wishing to press his luck, Covato doesn't mention that Dana has never, in his seven months at Warrendale,

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tried Reading; but before the period ends, he tries to interest the boy in one of the battered paperbacks behind his desk.

"Skolkosky, come back a minute," Mr. Covato shouts as the boys leave at the end of the meeting. "You forgot to put your *name* on your contract. It's no good without your signature, you know."

This contract system has several advantages. It avoids demanding too much from boys who can cope with only small doses of frustration (the reason many of them are here), while it gives them opportunity to build up their tolerance for a full academic load. Because they aren't coerced to attend classes, when boys *do* contract they consciously commit themselves. (The Coleman report, *Equality of Educational Opportunity,* found that "a sense of control of their own fate" is "more highly related to achievement than any other factor in the student's background or school.")

But what happens to boys who opt out of the curriculum? How are they helped to make sense of all this freedom, and what do they do if they aren't in class? The other side of Warrendale's coinage is its advisory system. "It is at the moment of non-selection that a meaningful dialogue can begin between the student and the school," Pappas writes. "We make non-selection a legitimate choice and provide the boy at this moment with a person who can encounter him and explore with him the implications of his decisions." Boys who aren't in class remain with their adviser, who may counsel them for the hour, take them to the gym for a workout (under the old system, students were forbidden to play in the gym more than one hour a week), or give a boy remedial work if he requests it. While the adviser's goal is to prepare his boys for a full course load, he may have to take devious routes to this end.

Hank Hangrian is a case in point. When Hank arrived, his adviser found in the boy's dossier resignation threats written by three of his former public school teachers, stating they'd quit if Hank were not removed from their classrooms immediately. After Hank had been around Warrendale several days, his new teachers, only partly in jest, began hinting they'd be delighted to bribe Hank's adviser to "advise" the boy not to sign up for their classes. "Hank was hungry for affection," his adviser (Ron Covato, again) remarks, "and Hank was at a smorgasbord." Although he wanted to take courses, he simply couldn't remain in a classroom: no sooner would he get one teacher to recognize him than he'd dash into an adjacent room, forcing the next teacher to reaffirm *his* affection. So Covato suggested that Hank stick with him for a while, and for the next few weeks he carried the boy around on his shoulders, with Hank commanding Right! Left! To the water fountain! Now that he is less fearful of rejection, Hank can attend classes—and work in them.

Advisers also "teach" for thirty minutes each morning before regular classes start, but teaching in this case bears no resemblance to ordinary classroom techniques. For the advisers are trying to reassemble young people who, in one way or another, have been shattered by society; the patching procedures vary with the immediate needs of the group. One adviser discovers that some of his boys can't tell time. After teaching them to read a clock, he presents a Time Tunnel game which they use to plot graphically the relations between past, present, and future (many delinquents block out the past and can barely conceive of future time—hence, in part, their "irresponsibility"). In another group, where the adviser is concentrating on value definition, the boys play St. Peter, decreeing who shall be barred from the pearly gates—and explaining why. The next exercise confronts them with a lifeboat foundering under the weight of fifteen people, eight of whom must be tossed to the sharks if any are to survive. Will they condemn the crippled six-year-old, the prostitute who is a good nurse, the young Negro minister?

Just what kinds of boys are sent to schools like Warrendale? In this country, one out of six is summoned to court before he is through adolescence. On any given day 90,000 boys can be found in our institutions, and on a national average, it costs about $10 a day to remove a child from his home and confirm, by locking him up, his belief that society is against him.

"In theory," states *Correction in the U.S.,* a report to the President compiled by the National Council on Crime and Delinquency, "training schools are specialized facilities for changing children relatively hardened in delinquency. In practice . . . they house a non-selective population and are primarily used in ways which make the serving of their theoretical best purpose, that of 'change,' beside the point." (Worse yet, detrimental change may occur, as when an eleven-year-old whose only offense is having been deserted by his parents is assigned a bed between a kleptomaniac and a homosexual.)

Since it is becoming clear that current court and institutional practices are responsible for this mess, leaders in the field of juvenile corrections are beginning to revise old philosophies. One of the most important suggestions to emerge from recent conferences is that courts commit only those youngsters who severely threaten society—the rapists, perhaps, but not the peeping toms. If

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General Electric has worked out new ways to identify fingerprints. One day, you may sign for things with your thumb.

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One technique would enable stores to use fingerprints in place of charge cards. When you wanted to charge something, you'd place your thumb on an electronic scanning device. The "picture" it takes of your print would be fed to a computer. The computer would compare it with your print on file. And verify that you are who you say you are. All in seconds.

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Progress is our most important product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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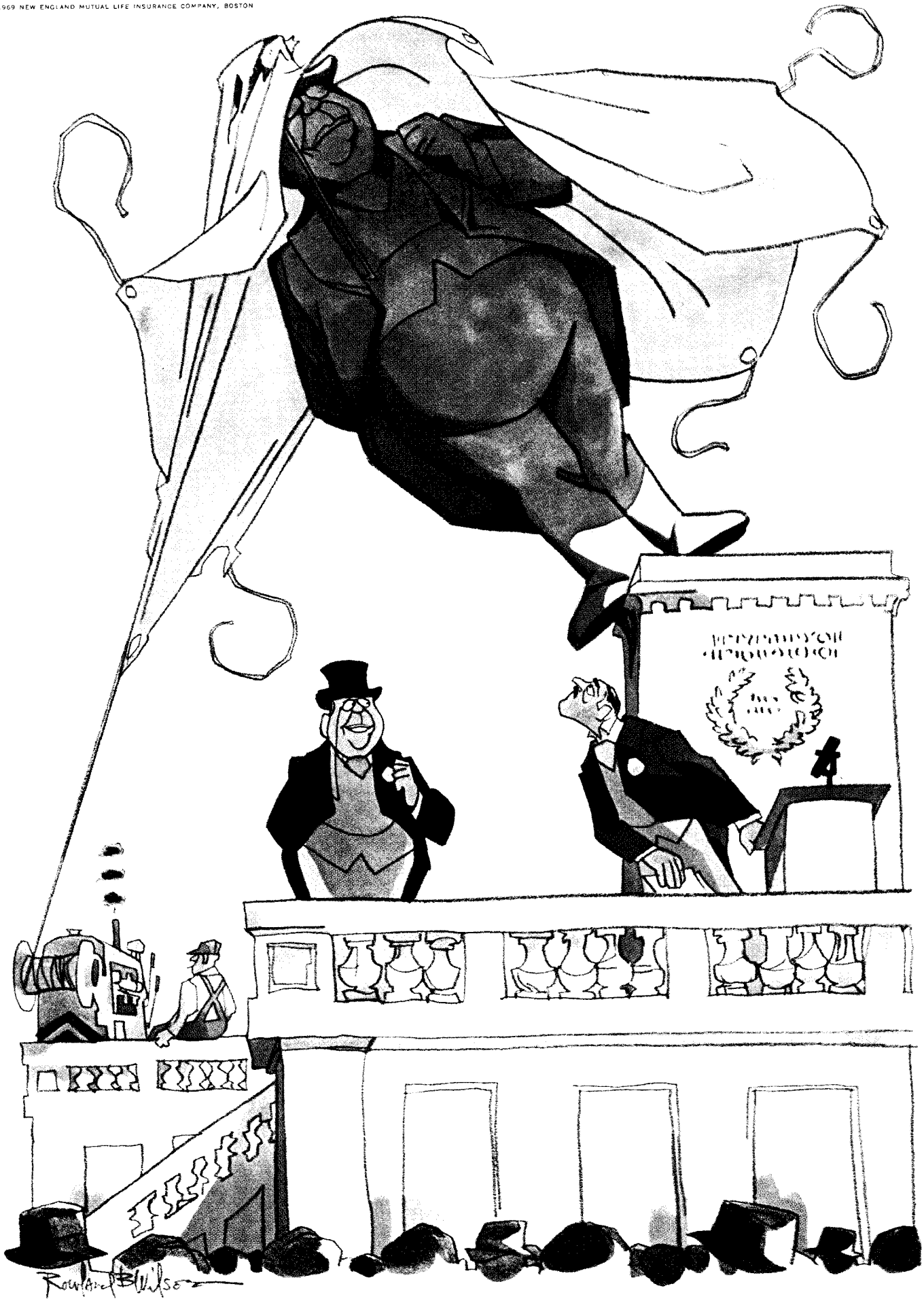

"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

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the courts learn to sentence more discriminately, the huge sums now being spent to construct ever larger institutions could be fed into other social services—agencies designed to handle specific types of cases (truancy, mental disorder, retardation) without removing youngsters from their homes and without implying punishment.

Correctional theorists are also urging a wholesale redefinition of the purpose of juvenile confinement. Just what is it we wish to do with children so threatening to society that we must isolate them?

Popular myth to the contrary, in this country the philosophy behind juvenile corrections has never been purely punitive. Inherent in the idea of the reformatory is the notion that juveniles *can* reform, that they can *learn* to tell right from wrong. Punishment came to the fore as a methodology, not as a basic philosophy.

According to one estimate, 50 percent of this country's institutions remain "custodial" in approach; another 25 percent are of the "re-education" variety (beat the boys only when necessary, and teach them to read *Hot Rod,* if possible). Only the remaining 25 percent attempt some form of therapy which might transform delinquent attitudes.

Although wholesale adoption of the treatment approach is being urged on all sides, many resist it for practical reasons. Among the objections: (a) it would cost too much to hire all those psychologists, even if they were available, and (b) therapy tends to take place at the expense of education, producing a lot of happy dummies who still can't handle school or jobs.

It is in meeting these objections that the Warrendale experiment becomes important—even crucial.

For even within the ranks of treatment-oriented institutions, the *school* (as a subdivision in which inmates under sixteen are required, by law, to sit for a good many hours each day) is rarely considered a possible medium for therapy. Psychiatrists, psychologists, social workers meet with inmates in nonschool hours (as in the evening group therapy sessions at Warrendale); they've had a hard time seeing how classroom personnel could be relevant to "the really important things we are doing with the kids." And so the academic staffs of training schools traditionally have been relegated to the lowest ranks of the institutional hierarchy. Even in treatment homes, houseparents (a minimally trained lot, on the whole) often have more influence over the way inmates are handled than the school principal.

But Hughey and Pappas have constructed a program which successfully intermeshes treatment and education. In public schools the Warrendale group had a collective attendance of less than 25 percent. At Warrendale, its involvement in the curriculum now verges on 75 percent—which means that on the average each student is weekly contracting for three out of four possible courses.

By refusing to place any but the most minimal restrictions on behavior, the Warrendale school avoids the trap of making rules whose infractions it must punish. It also demonstrates to the boys that it expects them to control *themselves.*

For example: an incident at clean-up time in the room where Tom Timney meets with his advisees. When Timney looked in before going to the office on an errand, most of his boys were already sweeping, washing the board, and so forth. When he returned he found Jethro, the group's most disturbed boy, heaving desks out of the door and shooting brooms through the window. "Jethro was in a violent dizz [psychotic fit]. I held him lightly until he quieted down and tried to understand what he was saying. Finally I got it—he wanted to clean the room all by himself. This was something he *could* do. Despite the brooms and upturned desks, this was a positive impulse, one of the few I'd ever seen in Jethro. So I took the rest of the boys with me, leaving Jethro to do the work alone. Hopefully he'll get more confident, doing this or another job which interests him, and will eventually be able to work *with* the group."

Hughey and Pappas point out that you can't treat a problem until you see it. You *won't* see it, they argue, if you drive its symptoms underground by threatening punishment.

No one at Warrendale would object if some philanthropist donated a psychiatrist or two to help with therapy. But they would consider psychiatric-type interviews as no more than supplemental to the present system, in which there is always a sympathetic, familiar adult—adviser, administrator, or one of the child-care specialists—to move in the moment trouble starts. Although the school staff is not clinically trained, problems are dealt with the moment they occur, not four days later in a formal interview with someone who never sees the child outside his office. In delinquents, automatic distortion and defensive blocking are characteristic. An eyewitness who has the boy's confidence can best challenge his delusions.

But what of the education which backs up these treatment techniques? Any school linked to a juvenile institution, if it pretends to *teach,* has to wrestle with heavyweight demands. It must deal with a constantly changing population—boys entering in December and leaving the following August. It can't assume a thing about proficiency: a "seventh-grader" may be doing fifth-grade read-

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ing and second-grade math. It must make school attractive to truants and dropouts. Warrendale has given itself the additional headache of requiring that schoolwork be broken down into one-week units. But it has also found some solutions to these problems.

When Pappas came to Warrendale, he got permission to use at the school, on an experimental basis, two courses of programmed instruction which are being developed at the University of Pittsburgh: IPI (Individually Prescribed Instruction) Math and IPI Reading, both for grades three through six. Based on the principles of programmed learning formulated by B. F. Skinner, the IPI courses make it possible for thirty students to work on different problems at the same time. Each boy begins at his own level, proceeds at his own pace, and finds out almost immediately if he has answered correctly.

IPI puts into educational practice the fundamental principles of the Warrendale system: adults don't interfere; failure is not punished; opportunities for success vastly outnumber those for failure; students move at their own rates. Because the IPI programs can be started, dropped, and resumed at any point, a student who does not choose Math for six weeks can be reabsorbed into the class. Academic tasks are tackled in small steps, there is no competition, and no one gets mad waiting for the teacher to call on him.

Classes for which no IPI courses are available fare less well. Art and Shop can, of course, handle individual differences fairly easily; and in Language Arts, a discussion-writing-reading course aimed at more fluent self-expression, students work pretty much on their own. But the science teacher, although he has devised a series of one-week units (air pressure, blood circulation), still has to cope with a roomful of students of different abilities and backgrounds. The school has similar problems providing materials in math and reading for those who complete the IPI courses.

Is there any single factor that makes the Warrendale experiment work? I think there is: the attitudes of Pappas and Hughey, and of the staff they've collected and inspired, seem more crucial to the success of the program than any of the other elements I have described.

A recent study, *Organization for Treatment, A Comparative Study of Institutions for Delinquents,* by Street, Vinter, and Perrow, shows that the attitudes of an institution's chief administrator will have an extraordinarily direct impact upon the inmates, even if he is seldom in sight. The study found, for example, that inmate relationships often mirror executive-staff relationships. Thus, if the administrator is bureaucratic and authoritarian, the boys will be preoccupied with power and status; the weaker will be forced to act as toadies and scapegoats, while the leaders will become more delinquent than ever as they develop autocratic power.

Some critics complain that Hughey and Pappas are nonauthoritarian to a fault. Because their instinct is to try to hire good people and then let them alone, their organization is naturally loose, unobtrusive, and on occasion inefficient. ("Of course we're inefficient," Andy Hughey remarks. "Hell, we're trying to change human behavior. We don't *dare* be efficient.") Impatient with details (the floors are littered, the library lacks sufficient shelves), these two administer, for the most part, by example rather than fiat. Such attitudes sift down pretty quickly to the young people, who, like the administrators, don't bother putting on a show of good appearances and are astonishingly gentle with each other.

Among the most valued personnel are the child-care specialists, both of whom are high school dropouts from the Pittsburgh ghetto, one a former Warrendale inmate. Because they are enthusiastic about the program, delinquents, and each other, the staff is cohesive and effervescent. No one (to the consternation of conventional-minded visitors) wears a necktie. As a consequence, boys start loosening their psychic neckties not long after they arrive. Honesty begets honesty, even (perhaps especially) with delinquents.

There is no neat objective way to compare Warrendale's program with other institutional approaches to delinquency. Statistics which would show how many Warrendale graduates get into trouble again aren't available. (Pappas and Hughey plan a system of community advisers—sympathetic adults, living in the boys' neighborhoods, to whom they could turn if they were tempted to get into trouble again; but as yet funds haven't been found to get the system going.) Institutionalization solves very little, costs a great deal, and generates problems of its own. What Pappas and Hughey are trying to do, then, is merely to lessen the evil.

They are trying to deal head-on with the fact that, under present financial and manpower circumstances, the only possible treatment approach to delinquency is a pragmatic, not a psychiatric, one. As Donald Cressey writes in *Manpower and Training for Corrections,* "The trap is this: We subscribe to a theory of rehabilitation that can be implemented only by highly educated, 'professionally trained' persons, and then scream that there are not enough of these persons to man our correctional agencies and institutions." Warrendale suggests a few ways to escape this trap.

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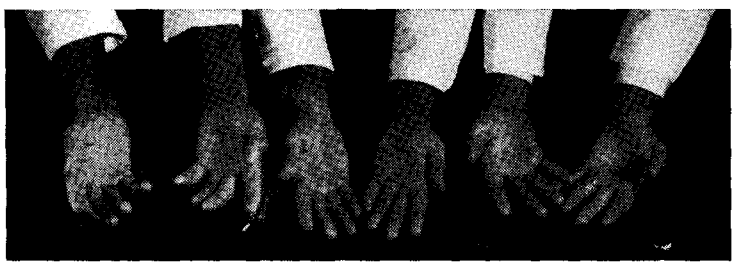
Kodak



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Those companies see a public demand for clean water not in place of the comforts of technology but as one such comfort. There is plenty for them to do in building the equipment. All we say is that our cellulose ester technology, born out of the more narrowly perceived wants of bygone years and blended with contributions of others, can now take on responsibility for the yet incompletely understood "reverse osmosis" interface where the separation happens.

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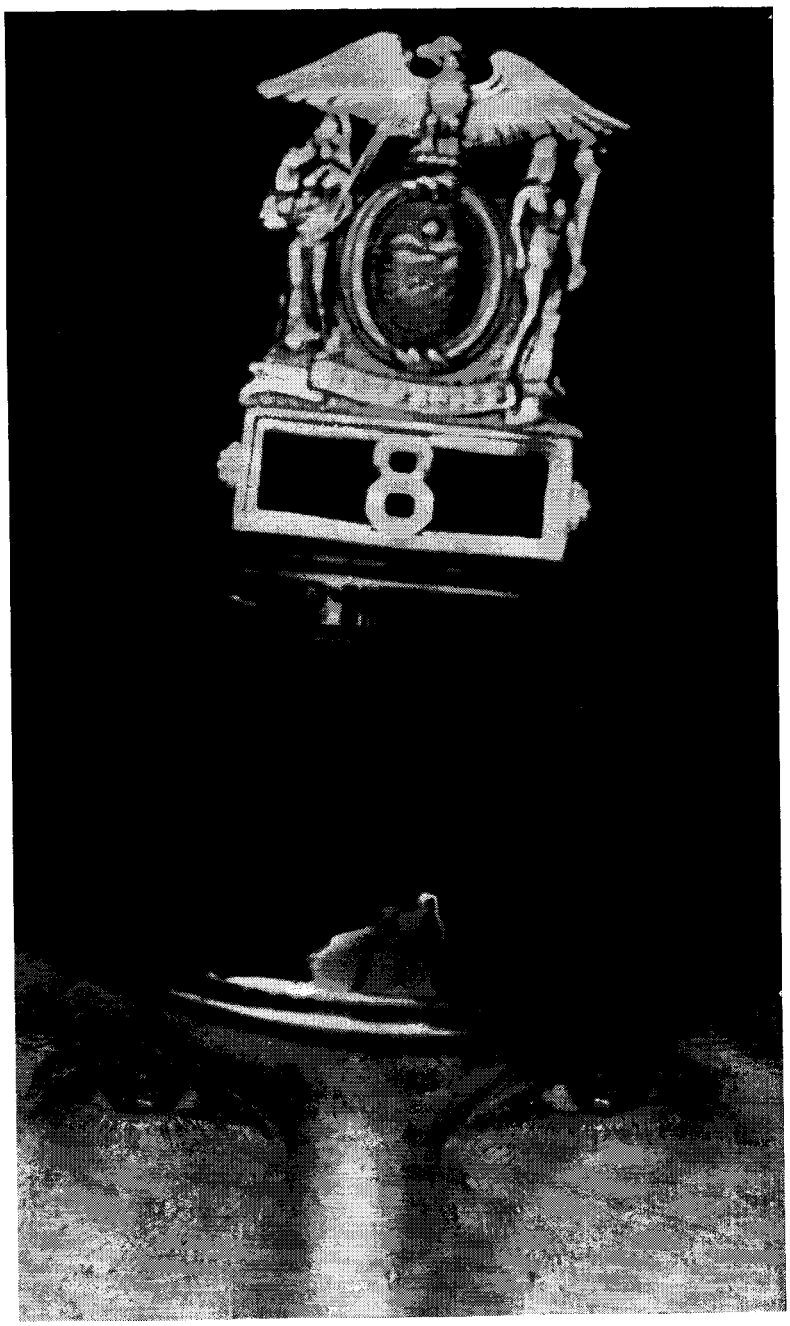
The Police



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and the Rest of Us

When violence and social unrest appear, so do policemen. The resurgence of violence in America in the 1960s has delivered a harsh reminder that we form an imperfect society. One of the most serious and paradoxical of those imperfections concerns the role of the police and the long-argued dilemma of which comes first, order or justice.

In the following fifty-five pages, we strive to deal with the police function in America. We examine some of the myths and many of the realities, the tensions, and the fears that have brought Americans into puzzled, sometimes violent confrontation over the acts and duties of those who are supposed to help ensure domestic tranquility.

The premise underlying these essays, reports, and interviews is an obvious one: the police today are under fire and also on the firing line. To thousands of citizens, they raise fears of repressive majority rule; to a smaller but vocal segment, they are "pigs," enemies to be feared and at the same time baited. For countless other Americans they are embattled defenders of the public weal against anarchists, looters, criminals, trespassers, and despoilers of others' property. The policemen themselves live lives of contradiction. They are frequently resentful of courts and of the public they are charged with protecting. They are sometimes victimizers and sometimes victims. They are regarded with fear and rancor by many in the underprivileged minority groups, yet think of themselves as one of the most underprivileged minority groups in the country. They are underpaid, undereducated, and undertrained for the combination of strength and subtlety demanded of them.

Distinguished political scientist Seymour Martin Lipset traces through American history the growth of the frustrations, discriminations, and social pressures that have turned so many policemen into right-wing radicals and led them into conflict with the ideals of civil libertarians. James Q. Wilson, one of the leading academic authorities on police problems and consultant to the *Atlantic* for this special supplement, brings into concluding focus crucial questions that must be settled if the principles of law and order and the ideals of individual rights are to join in reasonable equilibrium.

The rest of the story comes from the big-city station houses and ghettos, the uneasy councils of the "community relations" experts, the rancid doorways of the vice beat, and from the mouths of policemen themselves. There are a few smiles, too, for this is not an altogether sullen story. Nor must it always be true that, as one resigned citizen says in these pages, "The way I look at it, cops is cops."

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Policemen are attracted to right-wing politics, says Harvard sociologist Seymour Martin Lipset, because they are recruited from the undereducated, typically conservative working class, and because their job inevitably stresses toughness, authority, and a skeptical view of human behavior. Professor Lipset is the author of Political Man: The Social Bases of Politics, *and other books.*

Why Cops Hate Liberals — and Vice Versa

by Seymour Martin Lipset

THERE is an increasing body of evidence which suggests an affinity between police work and support for radical-right politics, particularly when linked to racial unrest. During the presidential campaign, George Wallace was unmistakably a hero to many policemen. John Harrington, the president of the Fraternal Order of Police, the largest police organization in America, with over 90,000 members and affiliates in more than 900 communities, publicly endorsed him. And Wallace has reciprocated this affection for some time. While governor of Alabama, he placed the slogan, popularized by the Birch Society, "Support Your Local Police" on the automobile license plates of the state of Alabama. During the 1964 and 1968 presidential campaigns, he frequently referred to the heroic activities of the police, and denounced the Supreme Court, and bleeding-heart liberals and intellectuals, for undermining the police efforts to maintain law and order. The police were pictured as the victims of an Establishment conspiracy to foster confrontationist forms of protest and law violation, particularly on the part of Negroes and student activists.

Similar reports concerning police support for right-wing or conservative candidates who have campaigned against civil rights and integration proposals have appeared frequently in the press. Thus in 1967, Boston journalists commented on the general support for Louise Day Hicks among the police of that city. Mrs. Hicks had won her political spurs in the fight which she waged as chairman of the Boston School Committee against school integration. And when she ran for mayor, the police were seemingly among her most enthusiastic backers. In New York City, police have stood out among the constituency of the Conservative Party, an organization which also has opposed public efforts to enforce school integration. The New York Conservative Party was the one partisan group in the city to fight a civilian review board of the police department, an issue which has come up in many other communities.

Jerome Skolnick of the University of Chicago made a study of the Oakland, California, police in 1964 based on interviews with many of them. He concluded that "a Goldwater type of conservatism was the dominant political and emotional persuasion of the police." During the 1964 campaign, a broadcaster on the New York City police radio suddenly made an emotional appeal for support of Senator Goldwater. Many police called in to endorse this talk. Almost no one out in police cars that night phoned in to back Lyndon Johnson, or to complain about the use of the police radio for partisan purposes. In Los Angeles, an official order had to be issued in 1964 telling the police that they could not have bumper stickers or other campaign materials on their police cars, because of the large number who had publicly so supported Goldwater. The late chief of police of the city, William H. Parker, stated his belief that the majority of the nation's peace officers were "conservative, ultraconservative, and very right wing," a description which fit his own orientation.

There is also evidence of strong support and sympathy among the police for the John Birch Society. In 1964, John Rousselot, then national director of the Society, claimed that "substantial numbers" of its members were policemen, and a study of the national membership of the Society by Fred Grupp, a political scientist at Louisiana State, confirms this contention. Mr. Grupp sent out a questionnaire to a random sample of the Birch membership with the help of the Society and found that over 3 percent of those who reported their occupations were policemen, a figure which is over four times the proportion of police in the national labor force. In New York City in July, 1965, a reporter judged that the majority of the audience at a large rally in Town Hall sponsored by the Birch Society's Speakers

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Bureau wore "Patrolmen's Benevolent Association badges." The Society itself "estimates that it has five hundred members in the New York City Police Department." In Philadelphia, the mayor placed a number of police on limited duty because of their membership in the Society. In a recent interview, Richard MacEachern, head of the Boston Police Patrolmen's Association, frequently referred to Birch Society material as the source of his information concerning "The Plan" of black militants to destroy the police through use of deliberate violence.

That peace officers in high places are sympathetic with the Society may be seen in the fact that former Sheriff James Clark of Selma, Alabama, who not only played a major role in suppressing civil rights demonstrations in his city but also has been a frequent speaker for the Birch Society, was elected president of the national organization of sheriffs. While serving as chief of the Los Angeles Police Department, William H. Parker took part in the *Manion Forum*, a right-wing radio discussion program run by Clarence Manion, a leader of the Birch Society. According to William Turner, in his book *The Police Establishment*, Louis Neese, the police chief of Trenton, New Jersey, "incorporated sections of a Birch 'Support Your Local Police' circular into a declaration of departmental policy."

All this is no new development. The identification between the police and right-wing extremism is not simply a reflection of recent tensions. During the 1930s, investigations of the Black Legion, a neofascist organization in the industrial Midwest, which engaged in terror and vigilante activities, indicated that it appealed to police. Not only did it include many patrolmen in Michigan and elsewhere, but a grand jury in Oakland County, Michigan, reported that the chief of police in Pontiac was an active member. The Legion, it should be noted, engaged in kidnapping, flogging, and even murder of suspected Communists. Father Coughlin, who was probably the most important profascist leader of the 1930s, also found heavy backing within police ranks. An investigation of his organization, the Christian Front, revealed that 407 of New York's finest belonged to it.

Gunnar Myrdal, in his classic study of the race problem in America, *An American Dilemma*, conducted in the late thirties and early forties, asserted that one of the principal sources of Ku Klux Klan activity in the South at that time came from law enforcement officers. This finding jibed with reports of the membership of the Klan during the early 1920s when it was at the height of its power, controlling politics in many Northern as well as Southern states. Klan leaders according to one account "took particular pride in emphasizing the large number of law enforcement officers . . . that had joined their order." Typical of Klan propaganda which attracted police support was the plank in the program of the Chicago Klan which called for "Supporting Officials in all Phases of Law Enforcement," a slogan close to the "Support Your Local Police" campaign waged by the Birch Society and George Wallace four decades later. According to Charles Jackson, membership lists seized in different parts of California indicated that "roughly 10 percent of the . . . policemen in practically every California city," including the chiefs of police in Los Angeles and Bakersfield and the sheriff of Los Angeles County, belonged to the Klan. In Atlanta, the home base of the organization, a study reports that "a very high percentage" of the police were members. Considerable police backing for the Klan was also reported in analyses of its operation in cities as diverse as Portland (Oregon), Tulsa, Madison, and Memphis.

Looking back through the history of religious bigotry in this country, we find that the anti-Catholic nativist American Protective Association (APA), which flourished in the early 1890s, also appears to have been supported by the police. My own researches on this movement and its membership indicate that the police were considerably overrepresented among APA members. In Minneapolis 6.5 percent were policemen, in Sacramento 8 percent, and in San Jose 7 percent.

Although there is a general understanding that the police should be politically neutral, their role as public employees has inevitably involved them in local politics. Prior to the emergence of civil service examinations, appointment to the force was a political plum in most cities. And once a man was hired, chances for promotion often depended on access to local officeholders. In many communities, the police were part of the machine organization. The widespread pattern of toleration of corruption and the rackets which characterized urban political life until the 1940s usually depended on the cooperation, if not direct participation, of the police. Those who controlled the rackets paid special attention to municipal politics, to those who dominated city hall, in order to make sure that they would not be interfered with by the authorities.

Although machine and racketeer domination of local government is largely a thing of the past in most cities, the police are of necessity still deeply interested in local politics. High-level appointments are almost invariably made by elected officials, and those who control city politics determine police pay and working conditions. Hence, the police as individuals and as a body must be actively concerned with access to the political power structure. They must be prepared to adjust their law enforcement

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policies in ways which are acceptable to the political leaders.

Such assumptions would lead us to believe that police would avoid any contact with radical groups, with those who seek to change the existing structures of political power or community leadership. Thus the evidence that significant minorities of police have been moved to join or openly back right-wing and bigoted movements is particularly impressive. For every policeman who has taken part in such activities, we may assume that there were many others who sympathized, but refrained from such behavior so as to avoid endangering their job prospects. (This comment, of course, does not apply to those communities which were actually dominated by extremist movements.)

The propensity of policemen to support rightist activities derives from a number of elements in their occupational role and social background. Many of the police are not much different in their social outlook from others in the lower middle class or working class. Twenty-five years ago, Gunnar Myrdal noted that police in the South were prone to express deep-seated anti-Negro feelings in brutal actions against Negroes and thus undo "much of what Northern philanthropy and Southern state governments are trying to accomplish through education and other means." He accounted for the phenomenon as resulting from the fact that the police generally had the prejudices of the poor whites. "The average Southern policeman is a promoted poor white with a legal sanction to use a weapon. His social heritage has taught him to despise the Negroes, and he has had little education which could have changed him." A recent study of the New York City police by Arthur Niederhoffer, a former member of the Department, reports that "for the past fifteen years, during a cycle of prosperity, the bulk of police candidates has been upper lower class with a sprinkling of lower middle class; about ninety-five per cent has had no college training." In a survey of the occupations of the fathers of 12,000 recruits who graduated from the New York Police Academy, he found that more than three quarters of them were manual or service workers.

The Birch Society apart, movements of ethnic intolerance and right-wing radicalism have tended to recruit from the more conservative segments of the lower and less-educated strata. On the whole, the less education people have, the more likely they are to be intolerant of those who differ from themselves, whether in opinions, modes of culturally and morally relevant behavior, religion, ethnic background, or race. The police, who are recruited from the conservative, less-educated groups, reflect the background from which they come. John H. McNamara recently found that when he separated the New York police recruits into two status groups on the basis of their fathers' occupations, those "with fathers in the higher skill classification were less likely to feel that the leniency of courts and laws account for assaults on the police" than those who came from lower socioeconomic origins.

Once they are employed as policemen, their job experiences enhance the possibility that whatever authoritarian traits they bring from their social background will increase rather than decrease. McNamara found a sizable increase in the proportion of police recruits who resented legal restrictions on their authority or propensity to use force. At the beginning of recruit training, only 6 percent agreed with the statement "The present system of state and local laws has undermined the patrolman's authority to a dangerous extent," while 46 percent disagreed. After one year in field assignments, 25 percent of the same group of men agreed with the statement, and only 19 percent disagreed. Similar changes in attitudes occurred with respect to the proposition "If patrolmen working in tough neighborhoods had more leeway and fewer restrictions on the use of force many of the serious police problems in these neighborhoods would be greatly reduced." Fourteen percent agreed with the statement at the beginning of their career, as compared with 30 percent after one year in the field, and 39 percent among a different group of policemen who had been employed for two years.

In general, the policeman's job requires him to be suspicious of people, to prefer conventional behavior, to value toughness. A policeman must be suspicious and cynical about human behavior. As Niederhoffer points out, "He needs the intuitive ability to sense plots and conspiracies on the basis of embryonic evidence." The political counterpart of such an outlook is a monistic theory which simplifies political conflict into a black-and-white fight, and which is ready to accept a conspiratorial view of the sources of evil, terms which basically describe the outlook of extremist groups, whether of the left or right.

The propensity of police to support a radical political posture is also related to their sense of being a low-status out-group in American society. The Oakland study revealed that when police were asked to rank the most serious problems they have, the category most frequently selected was "lack of respect for the police. . . . Of the two hundred and eighty-two . . . policemen who rated the prestige police work receives from others, 70 per cent ranked it as only fair or poor." The New York City study also indicated that the majority of the police did not feel that they enjoyed the respect of the public. James Q. Wilson found that a majority of Chicago police sergeants who completed questionnaires in 1960 and 1965 felt that the public did

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not cooperate with or respect the police. Many articles in police journals comment on the alleged antagonism to the police voiced by the mass media. Studies of police opinion have indicated that some police conceal their occupation from their neighbors because many people do not like to associate with policemen.

If policemen judge their social worth by their incomes, they are right in rating it low. A recent article in *Fortune* reports that "the patrolman's pay in major cities now averages about $7,500 per year — 33 percent less than is needed to sustain a family of four in moderate circumstances in a large city, according to the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics." As a result, many are forced to moonlight to earn a living. Fletcher Knebel cites an expert estimate that from a third to half of all the patrolmen in the country have a second job. The relative socioeconomic status of the police has worsened over time. Richard Wade, an urban historian at the University of Chicago, points out that the situation has changed considerably from that of fifty years ago when "policemen had an income higher than other trades and there were more applicants than there were jobs." John H. McNamara, who has studied the New York Department, concludes:

> During the Depression the department was able to recruit from a population which included many unemployed or low-paid college graduates. . . . As general economic conditions have improved, however, the job of police officer has become less attractive to college graduates.

In his surveys of police opinion in Chicago, Boston, and Washington, D.C., Albert J. Reiss reports that 59 percent believe that the prestige of police work is lower than it was twenty years ago. Lower police morale is not simply a function of a relative decline in income or in perceived status. The police believe their conditions of work have also worsened. Eighty percent state that "police work [is] more hazardous today than five years ago." Sixty percent believe that the way the public behaves toward the police has changed for the worse since they joined the force.

The policeman's role is particularly subject to fostering feelings of resentment against society, which flow from a typical source of radical politics, "status discrepancies." This term refers to a sociological concept which is used to describe the positions of individuals or groups who are ranked relatively high on one status attribute and low on another.

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Presumably the fact of having a claim to some deference makes people indignantly resent as morally improper any evidence that they are held in low regard because of some other factor in their background or activities. In the case of the police, they are given considerable authority by society to enforce its laws and are expected to risk their lives if necessary; on the other hand, they feel they receive little prestige, and they get a relatively low salary as compared with that of other occupational groups which have much less authority.

Many police have consciously come to look upon themselves as an oppressed minority, subject to the same kind of prejudice as other minorities. Thus Chief Parker explained some of the bitterness of the police as stemming from the "shell of minorityism" within which they lived. This view was given eloquent voice in 1965 by the then New York City Police Commissioner, Michael J. Murphy: "The police officer, too, belongs to a minority group—a highly visible minority group, and is also subject to stereotyping and mass attack. Yet he, like every member of every minority, is entitled to be judged as an individual and on the basis of his individual acts, not as a group." Clearly, the police appear to be a deprived group, one which feels deep resentment about the public's lack of appreciation for the risks it takes for the community's safety. These risks are not negligible in the United States. In 1967, for example, one out of every eight policemen was assaulted. This rate is considerably higher than in any other developed democratic country.

The belief that police are rejected by the public results, as Wilson argues, in a "sense of alienation from society" which presses the police to develop their own "sub-culture" with norms which can provide them with "a basis for self-respect independent to some degree of civilian attitudes." Given the assumption of the police that they are unappreciated even by the honest middle-class citizenry, they are prone to accept a cynical view of society and its institutions, and social isolation and alienation can lead to political alienation.

The police have faced overt hostility and even contempt from spokesmen for liberal and leftist groups, racial minorities, and intellectuals generally. The only ones who appreciate their contribution to society and the risks they take are the conservatives, and particularly the extreme right. The radical left has almost invariably been hostile, the radical right friendly. It is not surprising therefore that police are more likely to be found in the ranks of the right.

In the larger context, American politics tends to press the police to support conservative or rightist politics. Liberals and leftists have been more concerned than conservatives with the legal rights of the less powerful and the underprivileged. They have tried to limit the power of the police to deal with suspects and have sought to enlarge the scope of due process. Efforts to enhance the rights of defendants, to guarantee them legal representation, to prevent the authorities from unduly pressuring those taken into police custody, have largely concerned liberals. The American Civil Liberties Union and other comparable groups have fought hard to weaken the discretionary power of the police. To many policemen, the liberals' constant struggle is to make their job more difficult, to increase the physical danger to which they are subject. Many are convinced that dangerous criminals or revolutionists are freely walking the streets because of the efforts of softhearted liberals. To police, who are constantly exposed to the seamy side of life, who view many deviants and lawbreakers as outside the protection of the law, the constant concern for the civil rights of such people makes little sense, unless it reflects moral weakness on the part of the liberals, or more dangerously, is an aspect of a plot to undermine legitimate authority. And the fact that the Supreme Court has sided with the civil-libertarian interpretations of individual rights in recent years on issues concerning police tactics in securing confessions—the use of wiretaps, and the like—constitutes evidence as to how far moral corruption has reached into high places. Reiss's survey of police opinion found that 90 percent of the police interviewed felt that the Supreme Court "has gone too far in making rules favoring and protecting criminal offenders." The liberal world, then, is perceived as an enemy, an enemy which may attack directly in demonstrations or riots, or indirectly through its pressure on the courts.

The fights over the establishment of civilian police review boards which have occurred in many cities have largely taken the form of a struggle between the liberal political forces which favor creating such checks over the power of police departments to discipline their own members and the conservatives who oppose these. In the best-publicized case, the referendum in New York City of November, 1966, to repeal the law creating such a board, the ideological lineup was clear-cut. The Patrolmen's Benevolent Association was supported in its successful efforts by the Conservative Party of New York and the John Birch Society. It was opposed by New York's liberal Republican mayor, John Lindsay, as well as by Robert Kennedy, the reform Democrats, the Liberal Party, the New York *Times,* and the New York *Post.* There can be little doubt that this struggle has helped to strengthen the police backing for the Conservative Party.

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The greater willingness of police to join or back groups which have been antagonistic to religious (Catholics in the nineteenth century, Jews in the twentieth) and racial minorities also may be a function of concrete job experience, as well as of the degree of prejudice present in their social milieu. Ethnic slums characteristically have been centers of crime, violence, and vice. Most immigrant groups living in urban America in the past, as well as more recent Negro migrants, have contributed disproportionately to the ranks of criminals and racketeers. Hence, the police have often found that their experience confirmed the negative cultural stereotypes which have existed about such groups while they lived in the crowded, dirty, slum conditions. The ethnic minorities have, in fact, often appeared as sympathetic to criminals, as supporters of violence directed against the police. The ethnic slum historically has been an enemy stronghold, a place of considerable insecurity. Right-wing political groupings which define minorities or leftist radicals as conspiratorial corrupters of American morality have strongly appealed to the morally outraged police.

In evaluating the disposition of the police to participate in the radical right, it is important to note that only a minority of the police are involved in most communities. Most police, though relatively conservative and conventional, are normally more concerned with the politics of collective bargaining, with getting more for themselves, than with the politics of right-wing extremism. The Patrolmen's Benevolent Association is basically a trade union which seeks alliances with other labor unions, particularly those within the civil service, and with the powerful within the dominant political parties. Police have struck for higher wages, much as other groups have done. There have been occasions when they have shown sympathy for striking workers on the picket line, particularly when the workers and the police have belonged to the same ethnic groups. One of the main attractions of police work is the lifelong economic security and early pensions which it gives. In this sense, the policeman, like others from low-income backgrounds, is concerned for the expansion of the welfare state.

Like all others, the police are interested in upgrading the public image of their job. They do not like being attacked as thugs, as authoritarians, as lusting for power. Some cities have successfully sought to increase the educational level of new recruits and to have a continuing education program for those on the force. The academic quality of the courses given at police academies and colleges in various communities has been improving, and there is much that is hopeful going on.

Yet the fact remains that recent events have

Police Salaries

Policemen complain, and the experts tend to agree, that police salaries are not high enough to attract college-educated or other highly-skilled persons, and that policemen are not adequately compensated for the hazards and responsibilities they are asked to accept. Painters, carpenters, electricians, mechanics, firemen, for example, tend to earn as much or more than policemen in the south and midwest and in the smaller eastern cities. Only on the west coast do policemen have a statistical edge, and it is slight.

Top 10 Cities, 500,000 or more population	*Minimum Base Pay*	*Maximum Base Pay*
San Francisco	$9935	$10,535
Chicago	8710	11,000
Los Angeles	8580	10,105
Philadelphia	8480	9000
Seattle	8340	9600
San Diego	8150	9900
Cleveland	7935	8935
New York	7930	9380
Detroit	7500	10,300
Houston	7200	8100
Top 5 Cities, 100,000-500,000		
Oakland	9875	10,535
Berkeley	9385	10,345
Torrance	9240	10,190
San Jose	8665	10,535
Fresno	8410	9840
Lowest 5 Cities, 500,000 or more		
San Antonio	6000	7200
Memphis	6120	7440
Kansas City	6180	8150
Atlanta	6210	8220
Boston	6345	8320
Lowest 5 Cities, 100,000-500,000		
Knoxville	4500	5700
Mobile	4910	6120
Little Rock	5100	6120
Portsmouth, Va.	5400	6900
Chattanooga	5520	6480

These statistics are minimum and maximum base pay figures for patrolmen as of January 1, 1969, except for Chicago and Philadelphia estimates, which include pay raises to take effect July 1, 1969. A retroactive pay hike, which will place them just below San Francisco in the big-city standings, is expected for New York patrolmen early in the year.

These figures do not reflect pay differentials based on longevity (which in Los Angeles, New York, Cleveland, Detroit, and Houston, for example, can increase pay rates as much as $800 annually), paid holidays (New York patrolmen get $335 to $405 extra each year), or uniform allowances. Nor do they reflect cost of living variables, which tend to reduce the apparent gap between metropolitan police salaries and the pay scale for smaller cities, particularly in the South.

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sorely strained the tempers of many police. Almost two thirds of the police interviewed in Reiss's study feel that "demonstrations are a main cause of violence these days." The reactions of police organizations around the country suggest that Ortega y Gasset was correct when he suggested in his book *The Revolt of the Masses,* published in 1930, that free societies would come to fear their police. He predicted that those who rely on the police to maintain order are foolish if they imagine that the police "are always going to be content to preserve . . . order [as defined by government]. . . . Inevitably they [the police] will end by themselves defining and deciding on the order they are going to impose—which, naturally, will be that which suits them best." In some cities, leaders of police organizations have openly threatened that the police will disobey orders to be permissive when dealing with black or student demonstrators. The Boston Police Patrolmen's Association has stated that the police there will enforce the law, no matter what politicians say. The president of the New York Patrolmen's Benevolent Association has announced that his members "will enforce the law 100 per cent," even when ordered not to do so.

This "rebellion of the police" is a response to their being faced with "confrontation tactics" by student and black radical militants. New Left radicals and black nationalists openly advocate confrontation tactics. They seek deliberately to inflame the police so as to enrage them into engaging in various forms of brutality. Stokely Carmichael has declared that a demonstration which does not result in police action against the participants is a failure. The events at Chicago during the Democratic Convention constitute the best recent example of the way in which a major police force can completely lose its head when faced by a confrontationist demonstration.[1] Some black and white New Radicals openly declare that the killing of police in the ghetto area is not murder, that it is an inherent form of self-defense. But police have been shot at and occasionally killed in ambush.

The current tensions between the police and New Left student and black nationalist radicals probably involve the most extreme example of deliberate provocation which the police have ever faced. The tactics of the campus-based opposition rouse the most deep-seated feelings of class resentment. Most policemen are conservative, conventional, upwardly mobile working-class supporters of the American Way, who aspire for a better life for their families. Many of them seek to send their children to college. To find the scions of the upper middle class in the best universities denouncing them as "pigs," hurling insults which involve use of the most aggressive sexual language, such as "Up against the wall, Mother F——," throwing bricks and bags of feces at them, is much more difficult to accept than any other situation which they have faced. Police understand as normal the problems of dealing with crime or vice. They may resent violence stemming from minority ghettos, but this, too, is understandable and part of police work. But to take provocative behavior from youths who are socially and economically much better off than they and their children is more than the average policeman can tolerate.

The deliberate effort to bait and provoke the police by contemporary New Left radicals is rather new in the history of leftist movements. The American Socialist Party in its early history actually pointed to the police department as a good example of the way the government could provide needed services efficiently. The Communists, of course, never described the police in this fashion, but in the twenties, European Communists concerned with attaining power rather than with symbolic demonstrations defined the police, like the rank and file of the military, as exploited working-class groups who should either be converted to the revolution or at least be neutralized. They directed propaganda to the self-interests of the police, calling on them to refuse to serve the interests of the

[1] Ironically, the Chicago police force has been one of the few major ones which had made real efforts to adjust to changing conditions. William Turner's recent book, *The Police Establishment,* states that close to 25 percent of the force is Negro, a proportion far above that of New York and Los Angeles. It also deliberately lowered the height requirements "to make more Puerto Ricans eligible." Although, as Turner documents, there has been considerable tension between the Chicago police and the black community, a study of the attitudes of Negroes in four cities by Gary Marx in his *Protest and Prejudice* reported that the percentage of adult Negroes answering "very well" or "fairly well" to the question of how they thought the police treated Negroes in their city was 64 percent in Chicago, 56 percent in New York, 53 percent in Atlanta, and 31 percent in Birmingham. In spite of the fact that the Chicago Police Department has been in the lead in adapting its recruitment policies to the new climate of race relations, in a study of three cities Reiss found that police in the Windy City were much less likely than those in Boston or Washington, D.C., to blame "civil rights groups" for arousing the public against the police. These comparative data also indicate that the morale of the Chicago police was higher than that of those in Boston and Washington. Over half of the Chicago police interviewed believe that the public rate the prestige of police higher than twenty years ago, while only a fifth of those in the Eastern cities have this opinion. "Chicago police officers are considerably more likely to advise both their sons and other young men to consider a career as a police officer" than are those in the other communities. George O'Connor, the director of professional standards for the International Association of Chiefs of Police, has rated the Chicago department "the best equipped, best-administered police force in the United States." Given such data, it is likely that Tom Hayden, one of the leaders of the Chicago demonstrations, is right in his contention that the brutal reaction of the Chicago police could have occurred in most other cities.

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ruling class during strikes or demonstrations. The European left has often sought to organize the police in trade unions, although it is, of course, also true that they have had an ambivalent attitude toward them. The police have been involved in brutal suppression of left-wing and trade-union demonstrations in Europe, which have made them the target of left-wing criticism and counterviolence. Nevertheless, the left there remembers that the police come from proletarian origins. During the May, 1968, student demonstrations and strikes in Italy, a leading Communist intellectual, Pier Paolo Pasolini, told the New Left students that in a conflict between them and the police, he stood with the police: "Your faces are those of sons of good families, and I hate you as I hate your fathers. The good breeding comes through. . . . Yesterday when you had your battle in the Valle Giulia with the police, my sympathies were with the police, because they are the sons of the poor" (quoted from the *Corriere della Sera* by Melvin Lasky in the August issue of *Encounter*).

Given the interest shown in the welfare of the police by sections of the European left, their membership in trade unions, and their working-class origins, it is not surprising that the political behavior of European police has been more ambivalent than that of their American compeers. On various occasions, segments of the police in Europe have shown sympathy for left and working-class forces, particularly where they have been serving under leftist governments for some time. This was true in Social Democratic Berlin and Prussia generally before 1932, in Vienna before 1934, and in parts of Republican Spain before 1936. The ambivalent attitudes of the police have shown up most recently in France, where a number of police unions issued statements after the May, 1968, events, denying responsibility for use of force against student demonstrators. The police organizations wanted it known that the government, not the police, was responsible for the vigor of the actions taken.

It is doubtful that the American New Left students will ever come to see the police in a sympathetic light, as exploited, insecure, alienated members of the underprivileged classes. As members of the first leftist youth movement which is unaffiliated with any adult party, they are unconcerned with the consequences of their actions on the political strength of the larger left-wing movement. To a large extent, their provocative efforts reflect the biases of the educated upper middle class. Lacking a theory of society and any concern for the complexities of the "road to power" which have characterized the revolutionary Marxist movement, they are prepared to alienate the police, as well as conventional working-class opinion, in order to provoke police brutality, which in turn will validate their total rejection of all social institutions. Hence, we may expect a continuation of the vicious circle of confrontation and police terror tactics.

Liberal moderates properly react to this situation by demanding that the police act toward deviant behavior much as all other professionals do, that they have no more right to react aggressively toward provocative acts than psychiatrists faced by maniacal and dangerous patients, that no matter what extremists do, the police should not lose their self-control. Such a policy is easy to advocate; it is difficult to carry out.

Furthermore, it ignores the fact that most of the police are "working-class" professionals, not the products of postgraduate education. As James Q. Wilson points out, "This means they bring to the job some of the focal concerns of working-class men —a preoccupation with maintaining self-respect, proving one's masculinity, 'not taking any crap,' and not being 'taken in.' Having to rely on personal qualities rather than on formal routines . . . means that the officer's behavior will depend crucially on how much deference he is shown, on how manageable the situation seems to be, and on what the participants in it seem to 'deserve.' " If society wants police to behave like psychiatrists, then it must be willing to treat and train them like psychiatrists rather than like pariahs engaged in dirty work. At present, it treats their job like a semiskilled position which requires, at best, a few weeks' training. Norman Kassoff of the research staff of the International Association of Chiefs of Police has compared the legal minimum training requirements for various occupations in the different American states. Calculated in terms of hours, the median minimums are 11,000 for physicians, 5000 for embalmers, 4000 for barbers, 1200 for beauticians, and less than 200 for policemen. The vast majority of policemen begin carrying guns and enforcing the law with less than five weeks' training of any kind.

The new tensions have increased the old conflict between the police and the liberals. For it must be said that liberals are prejudiced against police, much as many white police are biased against Negroes. Most liberals are ready to assume that all charges of police brutality are true. They tend to refuse to give the police the benefit of any doubt. They rarely denounce the extreme black groups and left radicals for their confrontationist efforts. They do not face up to the need for tactics to deal with deliberate incitement to mob violence. If the liberal and intellectual communities are to have any impact on the police, if they are to play any role in reducing the growing political alienation of many police, they must show some recognition that the police force is also composed of human beings, seeking to earn a living. They must be willing to engage in a dialogue with the police concerning their problems.

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Los Angeles — *"Don't blow your cool" is the advice of the LAPD's energetic new chief. He has greatly improved the public image of his force, but not in places like Watts, where critical problems remain largely untouched and perhaps beyond the reach of police tactics alone. Mrs. Mathews, erstwhile managing editor of the Harvard* Crimson, *is a reporter for the Los Angeles* Times.

Chief Reddin: New Style at the Top

by Linda McVeigh Mathews

Since modern law enforcement, like modern warfare, is as much dependent on appearances as reality, it was inevitable that Madison Avenue would eventually penetrate the world of the station house. Nowhere is this intrusion more apparent than in Los Angeles, where the police department, always the well-oiled crime-fighting machine par excellence, decided two years ago to recast and humanize its image and then proceeded to mount a public relations campaign of the kind that is usually used to sell a new breakfast cereal.

Suddenly, billboards displaying the smiling countenances of policemen took root in the burned-out lots along Watts's Charcoal Alley. Schoolchildren were sent home with replicas of LAPD badges and registration slips for the department's Little League teams. Kaffeeklatsches organized by police brass brought together suspicious citizens and unwilling patrolmen. Radio spot announcements, Sunday afternoon television panels, and Hollywood-produced recruiting films clogged the media. Not even prime time was beyond the department's means. *Dragnet*, the network TV series which helped create the LAPD's nationwide reputation, reflected the new upbeat look. Week after week, Sergeant Joe Friday, *Dragnet's* perennially dour detective, behaved in a very uncoplike manner. Instead of busting up smuggling rings or chasing petty hoodlums, Friday rapped with black militants and tongue-lashed cocky rookies who made the mistake of treating Negroes "discourteously." He even allowed himself an occasional grim-lipped smile.

This intensive campaign to alter, and improve, public attitudes toward the police, which has since served as a model for other cities, goes under the name "community relations." It is a tactic prescribed, after five seasons of rioting, by such authoritative bodies as the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice, the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, and the International Association of Chiefs of Police. In Los Angeles, where it has been most widely tested, the "community relations" campaign has had noticeable consequences. It has soothed middle-class Angelenos, shaken by the August, 1965, riots that rocked this city and by the apparent inability of the police department to contain them. Eagerly, although perhaps unsure what was real and what TV drama, they took all the publicity as a sign that *something* was being done. In their gratitude, they began to look with awe on the man responsible for the apparent changes in police performance, the Los Angeles chief of police, Thomas Reddin.

A beaming six-foot-four-inch, two-hundred-ten-pound giant, he is a natural target for such adulation. Reddin both inspires confidence, and as an undeniably talented publicist, knows how to manipulate it once it is aroused. He possesses all the attributes of a top-notch salesman: an ingratiating personality, an ability to inject a winning note of candor into even his stalest speeches, and an endless reserve of enthusiasm. He observes a twelve-hour workday, hustling from meetings with black militants to Rotarian luncheons and TV tapings, sometimes making three or four speeches and rarely refusing an interview. During his first year on the job, his staff calculated that he made 245 speeches before an estimated 70,000 persons and spent only 5 nights at home with his wife; in a typical moment, too, they released the statistics to the press. Reddin carefully cultivates the media and sometimes slips unconsciously into the huckster's rhetoric. He has been known to take reporters aside at press conferences and whisper conspiratorially, "You'll help me sell this, won't you?" Even a little old-fashioned Hollywood sex appeal is permissible. "You're going to love the chief," Reddin's television adviser once told two startled women reporters. "All the ladies do."

Reddin's energy is infectious; at noon every day,

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the offices of his subordinates in the glittering eight-story police administration building downtown are deserted. Like their boss, his assistants are out breaking bread with the people and selling community relations. The able community relations director, Deputy Chief James Fisk, says the top administrators keep such whirlwind schedules because that is the way "they can reach as many people as possible and gain their trust." Anticipating the inevitable put-downs (luncheon toastmasters sometimes wonder when the police do their *work*), the chief and his assistants are quick to point out their administrative, technological, and social innovations just to prove there is substance behind the claims of progress. It is a list which reads like the recommendations of the Kerner Report or the summary of the latest police science primer, and leaves no doubt about the progressive bent of the LAPD. Every commission-stamped police experiment known to American society is being tested there, which lends to Reddin's efforts a significance they otherwise might not have. One is led to the conclusion that if the LAPD fails, it will be a failure for all the less progressive cities and for all the standard commission-produced remedies as well.

To understand the pressures on Reddin and his compulsion to sell community relations, it is necessary to examine the state of the department he inherited in February, 1967. It was a well-turned-out corps, with a rather outsized pride in its efficiency, its incorruptibility, and its crime-busting prowess. Rules and regulations proliferated, dictating every move an officer made, and pay was high. Despite all this, the LAPD was also badly demoralized, having learned the scale of its own deficiencies only when Watts went up in flames and the whole world looked on. "We went by the book, which we thought had all the answers," one watch commander said ruefully afterward. "Our biggest mistake was that we didn't just chuck it in the incinerator."

Not only had then Chief William H. Parker failed to draw up contingency plans or give his men any special training to cope with massive civil disorder, but as Watts burned, he refused to negotiate with Negro leaders who were trying to quench the flames. Even the department's equipment, supposedly second to none, proved hopelessly obsolete: commanders could not communicate with patrol cars because their radios operated on different frequencies. In the end, because the LAPD could not do it alone, 14,000 National Guardsmen were required to subdue the curfew area (which by that time encompassed a region the size of San Francisco) and to halt the sporadic freeway sniping that terrorized the rest of the city.

Those nights shattered the confidence the city had had in the force and the crusty old chief; Parker responded by ordering riot helmets. But the lessons of Watts were not lost on Reddin, then a deputy chief. When he ascended to his present position after Parker's death, what he learned in 1965 determined his priorities: re-establishing contact with the city's residents, restoring the morale of the force, and ensuring there would be no recurrence of mass destruction.

The result was a community relations campaign that is essentially two campaigns because Reddin has two distinct constituencies. One, the city's large WASPish middle class, wants a police department that will protect it from the "criminals" and those on the outs with society, put down future disturbances, and maybe, as an afterthought, be "fair" without demonstrating any softness with lawbreakers. This constituency, which rarely encounters a lawman except in the form of a traffic cop, prizes efficiency. The other constituency, including the 30 percent of the population living in the sprawling Negro ghettos and Latin barrios, shares some of the same anxieties about personal safety. However, with the memories of those August nights burned indelibly in their minds, these very copwise people feel themselves threatened not only by criminals but by the police themselves.

To satisfy the first constituency, Reddin primarily had only to demonstrate that the department was prepared for all contingencies that might conceivably ruffle the near-suburban scene, whether another Watts riot or multiplying home burglaries. These problems yielded quickly to technological

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and tactical solutions, for which Reddin had clear precedents and guidelines; and the solid citizens meeting their affable chief at luncheons or seeing him on TV were pleased with his promptness and apparent dedication.

Thus, today's basic anti-riot formula, which calls for superior speed and large-scale infusions of manpower into troubled areas, is designed as much to soothe uptight WASP's as to contain violence. "It's a beautiful plan," Reddin says, "because the police response is carefully calibrated to the size of the disturbance, always enough to smother the trouble quickly without igniting the rest of the community." In line with other Kerner Commission findings, the department provides three-day review sessions in riot prevention and control for its officers, determinedly recruits Negroes and Mexican-Americans for the force, and operates a $25,000 armored trailer which serves as a mobile command post. In every technical respect, the LAPD is riot-ready.

As for fighting "crime in the streets" (a shibboleth the usually restrained Reddin uses nonetheless), the chief has begun to apply scientific and technological tools which will make the force as mechanized as anything Ian Fleming ever dreamt of. Already, thanks to a computer bank financed by a $450,000 federal grant, the time for checking prisoners' records has been cut from twelve hours to thirty minutes, and the prior arrests of motorists stopped for traffic violations are ready in about sixty seconds. Police missions have been defined so that two years of crime statistics can be fed into a computer that will print out the optimum deployment of manpower. Within a couple of years, computers will not only pinpoint crime target areas but also automatically assign patrols when and where they are needed, making possible what Reddin calls "instant cop"—an officer at the scene of a call minutes after it's made. Hipped on technology, Reddin wants gadgets that will permit officers to see in the dark, frisk suspects without touching them,

The Blackstone Rangers and the Chicago Police

Few uniformed policemen walk the streets in the Woodlawn area. Those who do are black. Most white policemen drive through the area in cars, usually accompanied by a black officer. Most of the policemen in the area seem to be young. They are, for the most part, polite and a little cold. Only rarely does one notice a parked patrol car with two hard-faced white officers in the front seat and the barrel of a shotgun framed in the window between them. Only then does one remember the tension which is supposed to exist between the police and the black community. It is present, but it is not racial; at least not in the traditional, black-white, sense of the word.

Black people, if Blackstone Rangers can be called representative of black people, feel a tension between black policemen and themselves. It is a feeling of mistrust, of discomfort. Rangers do not seem to be under continual harassment from the police, but it is a fair assumption that they, or at least their leaders, are being watched by other blacks. If one sits too long in a restaurant with a Ranger of any status within the organization, one eventually becomes aware of another black sitting in the next booth, sipping an eternal cup of coffee. Perhaps he is merely enjoying his coffee, taking his time over it; perhaps he is a plainclothesman on the job. In any case, Rangers find it more relaxing to converse inside the Center or in one of their other meeting places.

"It shouldn't be called the [Chicago Police] Gang Intelligence Unit," says Mickey Cogwell, a Ranger leader. "It should be called the Gang *Stupid* Unit because they are so stupid. If they really wanted to get us, they would wait until we commit crimes and then arrest us. Instead, they try to stop us from doing anything."

I asked Mickey Cogwell if the Rangers would like to patrol their neighborhoods as a kind of community police force similar, in some respects, to the Black Panthers on the West Coast. Cogwell said that there is quite a difference between the power structure on the West Coast and the power structure in Chicago. "Mayor Daley is the most powerful man in America," he says. "He can tell the President what to do. On the Coast the Panthers can ride around in cars with guns, but not here. Mayor Daley is a powerful cat, very powerful. And dangerous, very dangerous."

—*From the first inside report on Chicago's controversial Blackstone Rangers: to its critics, a corrupt gang; to its supporters, a ghetto welfare organization. By James Alan McPherson.* Coming soon in the ATLANTIC.

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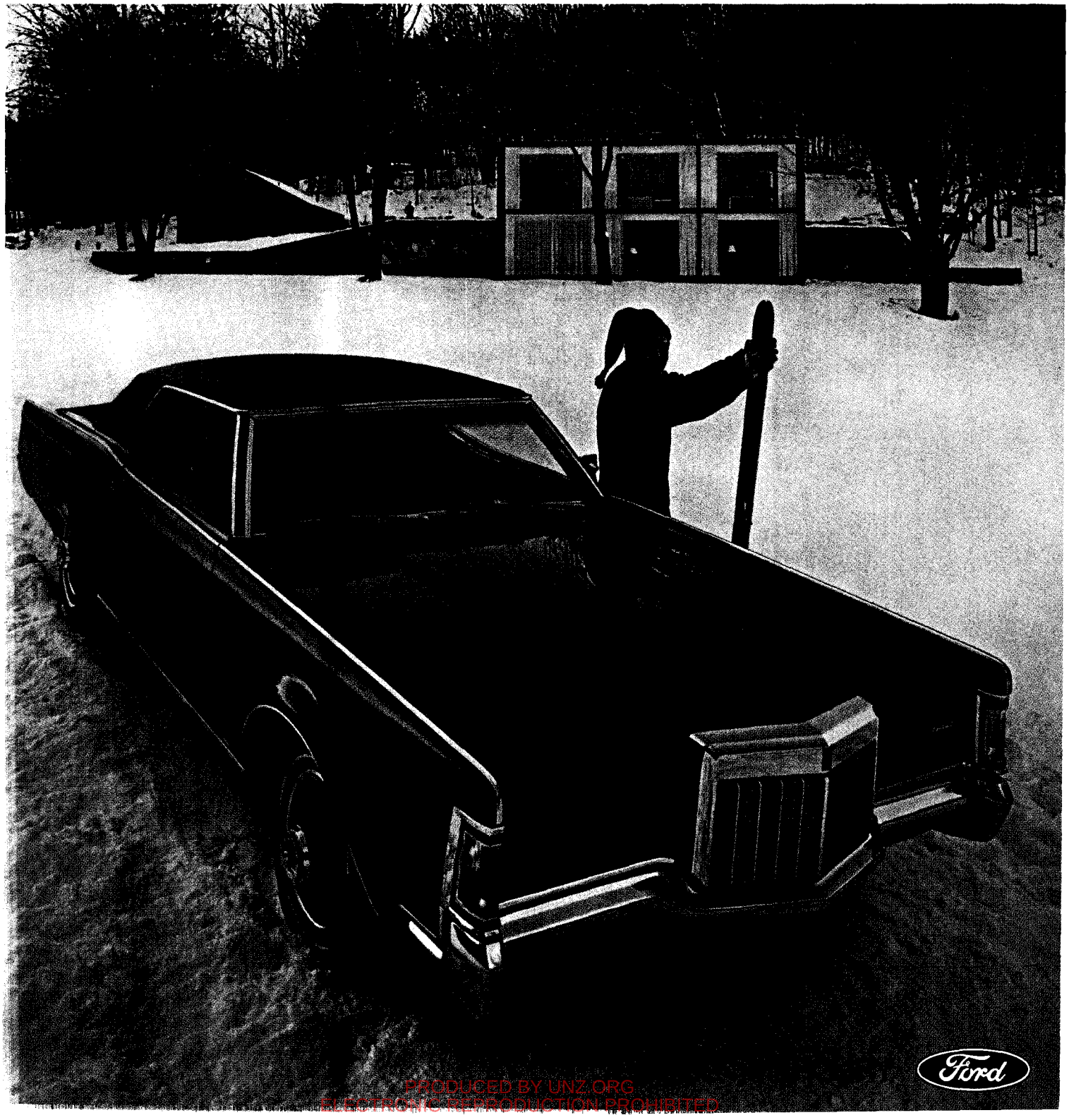

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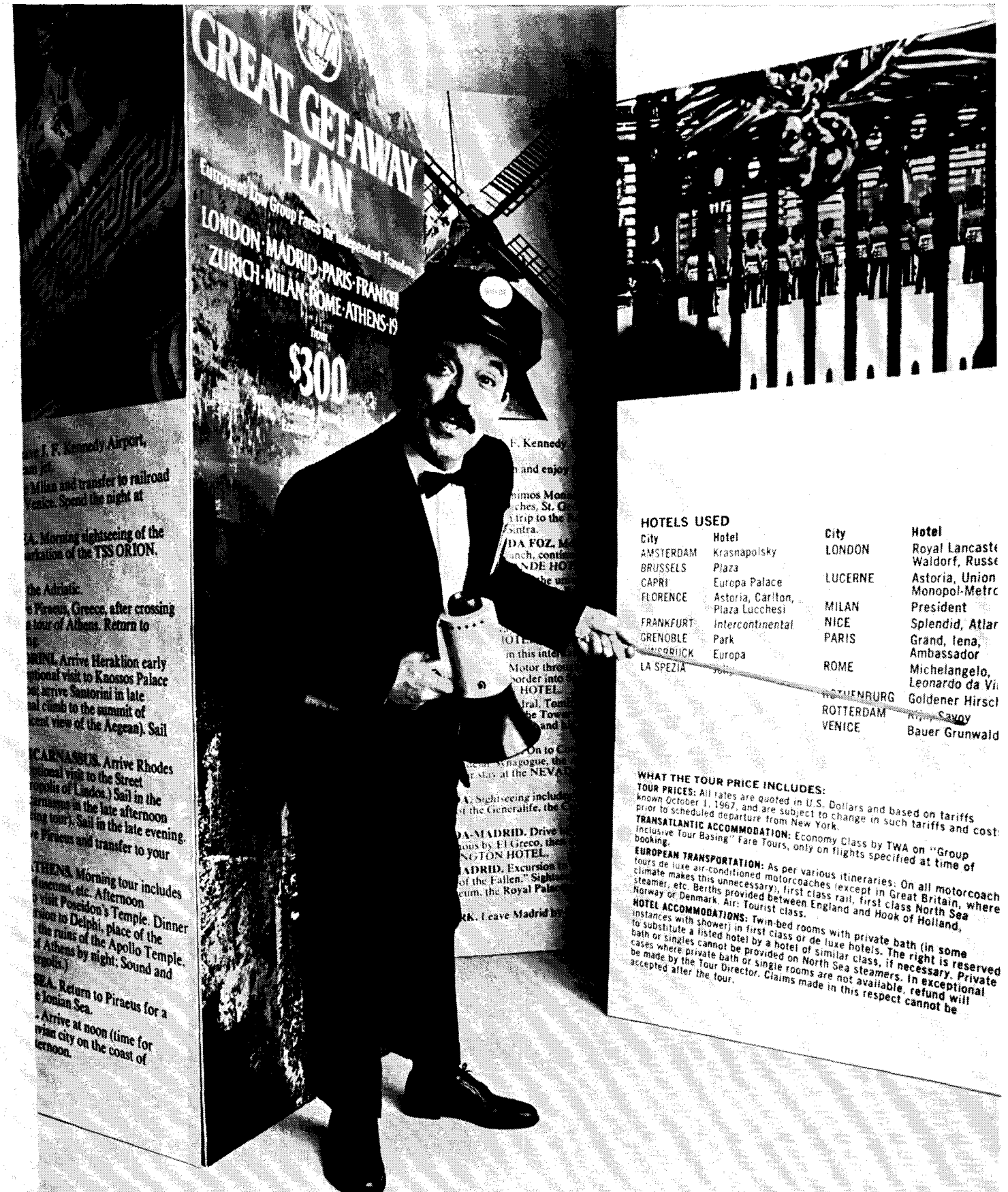

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and halt speeding automobiles without firing a shot.

In his conception of law enforcement, computerization and gadgetry are not ends in themselves but will free officers to get at the real task of policing: knowing the people. That may well be; in the meantime, his willingness to experiment along these lines and his skill at grantsmanship, unlike more humdrum administrative changes, have convinced the middle class that the force is on the move and criminals had better beware. Technology, too, if applied correctly, becomes effective community relations. In great sections of the city today, citizens carry on serene in the knowledge that Tom Reddin is out chasing crooks with computers.

The chief's other constituents, those who live in the ghettos and barrios which today make up the south and east ends of the city, are less easily appeased. Long-standing enmities, nurtured under Parker, have scarcely been altered by the same tactics and promises that have worked so well with the middle class. The poor, who come into contact with the cops every day, are aware as the WASP's are not that the realities of the streets do not yet resemble *Dragnet's* well-made little dramas.

On paper, however, the community relations program is flawless. And Reddin, a perfectly sincere and thoroughly devoted policeman, does his best to make it work with the poor. Again anticipating the Kerner Commission, the chief soon after his installation set out to re-establish "positive" contacts with the people, a task Parker ("we are not sociologists") neglected during his sixteen-year tenure. "We found out as a result of that little training exercise in 1965 that we had completely lost touch with the public we were attempting to serve," Reddin recalled recently. "Our men were faceless badges behind the windshields of patrol cars, and the only time they ever talked with citizens, especially Negroes, was when they were writing citations and making arrests."

A THICK blue-bound manual describes the programs created in the last two years: athletic leagues and camping trips for the children; Teen Posts, police-youth councils, and Explorer posts for teenagers; a federally financed program to hire young ex-convicts as "community liaison aides." The community relations staff has been enlarged from 3 officers to 120 and dispatched to each of the 17 divisions with instructions to organize community councils that include the militant cop-haters as well as the usual cop-sympathizers. Reddin sits in on some of these meetings and welcomes the most militant, who usually disdain the councils, to private sessions in his office.

On a more formal level, he has decentralized the functions of the department to give the local divisions more autonomy and, it is hoped, a less starchy and inaccessible character. As a means of personalizing and stabilizing the force, Reddin has also reversed an ancient department policy that rotated assignments around the city and around the clock every six months. "I wanted the people in the neighborhood to identify certain patrolmen as *their* policemen and get the same man on the phone every time they called the station," he explained. The most popular innovation so far, however, has been the simplest. Reddin merely revived an old institution that was rapidly approaching extinction in motorized Los Angeles: the cop on the beat. He took more than forty men out of prowl cars and set them to pounding the pavements in high-crime and high-density areas.

The response to Reddin's first overtures was cautious but favorable. The youth programs were well subscribed, and minority businessmen and housewives, those most aware of daytime street activity, liked the cops on the beat. The citizens' councils, begun with such hopes, quickly deteriorated as participation fell and only the confirmed cop-symps remained. Despite their failings, the councils had the chief's ear, and he implemented several of their recommendations: officers are now required to wear breast-pocket nameplates and carry business cards; warnings instead of expensive citations are given for automobile equipment violations; the bitterly resented and dehumanizing "roust-frisks" (in which suspects are stopped and searched with their hands held high) have been "de-emphasized," though not eliminated.

But community councils, handouts, and TV programs could not in the end remove the most formidable obstacle to winning the trust of the ghetto: the whole long sordid history of police-minority relations. "Talking out problems" and "getting to know each other" are essentially middle-class solutions to problems; but ghetto people, especially the angry young men who were Reddin's special targets, are suspicious of such modi operandi and do not ordinarily even go to meetings. In the ghettos, the councils which worked well elsewhere became incestuous. At a recent city-council inquiry into a police-Black Panther shoot-out, the star witness for the LAPD was an elderly Watts resident, a citizens' council stalwart, who is notorious for her antipathy to her neighbors. She appeared at the behest of "my lieutenant," as she called the community relations officer who escorted her downtown.

What most poor black and Latin people (even those who *liked* Reddin otherwise) were waiting for was a sign that the attitudes and actions of the lowly patrolmen had been reformed. The chief, to

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his credit, was well aware of the need for reforms at the street level; but the patrolmen's behavior was the one thing Reddin could not control. He struggled manfully to sell his ideas to the line officers, many of whom resented the innocuous concessions that had come out of the community councils; he tried to convince them that the community relations program was not just window dressing but would make their job easier. The chief circulated throughout the department, visited division roll calls, summoned command-level officers to weekend conferences at a mountain resort (where they engaged in activities that looked suspiciously like sensitivity training and enraged the Birchers), and called patrolmen into his office for biweekly meetings. Twice a month, the troops got a newsletter from the boss, with a one-paragraph message. One typical caveat: "Don't blow your cool and be the one who starts an incident. One man who allows his bigotry to enter into a police decision can do more damage than a hundred men can do good."

But the patrolmen are tough customers. Community relations strikes many of them as softness, which is antithetical to their self-image. Practically all resent Reddin's conferences with militants and consider his negotiations with the enemy (read "Negro troublemakers") tantamount to treason. When dissension appears in the ranks, Reddin has only the most negative means for setting things right: he can transfer the known bigots out of trouble spots, which he does; he can discipline those who are openly insubordinate or demonstrate "conduct unbecoming a policeman." But for the majority of patrolmen who are hostile to change but who never make any overt gesture of rebellion, there exist no specific sanctions. (What could be done, for example, to those officers who last April, on the day of Martin Luther King's funeral, disobeyed a Reddin directive to turn on the headlights of their patrol cars?) And no one has yet to find an adequate reward for the man who displays positive attitudes, except to promote him—right out of the patrol division, where he obviously belongs.

If balky patrolmen represent one aspect of police operations which Reddin apparently *cannot* reform, there is another aspect, even more fundamental, that he *will not* reform, though doing so might be the one demonstration of sincerity that would win over minority groups.

This is the old bugbear, the department's internal disciplinary procedures. Reddin claims he cannot alter the basic disciplinary pattern so as to allow more civilian participation without "completely losing control of the force." To compensate, he has tried to give some appearance of equity by juggling personnel and renaming administrative positions; an inspector (with a large staff) outside the chain of command is empowered to investigate all complaints against the force. To the layman, however, the inspector's place on the organizational chart scarcely matters; few minority-group members who have had experience with the system consider it just. In an attempt to discredit the complaint procedures, the American Civil Liberties Union has filed a $600,000 suit against Reddin on behalf of the city's Negroes and Mexican-Americans. The ACLU's purported goal is a civilian review board, though spokesmen admit in private they would settle for open hearings on complaints. On this, Reddin is unmovable. "Maybe we will never reach the point with our critics that they trust the system," he says philosophically. "We just have to rely on the fact that we *know* we're strictly disciplined."

Because he is unable to provide the more meaningful reforms the poor would prefer—changes that might bring about a "partnership between the police and the total community"—Reddin has settled for a peacekeeping function in these neighborhoods, which at least keeps the middle class happy. Lacking the same kind of citizen support the chief has been able to generate in better-off sections of town, this is a very fragile peace indeed. Once this past summer (at a festival organized, ironically enough, to celebrate the third "peaceful" anniversary of the 1965 riots), Watts threatened to blow up again. Ignited by the arrest of a woman on a drunk charge and fanned by the almost instantaneous arrival of dozens of patrol cars, violence spread throughout Watts and left three Negroes dead (through circumstances the coroner was unable to establish). The police, wearing riot helmets, patrolled the south end for two days afterward; the militants, who claimed Reddin's "overreaction" had caused the trouble, broke off diplomatic relations with the chief and have not resumed them. Negro City Councilman Thomas Bradley, a former police lieutenant, estimated the community relations program was set back six months to a year.

After two years on the job, Reddin has no sure way of judging his accomplishments or the effectiveness of the community relations concept. The statistics show mixed returns: the force, for the first time in years, is growing steadily, and the percentage of Negro and Mexican-American officers has climbed by one percentage point; crime is up (but not as high as the national average), assaults on officers down, complaints up ("Does that mean the public trusts us?" Deputy Chief Fisk asks hopefully). All this might have happened had there been no community relations, of course.

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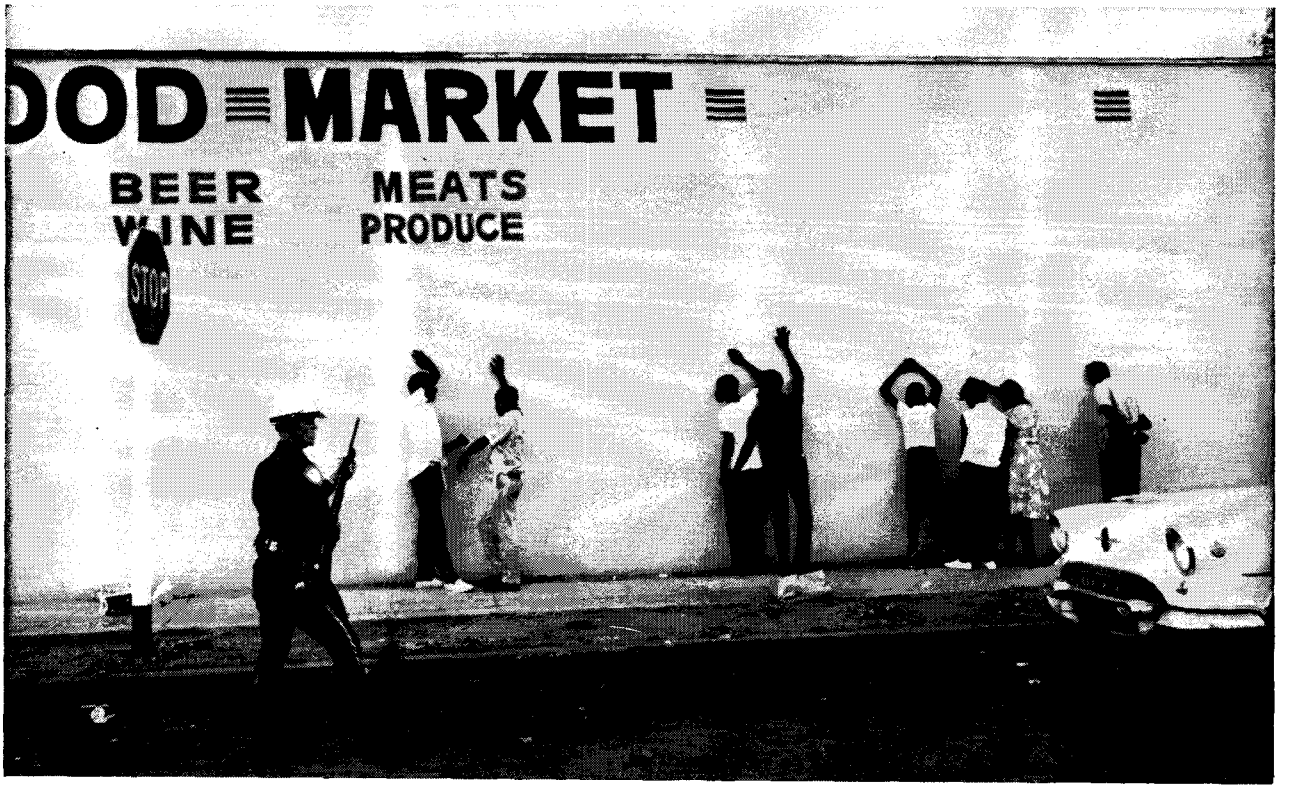
To an outsider, it appears that speechmaking and the media blitz have paid off with at least one constituency, the middle class. Reddin's genial salesmanship has aroused excitement within the upper echelon of his department, charmed the ladies, and disarmed the businessmen who go to luncheons. Los Angeles is once again proud of its police force, so much so that Reddin has obviously considered moving into politics; his assistants have quietly felt out potential donors to finance a mayoralty campaign.

But in the ghetto, there is only the flimsiest police-citizen détente. Patrol cars are relatively safe on the streets of Watts, an achievement which police chiefs in other cities might envy although it falls far short of Reddin's goals: Negro children wave at passing cops. That these are the only tangible achievements of two years of determined salesmanship (and, to be fair, hard work) demonstrates the limitations of the community relations concept as it is applied to the poor. The LAPD is, after all, a law enforcement agency, and one with pride in its efficiency, the very characteristic that will always mitigate against its acceptance in the ghetto. Aggressive law enforcement practice, which is the normal expectation of the public and the normal mode of operation for police chiefs, requires, for example, that Reddin deploy the greatest concentration of men in high-crime areas. Doing that, he guarantees that if his men are normally zealous, those areas will remain high-crime areas. So it is in Watts, where the people being policed (through no fault of their own and no fault of the police either) end up with a disproportionate number of arrests and an insoluble residue of resentment.

Reddin cannot abandon these practices, no matter how they impede real progress in the ghetto, as long as he wants to retain the support of the middle class and the loyalty of his own officers; that is to say, as long as he wants to remain the Los Angeles chief of police. That he is unwilling to give up his job is certainly no reflection on his character or sincerity. As police chiefs go, he deserves the reputation he has gained through his energy, his relative openness, and his undoctrinaire approach to problems. His tragedy is that like other top police administrators he is held accountable for matters over which he has no control. He cannot hope to make community relations compensate for a do-nothing mayor who is essentially apathetic about the problems of the poor, a governor whose solution to social problems is to cut budgets, and a business community that has not yet become attuned to the idea of black capitalism.

Some of Reddin's most sympathetic observers are the black militants themselves, which would surprise him. "Hell," said one, making an observation that would do credit to the best criminologist, "you can't blame Reddin. One man can't change an institution. The way I look at it, cops is cops."



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San Francisco — *"What do the people say?" is the watchword of an experiment in police community relations that found ways to reduce the anger of minority neighborhoods — but has not been able to lick hostility in the rest of the department. The author is a San Francisco-based journalist whose work has appeared in many magazines and newspapers.*

The Trouble With Troubleshooting

by Mary Ellen Leary

Dark had settled in, the night of July 25, 1959, when a car pulled to the curb in the 2200 block on Bush Street, where shops crowd frame houses once the heart of San Francisco's Japanese community but filled since World War II with Negroes. The driver was reaching for parcels in the backseat when a cruising police car came by.

"Hey, boy," a policeman shouted, "what you got in those bundles? Where d' ya' think you're going?"

How common an occurrence. Common, still, in San Francisco and in most of urban America. But this particular incident contained combustible ingredients which dramatically altered the pattern of police performance in a city that didn't know it was sitting on a panther leg. In response the man addressed gave voice to years of pent-up resentment against discourtesy and denigration suffered from the white community, most pointedly from white policemen.

He was grabbed, arrested, thrown into the police car, and jailed for "abusive language to a police officer." The man was one of San Francisco's most prominent Negro civic leaders, Dr. Carlton Goodlett, M.D., publisher of the widely read and powerful weekly newspaper the *Sun Reporter,* and a first-name acquaintance of most newsmen, politicians, and public leaders. To the arresting officers, he was just another black man, by chance well dressed.

Like any culprit, Dr. Goodlett was allowed to make a phone call, and he put through to the state capital, to his close friend in Governor Edmund G. Brown's secretariat, Cecil Poole, later U.S. attorney in San Francisco. At a meeting two days later in the office of San Francisco Mayor George Christopher, half a dozen civil rights leaders, some highly embarrassed policemen, and San Francisco's police chief learned firsthand the intensity of black anger in a city which had prided itself on its tolerance.

Dr. Goodlett's experience showed that local police could "brutalize" the black man by derision quite as well as by physical blows. This incident of itself did not bring about change. But it conditioned the community. And a step was taken: the creation of San Francisco's Police Community Relations Unit. It is a remarkable operation, credited with having prevented serious racial turmoil in a city with potentially explosive racial alignments.

After the Goodlett incident, the Jesuit University of San Francisco initiated a series of conferences aimed at getting police and community into communication. It was a providential conjunction of time, place, and personnel. USF is an institution which incubates most San Francisco politicians. Its president, Reverend Charles Dullea, S.J., was the son of a popular former San Francisco police chief and it was natural that Chief Dullea's son should be interested in police problems. When sociologist Ralph Lane came along with the conference proposals, local newspapers gave them a big play, and a number of high-ranking police and civic officials participated.

At one such session, San Francisco Police Chief Thomas Cahill heard Joseph Lohman, dynamic dean of the University of California School of Criminology, outline the "community relations" concept as it relates to police work, and tell how it was being put into use elsewhere.

No one claims Chief Cahill jumped at the idea. His view was that "social work isn't police work." But a near riot just after the conference changed the picture. A lone policeman was chasing a black thief on foot, in a poor neighborhood, when the street people suddenly took sides. They caught the policeman, took away his gun and handed it to the man he'd been chasing. "Shoot him," men said, gathering around. "Go ahead, kid, kill him." The gun wasn't fired, but that ended lone police patrols and made clear how grave a menace to community safety and normal police work resentment in the

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Negro neighborhoods could be. Upset by the ominous spectacle of a neighborhood turning on its own police, the Hearst press demanded a police community relations unit. Unexpectedly, Chief Cahill approved it. Its mission, he charged, was to go out "to teach the minorities respect for law and order." That isn't quite what happened.

Lieutenant Dante Andreotti was plucked off the night desk at Central Station to take charge, with a sergeant and one patrolman. He was sent to inspect community relations programs in St. Louis and other cities, then left on his own to figure out what none of the experts agreed on: what is community relations? One thing he knew without being told: it must not be a system of informants, and it must not settle for "public relations."

Andreotti proved to be a remarkable choice—"a primitive," one sociologist said, a man with a natural empathy for people. A respected police veteran, with twenty-one years on the force, Andreotti was scrappy, virile, an amateur boxer and fine ballplayer, and a man quick with his fists. (His record also included one fatal shooting of a fleeing criminal.) The son of an Italian grocer, with three years of college, Andreotti acted instinctively in the field of race relations.

"Dan is the only policeman I've ever known who asks, 'What do the people say?' " one officer noted. "I've heard others ask, 'What are they yakking about?' or 'What are they asking for now?' " But Dan just asked, "What are they saying?" and he listened. He was open to them.

Andreotti's discovery of the urgency and importance of the ghetto message, his fervor, his ebullient Italian personal warmth infused his men with a remarkable spirit. That spirit persists today, and so does their adulation of Andreotti.

"He was the greatest." "He was magic." "He would tell it like it is." In the ghetto they came to calling him "soul."

"None of us knew what we were doing," one of the earliest members recalls. "We were flying by the seat of our pants. We'd just ask ourselves, 'What would Dan do in this circumstance?' That was guideline enough."

Another unit member says: "A policeman can find out the ghetto needs by living there. That's the only way. Even if he only lives there the eight-hour shift, he's got to become part. To identify."

This unit consists of thirteen men (five added last year at Mayor Joseph Alioto's insistence). What they do now is very like what they did at first with Andreotti, who has since moved on to community relations work with the U.S. Justice Department. Five work out of tiny offices partitioned in OEO neighborhood headquarters. Two work particularly with black youth gangs, another with Mexican-Americans, another with Chinese: two keep liaison with high school and college students. One is a "hippie" specialist, and another works the harrowing, tragic "central city," the abode of dope addicts, pimps, prostitutes, homosexuals.

Police Community Relations officers function as all-purpose ombudsmen, to bring available, but ordinarily unreachable, public or private services to the poor. The greater proportion of their time is spent with the teen-agers and with the jobless in their twenties.

Says Officer David Roche, the unit veteran: "A fellow comes in, in a real lather. He's about to be deported. Well, I go down with him to Immigration to find out the beef. What are his legitimate avenues of appeal, what formalities will give him more time? If I work with him, he can probably keep his job while the issue is being wrestled around by one of the neighborhood legal assistance lawyers. If he was alone, he'd probably panic and run away and be in a bigger mess."

Says Officer Julio Hernandez: "There aren't many police who speak Spanish. Language is the big problem for the Mexican-Americans. Otherwise, their problems are about like the Negroes'—living in a rat-and-roach-infested flat, drunks urinating in the doorway, kid sisters learning sex on the streets, all fearing the cops from infancy. Why not? The first encounter they have with a policeman is when he comes up, 'OK, punk, take a hike or I'll book ya.' It's always 'greaser' or 'wetback.' The policeman can't figure why these strong, smart-looking young men are always loitering on a corner. He doesn't realize the language barrier kept them from getting enough out of school to hold a job. And they haven't any place to go.

"I've got this group, the New Breed. They were causing a lot of trouble. I got a church opened up to give them a meeting place. The kids started some music going and got a pool table. Complaints from the merchants dropped 90 percent. Then down the street a ways is the Lucky Group. And the Meduca Group. You get acquainted with them. You try to find a place for them to meet."

One Sunday the gawky tourists turned hippieland, the Haight-Ashbury, into a worse traffic nightmare than usual. The newspapers delighted next day telling how one of the hippies stepped into an intersection to direct traffic. It wasn't a hippie. It was just Officer Dick Hongisto doing his thing, solving problems, this time more openly than usual.

Take what Troy Dangerfield did in South Park, a little island of tenements inside an industrial zone. The neighborhood's sole community center, rented with EOC funds, burned down accidentally last

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August. Dangerfield came up with a plan to create a general contracting company made up of men in the neighborhood, nearly all unemployed. He worked out bonding arrangements, took on the paper work, and bid competitively to build the replacement, coming in $3000 lower than the nearest rival. Under his supervision, the men did the job under the estimate, meeting code specifications. The employment was kept in the neighborhood, and the group could undertake other jobs as a result.

Elliott Blackstone deals with the "tenderloin." The "meat route" police call it, the sorriest side of the underworld. A white man, he has been on the force twenty years and at last he is doing something that is creative and helpful to people.

"This is for real, this kind of police work. I can serve. And boy, do my clientele need service!" Their biggest need was to break down police hostility toward homosexuals, estimated to number from 40,000 to 90,000 in San Francisco. "Police generally don't exactly understand, but they are definitely more tolerant," Blackstone says.

In this sensitive area it is necessary, as others in the unit find, to make it clear that community relations does not mean informing. If trouble is brewing, headquarters gets an alarm. But no suspect is fingered.

"If the narc squad comes out," says Blackstone, "and they pick up some of my clients, that's the way it is, that's all. But if I'm working with someone and he's on the stuff, I'm not running to tell them. That's not my bag. Getting him off the stuff is."

One of the most heartbreaking problems in such sordid urban centers today is the number of runaway boys, some as young as ten, who loiter the streets as prostitutes to homosexuals. Blackstone encounters them continually.

"They won't talk to you until they've been around awhile, gotten ditched, disillusioned, hungry. Then they'd give anything to go home, but they're scared. I can tell when they hit that stage, and I used to talk to 'em. Easy like. Take a few days at it. Then I'd say, 'Let me get your old man on the phone.' Sometimes I've driven kids to the airport and stayed with them until the nonstop flight took off, then phoned the folks."

Not any more, though. Juvenile Court discovered policemen were sending runaways home without routing them through the detention process.

"That's police work for you: go by the book!" He shakes his head.

Normally police work is strictly controlled by the manual. Procedure is fixed. Phone in every hour. Make a report. This item on the first line, that on the second. If something unexpected occurs, ask the sergeant. If it is new to him, he'll ask the lieutenant.

But there is no routine to community relations. "Hell, we're writing the book. Nobody knows from one minute to the next what will come up. We haven't time to ask the sergeant, and he'd have to guess, like we do. We just try. We make a lot of mistakes, but those are our guidelines for next time."

Andreotti developed an impressive range of resources. He knew where to find a new suit of clothes for a job-seeker, rings for impoverished brides, bus transportation for picnics. He got a foundation to put up petty cash for domestic crises. His men became experts in making balky government machinery work.

But their efforts inevitably concentrated in two areas: helping men cope with past arrest records, and advising them with complaints against police. In both cases their alliance with disheartened or disgruntled citizens seemed to pit them against the rest of the force. Both were special sources of antagonism between PCR and the force.

Work on arrest records was an extremely sensitive area. For juveniles, it is sometimes possible to get arrest records "sealed." For adults, sleuthing will often turn up from the district attorney the extenuating circumstance that puts a conviction in proper perspective. Arrests frequently lead to no conviction, and often the charges are dismissed. Yet the record stands. Community relations officers,

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urging employers to take a chance on a young man, found themselves belittling the significance of arrests in a way their fellow officers could only interpret as nullification of police efforts. PCR officers even got city employment forms to drop all reference to arrest and ask only about convictions.

A ten-year veteran of law enforcement work, Robert Jeffries, was enormously effective in this work. His chief effort was to get jobs for young blacks, and all too often that involved explaining arrest records. In one sixty-day period he "explained" 200 men into employment.

"Look at me," the black officer would tell businessmen. "As a kid in the ghetto, I got arrested. Somebody took a chance on me." But when he quit the department, it was to say publicly he could no longer stomach the hostility of his fellow officers.

The handling of citizen complaints became a particular irritant within the force. Because of their close work with minorities, complaints about "brutality," whether physical or psychological, poured in to PCR officers. Chief Cahill early gave the unit authority to receive the complaints in full, then turn them in for investigation. Never once has a complaint so routed resulted in a rebuke to an officer, the men say. But the system has fed fires of animosity. Said one PCR member, "I'm not up tight about my brother officers. But they do entertain a lot of fantasies about us. We do not investigate complaints against them. We just take complaints, like they tell it. The complaint division investigates."

But taking down a complaint in the everyday environment of the ghetto, poured out in uninhibited terms to a man who seems part of the scene, produces a far more pointed report than one entered by some timid citizen venturing into a Hall of Justice and filling in the correct lines on a form. So much did the system rankle that it has lately been curbed. Now PCR men may accompany a complainant to the proper office.

Courageous and creative as the unit was, it became a victim of communication failure with police colleagues. There are precinct stations in San Francisco which community relations men never enter. A considerable number of policemen don't speak to community relations officers, even in an elevator. Every black officer in the unit has experienced hostility from his brother officers.

One white officer in the unit found his own classmates no longer fraternize with him. Passing him in their patrol car, he said, they would roll down the window and jeer, "Nigger lover!"

"I've heard about this before, but I didn't believe it," he shook his head. "No, I'm not sorry I'm in the unit. This is what police work is going to be in the future. We're setting the pattern it has to take. But what worries me is how we are going to get over this hurdle of hostility."

UNDER new leadership now, the Police Community Relations Unit is trying to change attitudes and procedures within the force itself. Supporting the unit's new leader, Lieutenant William J. Osterloh, is the city administration. Police community relations is popular politically. It suggests an answer when answers are desperately needed. Ordinarily, a lieutenant might find it hard to catch a captain's ear, or a chief's, on a matter as delicate as police racial hostility. But what is being heard in San Francisco is the voice of Lieutenant Osterloh, and the message comes straight from the mayor.

When Joseph Alioto was campaigning for election in 1967, some of the bright young men he assembled as aides discovered the community relations unit was a gold mine of information about minority neighborhood needs. Candidate Alioto wooed and won many of these minority votes. And although his loyalty to the elite police "TAC Squad" (tactical) has sometimes disconcerted the black community, the mayor has kept his office responsive to the black, brown, and yellow neighborhoods.

"There are three elements to effective police work," says Mayor Alioto. "One is diligence about keeping order and bringing arrests necessary for protection of life and property. The second is intensification of police community relations. We intend to augment this work in any way possible. The third is beyond control of the police department itself. It is governmental effectiveness in dealing with social issues. Remove one of these, and police work is hampered."

In the manner of big-city mayors these days, Alioto has not waited for his police to deal with the dissident. He has gone out as a one-man community relations operation, meeting gang leaders, closeted sometimes for hours with twenty or thirty young blacks or Mexican-Americans, to hear out their complaints and suggestions for remedy. His office keeps a sort of hot line open to PCR offices, and there is a close link between Lieutenant Osterloh and the mayor's office in time of tension. He was delighted to find Eldridge Cleaver complaining in print that San Francisco's helpful thrust into Hunter's Point had diminished the revolutionary tensions there.

Hunter's Point is the ghetto area that erupted in a five-day riot in September, 1966. Some police never forgave the PCR because the riot occurred; some never forgave them for having predicted it would. But most officials, including Mayor Alioto, credit PCR for having defused such minority wrath.

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The most important single step Mayor Alioto has taken to prove good faith to minorities was naming, for the first time in San Francisco history, a black man, Dr. Washington Garner, to the three-member, all-powerful police commission.

Each of the three commissioners deems community relations important, but Dr. Garner and Elmo Ferrari, the commissioner closest to the mayor, are particularly anxious to make it work. Modernizing the force rates Ferrari's first attention. But community relations is a close second.

When the unit's founder, Andreotti, left San Francisco, piqued by diminishing departmental support, Chief Cahill named as his successor Lieutenant Augustus Bruneman, chosen because he had successfully steered youngsters in the police athletic league. Unfortunately, Bruneman had also successfully developed the police dog unit, creating for himself an image no minority could tolerate.

The Bruneman appointment was a serious rupture in San Francisco's community relations program. "The blacks just drifted away." Men working in the Negro neighborhoods kept on as usual. But prestige had gone out of the unit. It lacked impact.

To revive the PCR program Chief Cahill named as unit head, Captain Willison Lingefelter, who had earned Negro leaders' respect for his courtesy in handling civil rights demonstrations. But Lingefelter would have had to take a cut in pay, and declined the appointment. The next nominee was Lieutenant Osterloh.

Osterloh, a long, lean, egg-bald loner nearly thirty years on the force, has a reputation as "an intellectual." His fellow officers are skeptical but awed. Osterloh graduated Phi Beta Kappa from the University of California, studying in his spare time, and he has completed most of his work toward a doctorate in criminology from the same institution. With the late Dean Lohman, Osterloh participated in some of the studies for the presidential Crime Commission report. Most of his recent San Francisco work has been in personnel, especially in rookie training. He was largely responsible for expanding courses in mental health, in problems of alcoholism, and in the handling of suicides. Osterloh's route toward community relations is likely to take some similar creative educational direction. For one thing, he hopes to expand the sociology and psychology teaching in the police academy, and include group "gripe" sessions with local psychiatrists.

He also has enlisted an ad hoc legal committee, including the federally supported neighborhood legal services and Clifton Jeffers, local NAACP head, who is a California deputy attorney general. This team hopes to develop a new complaint procedure acceptable to police but far more satisfactory to minorities. In addition, he hopes community relations can have a voice in station assignments and other personnel decisions.

One device created in the unit's first days will probably see some changes under Lieutenant Osterloh: the neighborhood police community relations councils. In imitation of the St. Louis pattern, in which minority representatives attend informal discussions at precinct stations, Andreotti originated district groups in San Francisco intended as liaisons between the community relations officers, the neighborhood, and the local police captain and his patrol. Initially they were successful.

The pattern, however, has often run to wholesale airing of hostilities against police—"hollering sessions," Osterloh calls them. He suspects they exacerbate instead of allay ill will, even if the antagonists do share coffee and cookies afterward. Police Commissioner Garner also considers the meetings "unfairly hard on the uniformed policeman." Two years ago Chief Cahill ordered each station to name two community relations officers to attend the sessions. Most captains also attend. To some they are welcome opportunities to meet local people. But if hippies or other disaffected groups move in, the hostility focuses upon the man with the badge and gun in view. They take it, but they can't like it. The fact that station police were assigned to community relations, with no preparation, no briefing, and no coordination with the central PCR Unit, diminished unit prestige. It was partly this climate that led Andreotti to leave.

The Black Panther movement, among black militants the most ostentatiously gun-oriented and the most anti-police, has been a new complication for the PCR Unit. The Panthers originated three years ago in Oakland, just across San Francisco Bay, and enmity between Panthers and the San Francisco police force has never approached the level of open warfare it reached in the East Bay, the scene of continuous harassment on both sides.

While Oakland officials were denouncing Panthers as a threat to society, community relations officers in San Francisco were patiently making private efforts to establish communications. It took almost three months before a San Francisco Panther captain and three lieutenants agreed to meet a pair of PCR Unit members in a private home.

"They aired their feelings and we expressed ours, and there was a hell of a gap," said one of the officers. "But at least we were talking."

This communication link is largely the fashion in which the unit functioned through the San Francisco State College turmoil. Many unit members were former students or had close friends among the rebel students. The PCR Unit, along with ministers and local civil rights leaders, helped persuade TAC Squad leaders (in the interest of the

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police "image") to end head-beatings and violence in student confrontations. They also tried to explain police tactics and regulations to students.

Probably the touchiest situation affected by the unit's sensitivity to community views arose with the shooting of Negro truck driver George Baskett last October by San Francisco police officer Michael O'Brien in a Sunday afternoon off-duty traffic altercation. Almost immediately top police officials called it "self-defense" and "accidental," and four Negro witnesses, including the victim's brother, were arrested on various assault charges.

Within a few hours community relations officers reported to the Hall of Justice that the black community was in a fury over the case. Lieutenant Osterloh decided the unit should carry out its customary function of accepting complaints and investigating a race problem. The result was a parade of evidence that led to release of the four within twenty hours and a completely unprecedented charge of murder lodged against Officer O'Brien by his own department.

The Grand Jury later reduced the charge against O'Brien to manslaughter. But PCR Unit members are confident that if they had not acted in this instance to get release of the arrested blacks and to focus responsibility for the death upon the allegedly intoxicated policeman, San Francisco would have been swept by riot.

Today disaffection with the unit varies. Some stations are beginning to refer people with problems to the community relations officers. But there is a nagging question: is it too late?

Eugene Brown, at one time with the unit and now with the U.S. Department of Justice, thinks it is. "The rise of black pride, the insistence upon self-determination, point new ways to the future. We may not be sure what will develop, but in the average American police department today community relations doesn't seem relevant."

The Way It Used to Be

In those days that pestilence of Service which torments the American people today was just getting under way, and many of the multifarious duties now carried out by social workers, statisticians, truant officers, visiting nurses, psychologists, and the vast rabble of inspectors, smellers, spies, and bogus experts of a hundred different faculties either fell to the police or were not discharged at all. An ordinary flatfoot in a quiet residential section had his hands full. In a single day he might have to put out a couple of kitchen fires, arrange for the removal of a dead mule, guard a poor epileptic having a fit on the sidewalk, catch a runaway horse, settle a combat with table knives between husband and wife, shoot a cat for killing pigeons, rescue a dog or a baby from a sewer, bawl out a white-wings for spilling garbage, keep order on the sidewalk at two or three funerals, and flog half a dozen bad boys for throwing horse-apples at a blind man. The cops downtown, especially along the wharves and in the red-light districts, had even more curious and complicated jobs, and some of them attained to a high degree of virtuosity.

As my memory gropes backward I think, for example, of a strange office that an old-time roundsman named Charlie had to undertake every Spring. It was to pick up enough skilled workmen to effect the annual redecoration and refurbishing of the Baltimore City Jail. Along about May 1 the warden would telephone to police headquarters that he needed, say, ten head of painters, five plumbers, two blacksmiths, a tile-setter, a roofer, a brick-layer, a carpenter and a locksmith, and it was Charlie's duty to go out and find them. So far as I can recall, he never failed, and usually he produced two or three times as many craftsmen of each category as were needed, so that the warden had some chance to pick out good ones. His plan was simply to make a tour of the saloons and stews in the Marsh Market section of Baltimore, and look over the drunks in congress assembled. He had a trained eye, and could detect a plumber or a painter through two weeks' accumulation of beard and dirt. As he gathered in his candidates, he searched them on the spot, rejecting those who had no union cards, for he was a firm believer in organized labor. Those who passed were put into storage at a police-station, and there kept (less the unfortunates who developed delirium tremens and had to be handed over to the resurrection-men) until the whole convoy was ready. The next morning Gene Grannan, the police magistrate, gave them two weeks each for vagrancy, loitering, trespass, committing a nuisance, or some other plausible misdemeanor, the warden had his staff of master-workmen, and the jail presently bloomed out in all its vernal finery.

—H. L. Mencken, *Newspaper Days*

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A POLICEMAN'S LOT . . .

by Fernando Krahn

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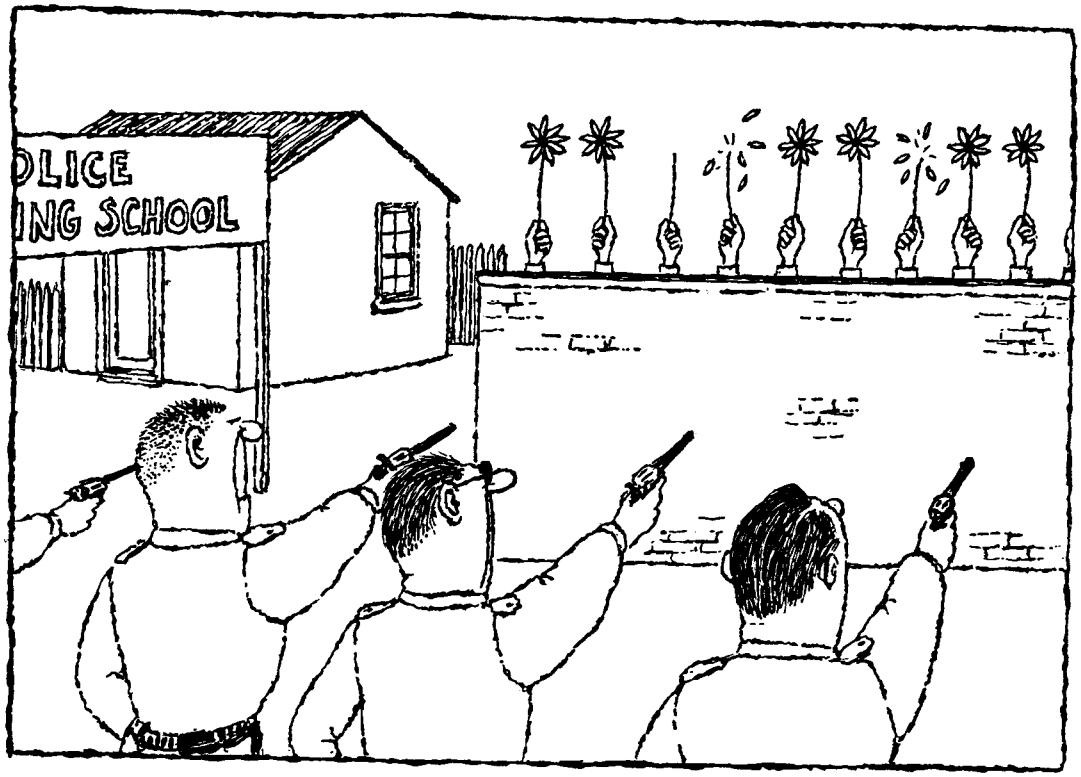

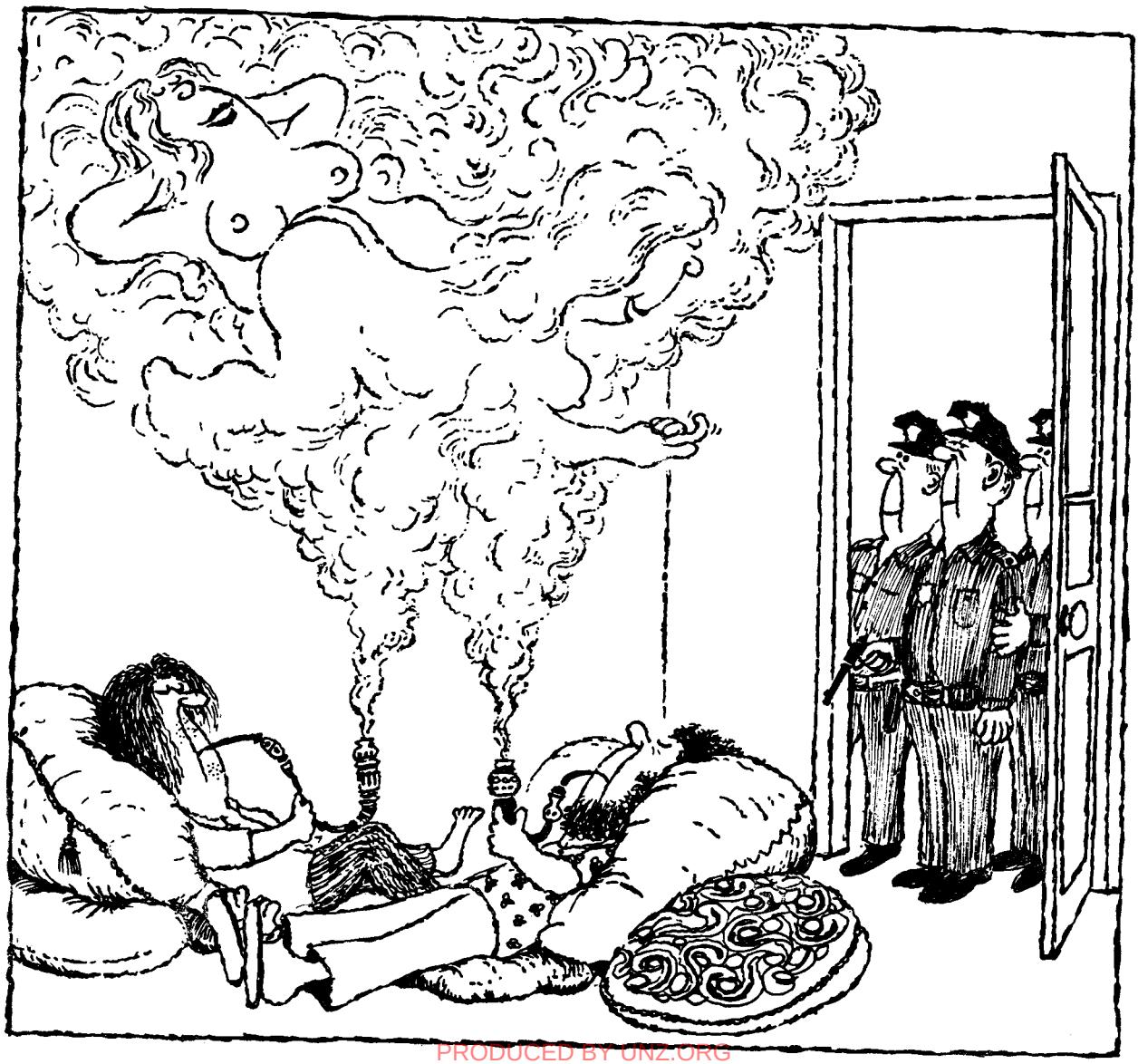

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New York — *In the next six pages, policemen take the floor. David Durk, an Amherst graduate who is a detective in the NYPD, has pounded a beat in Harlem. He speaks for himself, not for the Department. In the interviews that follow his article, Patricia Lynden has changed policemen's names. She has covered the New York police for* Newsweek.

"Support Your Local Police"

by David B. Durk

TRUE support of the police should be devoid of every chauvinistic connotation. "Vigilantes not wanted." Support includes a right to be critical of particular policies or particular cops. Bad cops do exist. The problem is to support the good cops.

Lenny Bruce, for all his problems with the police, used to portray and vilify the hypocritical liberal, especially in relation to the police. For he saw the police as a creation of society to handle those dirty areas, the "garbage" and the problems that "decent citizens" do not want to know about. This thinking is facilitated in certain strata by dehumanizing the police. It is tacitly displayed when, in this time, there is recurrent talk of disarming the police and other esoteric suggestions reflecting the view that as public policy it is far better for X number of cops to be hurt or killed than one innocent bystander. Support of police could even mean recognizing, as journalist Pete Hamill did in a recent *Village Voice*, that "they have rotten jobs, but we hired them." New York City, he writes, can be "a violent, brutal city, and until the golden day when really basic change is effected in the society, it will remain brutal and violent."

It is amazing how many graduate students in the social sciences or practicing attorneys (some of whom aspire to become judges) beg off, when posed with this or that real or hypothetical police situation, with the comment that they are not police and cannot make such judgments. The police do not complain about having to make such judgments, some of them instant judgments. But they resent being criticized for being in that decision-making position. For example, is it really illiberal or bigoted for the policeman to exercise sophistication about the demographic patterns of New York City? Knowing, for example, that Park Avenue landlords in the sixties do not normally rent to blacks, an alert patrolman observes a black man emerging with the proverbial sack at 3 A.M. Should he be blinded to the possible cues that social scientists accept as tentatively valid indices of behavior worthy of further investigation?

Similarly, it is rumored that black prostitutes have shown some resentment toward their white counterparts for being able to have a longer run at some of New York's better hotels. Visibility, however unfair, can be a "legitimate" factor.

In the ghetto areas, there are high rates of violence, and they are almost always cases of poor against poor, black against black. But invariably, few in the community will assist the cop (or anyone else) either to aid the victim or to arrest the assailant. Many blacks privately acknowledge how wrong this is, but will not themselves step forward to help or even speak out for fear of appearing to be insufficiently militant or even anti-black.

As we all know, the police are not omnipotent; they often require information to do their job. I would urge those who distrust their "ghetto police," who profess to see them as an occupying army, to test them by giving information, even anonymously, that the police can act upon. Contrary to appearance, the fact that numbers and narcotics are sold relatively openly in front of you is not to say that this is openly done in front of police, thereby constituting probable cause for arrest. (This is not to gainsay that corrupt cops do exist; you can expose them, too.) The community that is truly concerned about the corruption of its youth can test theories that the police don't give a damn and perhaps be surprised. All is lost, frankly, if you feel being an informer is a greater moral evil than effectively condoning the pusher or the mugger. If democracy, specifically "participatory democracy," is to have meaning and viability, civic responsibility must be endemic.

Support of your local police might mean joining them. It is obvious that there exists today an enormous group of idealistic young people con-

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cerned about social change who would welcome an opportunity to combine meaningful work—challenging, useful, exciting, socially significant—with that concern; not the romantic revolutionaries who seek fulfillment in violent confrontation, but the same socially dedicated young men who were previously drawn to the Peace Corps, the McCarthy and Kennedy campaigns, and currently to teaching, with great effect, in our slum schools.

But the police role, too, is crucial in our society. True, the policeman's authority can be abused. But it can be a positive force for the enhancement of humane values.

Attorney General Ramsey Clark's former special assistant for law enforcement has even challenged the more dissident to become policemen. "It's one thing for young people and blacks to complain, but the easiest way to change a police department is to get in it," said Wesley Pomeroy, associate administrator of the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration.

So, I'd say to the socially concerned young man, If you really care, become the cop and prove it. The role has to be filled by someone, and as much as we would envision a world without such a need, the police are needed now.

In the crucial area of family disturbances, for instance, a recent experiment has found much success in New York City's 30th Precinct, located in upper West Harlem. This project, known as the Family Crisis Intervention Unit, takes note of the fact that the police, of all social agencies, are on call twenty-four hours a day, every day of the year, to be summoned when violent family crises occur. Dr. Morton Bard, the project's originator, feels that the new unit has unquestionably saved many lives by establishing such contact with the community that the "family cops" are called for, even before family tensions end in violence.

Dr. Bard says the policeman is "somebody who wants to help. I suspect very strongly that a significantly large percentage—not all—of them who seek to become cops do so out of a wish to help. They're idealistically motivated."

Why I'm a Cop:

Interviews From a Reporter's Notebook

by Patricia Lynden

ALVIN NIERENBERG: Came out of service in 1953. Father had died, and he went to work in a warehouse as a laborer (same work father had done). New York policeman for ten years; recently became a lawyer in California.

"The majority of men in the police department are conservative thinkers. I think it is obvious that they represent the system. They think like the establishment. A lot of this is for their own self-preservation on the street.

"Cops are not broad enough to look at the overall scope of the picture. It's hard enough for the average citizen, let alone for the cop, who is always on the defensive. You're damned if you do and damned if you don't.

"When I was first on the force, I was sent up to Harlem, and I had never been to Harlem in my life. I'd heard all sorts of things about it as a rookie—how awful it is. I had to go get a guy out of a store who was causing a ruckus in there. I didn't want to arrest him, just get him out of there. He's high and calls me a white bastard. So there you are. If you touch him you've got a potential race riot on your hands, but you've got to do your job too. A Negro cop I knew came along, and I asked him to give me a hand. He could lay his hands on this guy and get him out of the store and no one would touch him. So you realize you're not too effective in certain situations. So next time you may hesitate. Then after a while you think maybe you should have segregation. Let the Negro cops work in Harlem, where they can be effective, and let the white cops work downtown. And the next thing you know, you're thinking conservative. That's wrong, but I can see how it happens to a lot of these guys.

"At first you wonder why people hate you for doing your job. You say, look at all the stores in Harlem. Most of them are owned by whites, just like the Negroes say all the time. But what is stopping a Negro from owning a store? The Puerto Ricans open stores about as soon as they arrive here. They're willing to accept responsibility. You start to feel you don't want to hear crying stories

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anymore from Negroes, and you start to accept the clichéd notions about them.

"When whites quarrel with each other, they wind up in court, but nothing has happened. But when Negroes quarrel, they cut each other up, and the courts look the other way in such cases all the time when it's two Negroes. I saw a Negro woman once who had really gotten badly cut up, but she wouldn't press charges against the man because he was still her man. Cops look after a while at this as a whole way of life: Negroes are just different.

"Cops see the filth and realize a lot of the filth they see is caused by the Negroes themselves. And they think they're paying out and the Negroes are taking in and putting nothing out. The cop resents it. He doesn't want his kids to have any part of this or of these people.

"I'd like to see cops have more of an overall education—just in general knowledge. This John Jay school is great. It's fifty years past due. Now you're seeing a broadened police officer. This is in the new crop. But the old cop had a lot over the new one. He had a lot of street sense, a lot of common sense, and a lot of heart. He had compassion; he grew up in the neighborhood; he knew the people, and he knew their mores. The cop used to catch you playing hooky and he'd boot you in the rear and call your mother, and there were no records and no stigma later for what you'd done. I think there's a total lack of communication now with the new system of moving cops around from precinct to precinct.

"How many times do you hear of the cop breathing air into a Negro baby's mouth or helping firemen go into burning buildings? The publicity is very bad for cops.

"Detectives get paid $12,000 a year to be stenographers and typists, with all the paper work they've got. How can they develop professionalism when they've got these conditions?"

ROOKIES several months on the job, all in late twenties:

Frederick Mundt—Irish-German background, Catholic, married to Puerto Rican girl; lives in Sunnyside.

Thomas Arnstein—Jewish, middle class, Ivy League college, CCNY (no degree), single; lives in Flushing.

Sam Miller—Negro, Catholic, married to Negro girl of mixed racial background. Her mother white and Jewish, a manager of a Stouffer's; lives in Hempstead.

ARNSTEIN: "There's a great deal of difference between the ideal and the actual. A year ago I was a cop-hater. I decided to try to find out. I was a beatnik when I came on. It's a noble profession. I'd rather have it in my hands than someone else's.

"We're overworked and underpaid and doing a sacrificial job. A typical person thinks the cop is the man who stands there to pick on you. We're out there rain or shine to protect society. Only 10 percent of our actual duty is in real crime fighting."

MUNDT: "It requires a readjustment of your social life. I was only married a year prior to coming on the job. I had weekends off and holidays off and a summer vacation. Now I don't have weekends or holidays, and I have odd hours and I have become distant with old friends."

ARNSTEIN: "I was a student for a few years, and as soon as I donned the blue uniform I was no longer me. I am socially limited now. I'm no longer me to old friends. People have trouble seeing us as part of society, the part who protects the rest of society, as ones who have given up some of our freedoms to protect theirs."

MUNDT: Father a mechanic for a time, also owner of a bar when Mundt growing up. Uncle works for Transit Authority. "As a child I always respected the police department. I thought it was a fine profession." Worked for Con Ed six years. "I always wanted to become a cop. It was a matter of getting up some Saturday morning and taking the test. Private industry was a little callous. Not that Con Ed didn't treat me well, but you could have a number of years on the job there and then become disabled from the job and you were through.

"I came to the police force because I felt I could better myself here monetarily and social-wise [social status]."

MILLER: "I really don't know why I came on. I used to work for Chase Manhattan, and I was about to become the head teller. The money was better here. I never was a cop-hater. I never had any feelings or dealings either way."

Miller's parents separated. Mother raised him, and brother working as domestic. Another brother was raised by an uncle. Miller's mother always told him: "If you want something, make sure you're qualified to get it. Don't ask for anything, and don't cry if you don't get it." Says mother was strict.

MUNDT: "My father gave me respect for authority. My father was an old chief in the Navy."

ARNSTEIN: "Education was the most important thing in our family. I was raised to question values and establish my own. I think the highest value is education. I plan to make a career of the department. I'm going to make inspector. Before I came

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on the force, I wore my hair long and had a beard. I believed in absolute freedom and absolute responsibility. Most of my friends are behind bars now. They got caught doing everything from auto theft to rape and burglary. Those are my high school chums. I went to Bayside High in Queens—a middle-class neighborhood. These were middle- and upper-class kids. They did it for kicks.

"My parents were very liberal people, but they laid down certain laws: don't be brought home by the police. If I was, my father threatened to break my back. My mother is a Democrat, my father votes for the man. He voted for Dewey, Stevenson. I lean toward the conservative."

MILLER: "I'm a liberal, but not a social liberal. The problem today is 'give me, give me, I want.' I don't think the cry of the black man today is that. He doesn't say give me $100 and let me live in this shack. He says just give me a chance and let me do something for this country. When I worked in a Brooklyn ghetto, I just looked around and thought to myself, 'This is a damn shame.' "

Miller on the attitude of other cops toward Negroes: "They don't have enough education. The police are in a position to understand the ghetto problems more than middle-class people on Long Island. But you can't explain the Negro problem in America in relation to the Irish and Italian immigrants coming over here. After all, they came voluntarily. But the Negro has to cut out the attitude of 'I want this, I deserve this.' He'll have to say 'I have my degree. I can do this.' And whites have to stop complaining about welfare and saying the Negro can't do anything. It has to work both ways. The poverty program is a big hoax. I don't think that black pride will hurt people. I don't know why people get so upset about black power. I think black power means learn, baby, learn so you can earn. Every Negro doesn't take the phrase to mean 'Let's loot, let's burn.' "

MUNDT: "I'm a registered Democrat, but I'm a conservative. I voted for Buckley and Goldwater. Goldwater was crucified for a lot of things he said which actually came about, like the escalation of the war. He believes that America should stand on its own two feet and not depend on social security. Buckley was a new breed of politician. He was a truthful man, and that's why I voted for him."

MILLER: "When I was in high school I didn't smoke or drink or do anything. But some kids horsed around, and smoked and drank. I think it's the family life, when you make it out of a rough situation."

ARNSTEIN: "I think you have to put more blame on the individual—on his moral fortitude. If a guy has self-respect and cares enough for himself, he'll pull himself up. If not, he'll stay at the bottom of the barrel."

MILLER: "Yes, but you can't expect someone of thirteen or fourteen to have mental fortitude."

MUNDT: "A girl who's a hooker today, you can't say it's because of the money. It's the individual herself. The family has a lot to do with it. But she has to draw the line and make the decision. The girl can say no. Her family ain't there now."

MILLER: "You never thought about parents when you were in a position to get into trouble. You had to think back to them. You have to have a background to make the right decisions."

MUNDT: "What's the difference between going to bed as a hooker or with your boyfriend? A girl with her boyfriend is doing the same thing that will hurt her family just as much as what the hooker is doing."

MILLER: "You have to have some basis in your past for what you do. You have to have a basis for respect. It's love in a family. You got to watch over your family. You can't tell your kids lies like parents tell now—don't go to this party tonight because I know these guys are after something. You can't keep your daughter cooped up."

MUNDT: "If you have a daughter, you shouldn't try to hide the fact that men and women get together. I used to go with a girl, and I could always get to a point, and she'd shy away and tell me it's dirty. I never pushed it, but what happened to the guy who married this girl? You can't tell your daughter that no man will marry you if you've had sex before."

ARNSTEIN: "Being a cop will change my attitude with my kids."

MALCOLM FRIEDERICKS: Thirty, white, Catholic, detective in a DA's office.

"I have no desire to be other than what I am.

"I was raised partly in Harlem and partly in Washington Heights. My father was a retired fire lieutenant. I went to high school and had a year at a mechanical institute to take architectural drafting.

"I was a pro baseball player. Then I went into the Marine Corps. I was out in California. I never had any bad or superstitious attitudes about the police. They weren't the bogeyman to me. I was

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out in California—the police there have an esprit de corps. On being discharged we got a recruitment lecture from the Los Angeles Police Department. I was impressed. I came back to New York and worked with a copper company. I did quotations work—an office, white-collar job. I took the police test, why I don't know. I never took the fire department test. I never wanted to be a fireman. I went first into a very quiet precinct, and I think because of that I have a different attitude than many cops. I like my work, and I like other people. Other cops approach people as the policeman to the community, which means automatic hostility. I approach people on a person-to-person basis.

"My father was a quiet guy. He had his own room he went into—it was the den. He believes in doing things first-class, as opposed to second- or third-class. My parents taught me to be honorable.

"Harlem people are not primitive. The conditions are primitive. This is as much because of self-apathy as because society has imposed it. The family structure is lacking there, period. I'm speaking about the Negro community, rather than the Spanish community.

"The lack of family structure gives them little regard for each other, and they'll never get together because of that. The Negro community has a genuine lack of morality as our society accepts it. The Spanish community is more aggressive insofar as obtaining what they want, and that's how they've made the progress they have even though they're here for such a short time.

"I think self-help is the answer, but I think the Muslims are as bad as the Mafia. . . . A riot has to have beginnings. In riots you use the necessary force to contain them as early as possible.

"Riots break out due to lack of facts—people have a tendency not to evaluate something before they act. They're easily led or misled. What they hear they generally take to be gospel. Riots don't happen downtown because people here are busy. The lack of employment or the attitude toward work in Negro areas, it's a matter of 300 jobless people together. In this neighborhood it would take hours just to bring that many people together because everyone here is working.

"I left home at seventeen to play baseball professionally. After grammar school I was on my own so far as schoolwork went. I had none of the Judaic impulse to succeed in school. I read now, but not heavy stuff. I don't have time. I like *Reader's Digest.*

"I'm liberal and I'm conservative. I'm not a liberal as far as politics goes. I'm a conservative. I voted for William Buckley instead of John Lindsay and for Goldwater. I'm a liberal in my relations toward people.

"The police department has the tendency to presume you're guilty even before you've had a trial. They suspend you even before there's proof that you've done something.

"As far as I'm concerned everyone is an American [response to the question how does he act in tough ghetto areas as opposed to nice middle-class neighborhoods].

"I'm against verbal brutality, but it exists anyway. Maybe there's validity to it. I think you should start off being nice and respectful. If you have to, you can get harder. I believe in killing them with kindness if I can. I'd much rather be civil about it. I don't like people to put their hands on me, so I don't put my hands on them.

"People misunderstand what cops are all about, and this misunderstanding is getting bigger every day. Because of our unique position in society, an officer's presence is as a godlike figure, or to some people the lowest on earth. But no matter what, the patrolman feels he has to be mechanical and not reflect his emotions, and this is why people feel as they do toward him. The uniforms are ridiculous, and they have a lot to do with it. They can't possibly look good on you unless you are twenty-one and just out of the academy. Also the lack of communication: cops act without face. When talking to an individual in the street, people feel they're talking to a robot.

"I don't socialize with cops. The job is so demanding, and it's really a way of life like normal jobs aren't, where you don't have to work nights, weekends, and holidays. It's hard, if you're trying to relax, to be around other policemen without talking about the job. I don't think it's a good idea for cops to socialize with each other. Our closest friends—he's a director of a boys' club on the Lower East Side, a social worker, and his wife is a painter. She's on the other end of the political spectrum from me. We have some interesting arguments. Ben and I grew up together.

"From their appearance, cops' wives are not exactly Barnard girls. Their manner of dress is not like that. They don't have the look of a college girl. They don't appear to me like college girls. They aren't disheveled as college girls. They're usually clean and neat.

"Cops' wives have to work harder and longer at being good wives than Joe Average's wife."

PETER VILLONE: Thirty-eight. Detective assigned to investigate organized crime.

"Why did I become a cop? I don't actually know. I used to take all the city tests as a hobby. I was a butcher by trade. In 1957 I had taken the test for policeman, and I got called in November, 1958. I had just lost my mother—I buried her the day before the appointment. I was married and had

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others to think about. I didn't really want to become a policeman, but I was working all hours as a butcher. I thought that every city job was a form of retirement. When I went on I had every intention of taking it easy. I went to the police academy for six months, then I went to the 28th Precinct in Harlem for six months. I found out my first day at the academy that it wasn't an easy job, but I like it.

"My wife knows very little about police work, and I would just as soon keep it that way. She won't worry as much. I put in five years with the Burglary Squad, and it is rare that I would ever discuss a case with my wife. I may tell her a funny incident that happened during the day or something, but it's mostly things you'd rather not talk about at home.

"I think it's the greatest work a person could go into. There's something in it for everybody: it can give you the greatest satisfaction if you're a liberal or a conservative or a do-gooder, no matter what you are. I get a lot of personal satisfaction from it.

"In the Burglary Squad we worked on criminals who would normally never get caught. Those who make burglary, hijacking, and stickups such a well-paid and skilled profession, it would have been dangerous for even a cop on the street to run across one of them. They were really pros, and it gives you a tremendous amount of satisfaction to know that when you catch a really good thief and you catch him right, well, you really have something.

"I'm a restless person. I like excitement. I'm a very, very nosy person by nature. I feel that this is one thing all good policemen have. I don't think a person who is not inquisitive would make a good policeman.

"If I had a college background, I wouldn't entertain the thought of being a policeman. I feel then my education would be wasted. I feel other fields offer more for a man with college. Maybe business administration. I would probably lean toward salesmanship, where I could get out and meet people. I find that one of the most interesting things about being a cop. Any investigation that you get is a challenge and gives you a tremendous amount of satisfaction when you do break the case.

"The average policeman's wife has to be a very understanding person. He keeps bad hours. I think there are more divorces among police . . .

"The Negro person from his upbringing, perhaps from the time of slavery, didn't have close family attractions. He tends to think only of himself. All the fundamentals have to come from the home. There has to be respect for the mother and the father, and the only way for the child to respect his mother and father is for the mother and father to respect the child. I feel it's just like a big round circle, but no matter how you look at it, it has to come from the home, and what this means is you have to take the mother and father under your wing, not the children.

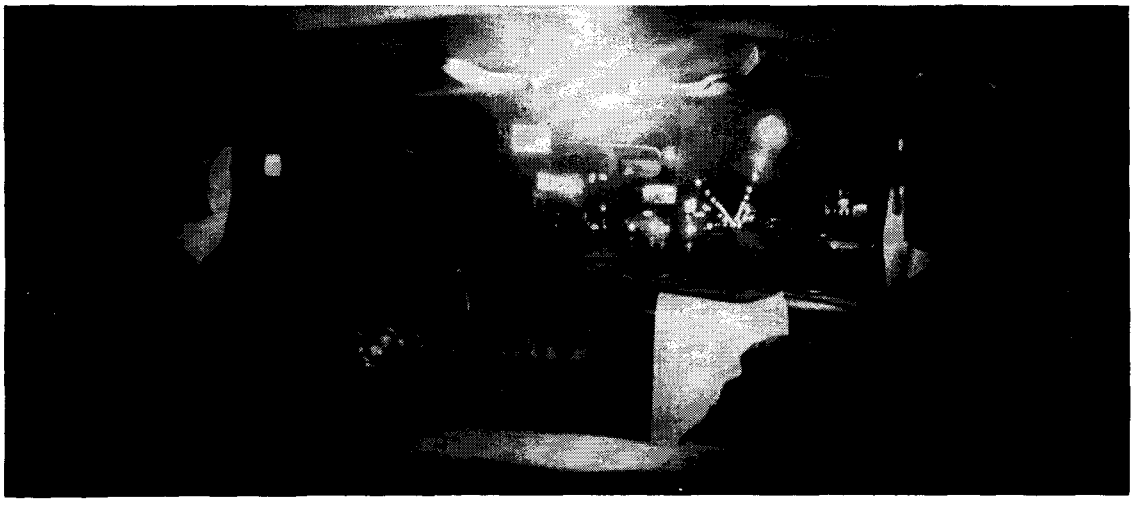
"I feel that the majority of crime is committed against the little person. The little person is the most susceptible.

"You don't realize what a cold world this can be until you're a policeman. It's probably made me a stricter father with my own children. I have the tendency to be very lenient, but I imagine when they get older, I'll be harder than the average father. Because of what you see, you don't want your child to fall into it."

Why do people turn to crime? "Because they make good livings at it, or because he's an addict trying to support his habit.

"I feel that as long as a person can get drugs he can become an addict.

"When I arrest an addict I really feel for her, and more for her family. I know how her family must feel. I would go to any extent to help them if they wanted me to."



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New York — *A police commissioner who refers to his Lafcadio Hearn first editions as "my collection of Hearnia" cannot be all bad, as a former deputy commissioner makes clear in this affectionate remembrance of the band of Irish Americans who used to run the show. Mr. Dougherty is now New York bureau chief for the Los Angeles* Times.

Requiem for the Centre Street Mafia

by Richard Dougherty

AROUND police headquarters in those days the cops called it "the powerhouse." Later on it was "the Irish Mafia," and still later it was, in the words of John V. Lindsay, "the power brokers." I was a charter member of the thing that Lindsay, bless his Anglican heart, regarded as such a dark and dangerous conspiracy when he first took office as mayor of New York in January, 1966. I had watched it grow from the first days of the Wagner Administration in 1954, and I watched it receive the last rites with the departure of Vincent Broderick and the advent of Howard Leary as police commissioner.

There was nothing very sad about the demise, if demise it was. Can there be a gentler way of doing in an Irish Mafia than to call in an Irishman from Philadelphia as supposed executioner? Of course Leary made Sandy Garelik chief inspector, and Sandy is Jewish, but as Sandy has learned in the three years since, a chief inspector is only as strong as the commissioner wants him to be. Besides, Sandy didn't do so badly under the years of the Mafia: he got to be an assistant chief, which is the next highest rank to chief in the uniformed force.

There was a change, but you could argue about how radical a change. The Leary-Garelik combo ended the active influence of Frank Adams, the man who started it all, but the Department still bears the strong stamp of Adams and will for a long time to come.

It was in January of 1954 that the fates in their wisdom made me a deputy commissioner in the Police Department of the city of New York. How ironic! My grandfather Anthony Dougherty, a native of Knockmoyleen, County Mayo, who never in his life made more than $1.10 a day as a section hand on the Pittsburgh, Shawmut & Northern Railroad, must have turned in his grave, because he had warned all his sons: "Beware of the Law, for the Law is crooked."

I thought of the old man's warning the first day I walked into 240 Centre Street—that gloomy, intimidating pile that has been headquarters for the cops since the turn of the century. And there were other ironies to savor. I was no cop-type Irishman. At thirty-two—young yet seasoned by slight adversities—I had already climbed out of my upstate Irish origins. I was a snob in the way those Irish are who think of themselves as children of the Duke left as foundlings at the doorstep of the simple couple who subsequently raised them. But I was an egalitarian as well—concerned almost as passionately about social injustice, prejudice, and reaction as I was about advancing in the world and having a good time in the process.

So it was with mixed emotions that I reacted to the welcome accorded me when I entered the press and community relations office which was to be my bailiwick. What courtesy, what deference on the part of the small group of cops who made up my staff! "Good morning, Commissioner. Welcome, Commissioner. Would you like some coffee, Commissioner? Thank you, Commissioner."

I thought for a moment that they were pulling my leg. These were big, tough-looking cops, some of them a good many years my senior. I said right away they should knock off the "Commissioner" business. I said I had no idea what the usages had been prior to my arrival on the scene, but there would be no need for such formalities now. "Thank you, Commissioner," they chorused.

Awash with a Whitmanesque affection for the human race, myself included, I made my way

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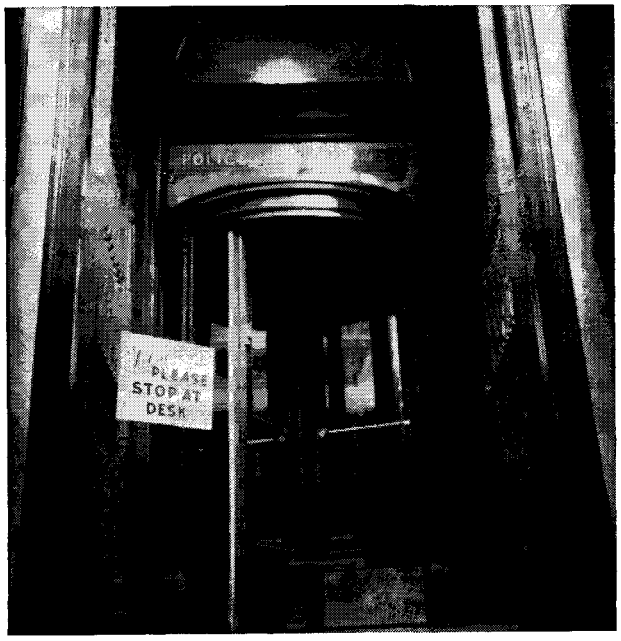
down a long high-ceilinged corridor to the office of the police commissioner. He was Francis W. H. Adams, another Irishman in spite of his fine-sounding Brahmin name and—I had already begun to perceive—perhaps an even more exotic presence in these parts than I was myself. Some days before, while interviewing me for the job,



he had asked me if I could give him the name of my bank as a reference. My circumstances being what they were, I had said: "You must be out of your mind." He had laughed a big, booming laugh, and we went on to talk of other things. He was an admirer of Lafcadio Hearn, and he had shown me a bookcase full of first editions. He referred to it as his collection of Hearnia.

He was fifty, a towering man of six-three or so who wore expensively tailored double-breasted suits. His hair was graying and unruly, and a shock of it tended to hang over his forehead. He wore steel-rimmed glasses, which were always slipping down to the end of his nose. He had huge hands and feet. You could tell he had money and that the money was inherited. He was a personal friend of Robert Wagner's, the new mayor, and you could see them as members of the same club —upper-drawer R.C.'s whose self-made fathers had made sure their sons went to Yale (Wagner) or Williams (Adams) rather than to Notre Dame or Holy Cross or Georgetown. It is hard to realize now, but at that time the Kennedys—the upper-drawer R.C.'s par excellence—were only slightly known outside Boston.

There was a man with Adams when I was ushered into the PC's office. He was a stocky, handsome, overwhelmingly gray man—gray hair, gray skin, blue-gray eyes, and a gray suit. He had a very reserved, suspecting manner. Adams introduced him as Steve Kennedy. The two of them were discussing a speech which the freshly appointed commissioner intended to use as a kind of inaugural address next day to the assembled brass of the Department. Adams had sent me a copy the night before, and now he asked me what I thought of it.

"Badly overwritten," I said, realizing too late that Kennedy had drafted it. Adams said crisply: "That can be corrected easily enough." Gray daggers darted out of Kennedy's eyes.

The burden of the speech was that the cops had better stop taking payoffs from bookmakers and policy operators, stop shaking down merchants and saloonkeepers—put an end to all playful larcenies, in effect—or the new police commissioner would make it hot for them. At the beginning of the speech was the line: "I have ordered you here . . ." I suggested that it might be more diplomatic to say: "I have asked you here . . ."

Kennedy shook his head. "A sign of weakness," he said. "You've got to let them know who's boss."

Adams nodded agreement. I decided this was not going to be my day. We went on page by page. At one point I tentatively suggested that a paragraph could come out. Kennedy jumped on me again. "We need that as a bridge," he said, "from one paragraph to another."

I said: "What are we doing? Putting together a speech or conducting a writing seminar?" It was my score this time. Adams nodded and pretended to have a coughing fit. We got through the rest of the draft peaceably enough, and Kennedy left, still leading me two to one. When he was gone, the commissioner asked me what I thought of him. "He seems to lack humor," I said. Adams said: "He's going to be my chief inspector."

I'd set that as the time the thing began, the birth, if you will, of the group, the club, the fraternity, the loose-knit confederation—the Irish Mafia, if you insist—which was to perpetuate itself as the dominant power over the country's biggest police department for a dozen years.

Stephen P. Kennedy was one of those scrupulously honest mavericks that surface from time to time in big-city police departments. Somehow, mainly because his reputation made him ideal for filling commands that had fallen into bad odor, he had risen to the rank of inspector, two notches up from the permanent civil service rank of captain. But even so, he was way down in the hierarchy when Adams named him chief inspector. It was as if a colonel had been moved up to

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Army Chief of Staff and bypassed scores of generals in the process.

Since sweetness of personality was not a conspicuous characteristic in Steve, and since he was known to regard most of his former superior officers as thieves, this prompted a sizable flurry of retirement papers. With this came the opportunity to advance people who were more to the Kennedy-Adams liking.

Ultimately, as things worked out, the inner circle of the Adams administration was a mixture of career men and civilians. There was Steve as chief inspector, Tom Neilson as chief of detectives, and Jim Kennedy—no relation to Steve—as first deputy commissioner. These three were veterans who had worked their way up from patrolman. Another career man, but much younger, was Robert Mangum, a Negro whom Adams had raised from lieutenant to deputy commissioner in charge of Youth Activities. The pure civilians, in addition to Adams himself, were Vince Broderick and me.

Broderick, another upper-drawer Irishman, was out of Princeton and Harvard Law. I, thanks to the GI Bill, was out of Columbia College. Jim Kennedy had never finished grade school and took considerable pride in the fact. Steve, studying nights over the years, had put himself through college and law school while working. Neilson, who spoke only when he had to, had had no college anyone knew about. Mangum was a City College graduate who had also gone through law school via night sessions.

As a staff, which was the way Adams used us, it made a highly disharmonious mix when we gathered around Adams' desk (the same desk Teddy Roosevelt used when he was police commissioner). Steve was given to pontificating on any and all subjects, but he was very smart and made his points well. Broderick was also an effective advocate. He was tall and quiet-mannered and had a round altar boy's face, but he was a first-rate lawyer and extremely stubborn and opinionated for all his mild exterior.

Jim Kennedy, a lean hatchet-faced man, was a forceful, colorful, ungrammatical talker. The oldest of the lot—well into his sixties, with over forty years "in the job," as the cops say—he was an honest man who had survived innumerable scandals and shake-ups. His job as first deputy was to keep an eye out for police corruption, and he worked eighteen hours a day at it. He had only eight men in the squad he used for that purpose, because, he said, "Eight is all I can watch."

Some cynics doubted he could watch all of them. Jim had enormous contempt for his municipal brothers in arms, the firemen. "What do you have to know to stand at the end of a hose?" he said. Once when Adams expressed dismay at a bad murder case in which a man had killed his landlady, her husband, and a couple of children, Jim said: "Many's the happy home's been broke up by an idle roomer, Commissioner."

Bob Mangum, when he first sat in with the group, was shy and quiet. He not only had the problem of being black in the company of such scholars as Jim Kennedy, but he was also fresh out of his lieutenant's uniform and extremely conscious of rank. But that changed. Tall, good-looking, and the color of light coffee—he always said he wasn't black enough to get anywhere in politics—Mangum was soon sounding off like the rest of us.

Tom Neilson was the quiet one. He was a profoundly religious man in spite of the wickedness he had seen during a long career and was known to go to Mass and communion every day of the year. There was a certain serenity about him that Adams came to value as much as the plain toughness of his judgment. A powerfully built man, with a big head and well-formed features, Neilson sat and puffed away at his cigar while the rest of us hollered at each other. The way things usually broke down, matters having to do strictly with the force were argued out between the two Kennedys, matters having more to do with public policy were argued out among Broderick, Mangum, and me. The trouble really came when it was impossible to draw a distinction between the two areas.

Then voices and tempers rose all around, until finally, Adams would turn to Neilson and say: "What do you think, Tom?" Neilson would take a draw on his cigar and think a moment and say: "I agree with Steve . . ." Or Vince, or Jim, or Bob. That was usually the end of it. I don't want to leave the impression that all we did was argue. We laughed a lot too. The humor was the humor of insult, and none of it stays in the memory.

It didn't take me long to get used to the cops calling me "Commissioner" and bowing and scraping. But it didn't take long either to become aware of what lay behind these extravagant courtesies, and that wasn't so pleasant. It was fear—fear among my own staff that if I took a dislike to them, I could hurt them. I could have them transferred out of a nice inside "detail" and back to some precinct for foot patrol. I could ignore them when it came time to make recommendations for promotion. Outside my own office there was fear within the middle-to-upper echelons that I might knock them to Adams and block their advancement to higher rank or some more prestigious duty.

I had never thought of cops as being fearful. I had always thought they went around scaring other people. Nor was this fear entirely centered on

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cop ambitions. Everything alien scares them. If you have wondered, when a traffic cop has stopped you for speeding, why he approaches you in a way which suggests you may be public enemy number one, it's because he is afraid that you may very well be.

From police academy training and from lore that is handed down from their elders any policeman can recite tales of unsuspecting cops gunned down by Grant Wood couples in old Buicks, run over by society matrons, stabbed by small Latins, blown to bits by colored men, set upon by beatniks. If you must get stopped by a cop, better make sure you are not (1) young, (2) Negro or Puerto Rican, (3) poor. Experience has shown that all of these are more dangerous than the rest of us. But all of us civilians are potentially dangerous.

Adams, as the new police commissioner, was not a wholly alien creature to cops. As a young lawyer he had spent several years in the U.S. Attorney's office in Foley Square. He had prosecuted a lot of cases, and he knew police. Still, he did his best to seem alien. In line with Steve's "let them know who's boss," he set about shocking and scaring the troops. At least initially, Adams seemed to think, it was better to have his 18,000 cops afraid of him than fond of him. Even if cops understand nothing else, they understand power.

Adams went at the task with great zest. He abolished the Department band and ordered its fifty-odd outraged musicians back on the beat. This led to a continuing and merry scrap between him and the powerful Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, which charged him in the public prints with being a dictator. He sent shoofflies (men in plain clothes who spy on patrol in the precincts) out into the field. He yanked hundreds of cops out of soft "details" in various offices around the city government and put them on the streets.

He went on television and violated a hallowed tradition by using honest crime statistics and admitting that the Department at its current strength was inadequate to the task of protecting the citizenry. He snubbed Senator Joseph McCarthy when the departmental Holy Name Society invited the senator, then at the height of his witch-hunting fame, to speak at the annual communion breakfast. He broke a Brooklyn deputy chief inspector to the rank of captain when the chief began acting like a minor league General MacArthur over enforcement of the gambling laws, the chief's target being bingo games in the Catholic parish halls. He established a genuine civilian complaint review board to investigate charges of police rudeness and bullying made by ghetto residents. (This same board became an issue in Lindsay's mayoral campaign, and it was amusing to see the P.B.A., which had opposed it originally, fight for its preservation, and against the one proposed by Lindsay, ten years later.)

Meanwhile, on less controversial fronts, Adams lobbied for higher police salaries, improved education and training, and new facilities. The affiliation of the police academy with the University of the City of New York and the start of what is now the John Jay College of Criminal Justice were products of the Adams regime. Over 2000 cops are now studying for degrees at John Jay. The big modern police academy on Twentieth Street and the new headquarters which is in construction now at the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge were initiated by Adams.

Adams didn't win them all. One morning he got sore when he saw a newspaper picture of a detective outside Madison Square Garden holding an umbrella over the head of Rocky Marciano. "Since when do we provide private bodyguards to fighters?" Adams wanted to know. In minutes the detective—one James McShane—was ordered out of the Detective division and a nice assignment on the East Side and packed off to the Bronx and uniform patrol duty.

The press got wind of the story—a man busted for holding an umbrella—and had a field day with it. It turned out that McShane, known as "Shifty" from his days as an amateur boxer, was a personal friend of Marciano's, who had stopped by at the Garden to see the fighter weigh in. There was the possibility, too, that McShane was on a day off. And beyond this there was the undoubted fact that McShane, a great big Irish charmer, had friends in every saloon, fraternal order, church, synagogue, and newspaper office in town.

Criticism rained down on Adams from all quarters, and he was quick to see he didn't have a prayer. He started trying to think of a way out. Finally he issued a statement admitting that he had acted hastily and restoring McShane to his rank as a first-grade detective. Adams concluded the statement with an old Norman phrase which translated to the effect that no horse is so well shod that it never slips. The next day the papers made almost as much of the fact that a police commissioner had employed French in a press release as they did about McShane's return to the detectives. Adams said it all proved that a Romance language major at Williams was the best possible training for the job of police commissioner.

McShane, who later went on to Washington to become Chief United States Marshal and cover himself with considerable glory in the civil rights struggles in the South, was kept on in the Bronx in the meantime. Adams refused to give in on that.

I ran into McShane some weeks afterward and

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asked him how things were up there. "Great," he said, "I'm chasing rustlers."

They told a grisly story in the Department to illustrate McShane's quickness of wit. It seems that once he was interrogating a man who had killed a woman and then chopped her up in small bits and flushed her down the toilet. The interrogation went smoothly enough until the poor man began to tell of the trouble he had breaking up the corpse's head. Suddenly the horror of it overwhelmed him, and he grew hysterical. McShane, alarmed that the fellow might go totally insane and ruin the confession, quickly patted him on the back, and said reassuringly: "It's all right. It's the sort of thing could happen to any of us." People all over New York mourned McShane when he died last winter, even though it had been more than ten years since he moved to the nation's capital.

Just outside the Adams inner circle, or in an adjoining inner circle, was Francis J. M. Robb, an inspector and the head of what was then called Central Office Bureaus and Squads, a unit of the Detective division. Robb was an old pal of Tom Neilson's, who was responsible for having brought Robb up from a district command to the headquarters job. This had not been too easy for Neilson because Steve Kennedy took a dim view of Robb and considered him a kind of dilettante at best. However, Steve finally gave in to Neilson and Robb came up, and soon, to Steve's patent displeasure, Adams concluded that Robb was the best company in the world--as indeed he was.

In his early fifties, Robb looked more like a prosperous business executive than a cop. He was not a big man, but he was well made, and he had a fine, sharp face and eyes that were full of mischief. He was Scottish rather than Irish and became a convert when he married a Catholic. He was a bit vain about his appearance, being particular that his steel-gray hair should not be too closely cut.

Robb was all cop, but at the same time he was an observer of cops. He regarded them all as rascals, not excluding himself. He took delight in stories like the one he told about a police commissioner of some years back who, delivering the annual warning to the force about soliciting Christmas gifts from merchants, made the mistake of saying: "Now by that I don't mean if somebody wants to give you a hat you shouldn't accept it." As Robb told it: "The next day there wasn't a hat left in town—and all with fifty-dollar bills under the brim."

Robb, however checkered his past might have been—and I doubt it was very checkered—was strictly "legit" (that is, honest) by the time I knew him. But he was still not above dining "on the arm," which is to say for nothing, at any number of New York's better restaurants. I had an on-the-arm evening with him once at a very expensive East Side place, and when we walked out, he said: "That was very below par. That's the last business those guys get out of me."

Once at lunch he asked the waiter: "How are the oysters today? I had a dozen here the other night, and only one of them worked."

None of this comedy went over well with Steve, and for the rest of his time as commissioner, and in the years thereafter, Adams had to plan things so that he never saw the two men together.

There was one other career man who would in time become a key member of the group. He was Michael J. Murphy, a young captain of about forty

In terms of dollars and cents . . . private and public expenditures on security services and law enforcement equipment should top the billion-dollar mark this year, up from roughly $930 million in 1967. And by 1972, Equity sees these expenditures climbing to about $1.54 billion.

A major plus for the industry, according to Equity analyst Henry James, is the injection of Federal money into the law enforcement picture, spurred by growing civil disobedience and rising interest in crime control. Mr. James estimates that $75 million in Federal tax funds will be made available to police in fiscal 1969, with appropriations jumping to $300 million by 1973.

Mr. James says the chief beneficiaries of government spending will be companies that provide equipment useful in riot control, notably portable radios, special vehicles and nonlethal weaponry. He notes that suppliers of computer-based command-control-information systems will also see a large market opening up as a result of the Federal spending.

— Dan Dorfman, the *Wall Street Journal*
December 5, 1968

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who was, it happened, admired by and on good terms with both Steve and Robb. Big and beefy, Murphy had reached captain via competitive examination faster than anyone else in the Department's history. It wasn't long before Adams promoted him to inspector and put him in command of the police academy.

So Murphy was really the last man to enter the temple of the "powerhouse," or Irish Mafia. And here is how things worked out thereafter.

Adams, having ranted and roared and accomplished more than any other commissioner on record, went back to his law firm after eighteen or twenty months. But before he left, he got Bob Wagner to agree to make Steve Kennedy commissioner, which the mayor did. Steve thereupon made Tom Neilson chief inspector. After Tom retired a couple of years later, Steve named Mike Murphy to the post.

Steve, after five or so years, had a falling out with the mayor about something or other, and resigned, at which point, again on Adams' recommendation, Wagner appointed Murphy commissioner. Murphy then made Robb chief inspector. The Murphy administration was, like Steve's, one of five or more years. When Murphy decided he had had enough, he and Adams conferred with Wagner, and this time the man selected was Vince Broderick. Broderick only lasted about six or seven months. He finished up the five-year Murphy term, and John Lindsay moved in to end the whole business by appointing Howard Leary.

That was that for the Centre Street Mafia. And maybe it was a good thing. Maybe it had served its purpose. There was never any doubt about the purpose. It was to make the Department good and strong and as free of corruption as possible. In twelve years of what was, in effect, a reform administration the force was increased, by some 10,000 men, to a quota of nearly 28,000. This is a trend that continues under Lindsay and Leary. It's worth noting, too, that this more than 50 percent expansion was undertaken while other big cities continued to starve their police services.

Just as important was the emphasis on police training and education and discipline. If Adams scared the cops and kept them in line, Kennedy and Murphy, both tough men, kept them scared. Broderick hardly had time to show what he could do, but he would have been tough too. As to cop thievery, you can't ever stop it all, but you can keep a lid on it, and that was done. As to political "contracts"—that's a joke. The only influence on Adams was Adams, and, to the credit of Bob Wagner, the only influence on Kennedy, Murphy, and Broderick was also Adams. Now, since Adams would never handle a contract, and since if he had, neither Kennedy nor Murphy nor Broderick would have honored it for him, the result was a Department free of clubhouse favors and pressures. Not a bad record all in all.

A lot of the Mafia, of course, dropped by the wayside over the years. Bob Mangum moved on and is now chairman of the state Human Rights Commission. I, among other things, wrote a novel about the cops and called it *The Commissioner.* Everybody assumed it was a *roman à clef* and that I based my commissioner on either Adams or Steve. In truth, I based the character on myself, realizing it was the only way I'd ever get to enjoy the job. Murphy always said I never would make it because I couldn't "pass the personal." This meant because I was divorced and never went to Mass and was therefore unfit. Murphy also had a fine comment on the novel: "It's a great book for the Fire Department," he growled.

Jim Kennedy is dead now. So is Tom Neilson, and so is that life-loving man Frank Robb. Broderick is practicing law and making money but still toys with the notion of somehow getting back into public life.

Steve is in retirement and lives out in Bayside, and nobody sees much of him except at funerals. I last saw him at Robb's, and he looked sad, and I wondered, as I often had, if he had not really liked Robb more than he would admit. Murphy, still too young for retirement, now heads the National Auto Theft Bureau, an investigating agency subsidized by the insurance companies. So he's still a cop, really.

Adams is unchanged. He is sixty-four. He is thinner. The shock of hair, white now, still falls down over his brow, and his glasses continue to slip down to the end of his nose. But his spirits are gay, and the things he remembers about his reign as head of the Mafia are the funny things. Last fall Broderick, Murphy, and I spent a weekend with him at his place in the Berkshires, and it was a great party. When it came time for us to leave, he came out to the car.

As is his custom, he said, quoting Alcestis, "How can I forlorn of thee live on?" I knew I was expected to finish the couplet and said: "Time healeth, and the dead are dead and gone."

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Detroit — *Nearly two years after the fearsome race riots of 1967, this city still seethes with tension. "The lines for combat are drawn," writes William Serrin, a reporter for the Detroit* Free Press. *He portrays a city angrily divided and not at all certain about who controls the streets.*

"God Help Our City"

by William Serrin

Detroit is a city in trouble. Hit in 1967 by the most costly Negro riot in American history, and the scene in recent months of a series of clashes between police and Negroes, the city simmers in a kind of armed truce. Its abysmal police-Negro relations are a symbol of all that is wrong with the city: a teetering war on poverty, shoddy schools, an inhuman urban-renewal program, polluted air and water, an archaic tax structure, and, for the most part, its unconcerned politicians, business leaders, and citizenry.

Even allowing for inaccuracy of crime statistics, Detroit crime is at an all-time high, as evidenced most strongly by its record 426 homicides in 1968, a figure approached only by the violence-marked Prohibition years, when Detroit totaled 326 homicides in 1926, and by 1967, with its 315 homicides.

Negroes, much more militant and united since the 1967 riot, see police as their enemies, in many cases correctly. The police, almost entirely white and from the lower middle class, return the hatred in kind. Since the clashes with Negroes that led to the disciplining of a number of patrolmen, police have become convinced that Detroit Mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh will sacrifice them to appease the Negro community. Last November, police sentiment for presidential candidate George C. Wallace ran high. "Morale is lower than whale shit," says Eljay Bowron, head of the Detectives Association, in the argot of the beat patrolman. Some say that the police are near a stage of open revolt, and if that is overstating the case, it is true that any racial incident is sure to bring highly repressive police response.

Furthermore, an issue is at hand between the city's civilian leaders and the old-line police commanders over who controls the Detroit police: civilians or the police themselves. The Detroit Police Officers Association openly battles Cavanagh and is becoming far more powerful than the simple bargaining agent that city officials thought they were recognizing in 1967. Recently, to the dismay of many liberals, the DPOA announced that it was confederating with a number of outstate police associations in a statewide lobbying agent. And late in 1968, Carl Parsell, DPOA president, declared that a leftist-liberal plot existed in Detroit to destroy the Detroit police. With talk like that, Negro leaders like Representative John Conyers, Democratic National Committeeman Coleman Young, and Common Councilman Robert Tindal repledge themselves to confront the police at every opportunity. "Every time the police point a gun, guys like Tindal point a gun back," says Richard Marks of Detroit's Commission on Community Relations. Clearly, the lines for combat are drawn.

Johannes F. Spreen, who became the city's police commissioner last July, has been so harried by the police-Negro clashes that he has had little time to implement reforms, except for establishing a seemingly comic but apparently promising Scooter Patrol that combines the mobility of the police cruiser with the direct involvement of the old-time beat patrolman. But observers are convinced that Spreen is in trouble if he rests on this accomplishment. His police-trial-board apparatus is archaic. The Citizens Complaint Bureau, which functions as a police review board, is, in the eyes of Detroit's Negro newspaper, the Michigan *Chronicle,* simply "worthless." The Detroit Police Academy provides only minimal training. Detroit has no on-force police training. Top-level command officers are often inefficient, lazy, and resistant to change.

George Edwards, a former Detroit police commissioner and now a federal judge, estimates that 90 percent of the 4767-man Detroit Police Department are bigoted, and that dislike for Negroes is reflected constantly in their language and often in physical abuse.

Late in 1968, Mayor Cavanagh ordered Spreen to

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hire Negroes at a rate of 4 to 1 over whites, until the number of Negroes on the force—now at 412, one of the lowest percentages in America—began to approach 40 percent, the number of Negroes among Detroit's 1,620,000 citizens. But the high-command officers, police critics say, simply disregard the mayor's order.

Moreover, Spreen is beset by the fact that for years Detroit has not had a strong police commissioner, at least not one who lasted long. Says the Community Relations Commission's Marks: "There's always been a saying among cops in Detroit: We don't give a damn who's commissioner. He'll do things our way, or we'll break him." Tom Johnson, an official of the Michigan Civil Rights Commission, adds: "When you get right down to who runs the department, I'd say the DPOA runs it. They may not be in the commissioner's chair, but the decisions that the commissioner makes are influenced by what the DPOA will do."

On top of all this, Detroit is not willing, nor does it have the taxing power, to come up with the funds necessary to upgrade the Detroit Police Department. At present, Detroit is $10 million in debt. Moreover, the city's state-equalized valuation, which has shrunk 12.7 percent in recent years, has deprived the city of $36 million in revenue. At the same time, the cost of city services, including the $72 million it takes to operate the Detroit police each year, has risen by $105 million. Additionally, Detroit is saddled with a conservative Common Council and an unconcerned state legislature dominated by rural and suburban legislators. And Mayor Cavanagh shows little of the zest that in the early 1960s marked him as one of America's most talented and hardworking city administrators.

Reverend Hubert Locke, an articulate Negro who was community relations aide to former Police Commissioner Ray Girardin, comments: "All the things that police departments are supposed to do —precinct councils, encouragement of block clubs, storefront offices—were pioneered in Detroit, and they just haven't done the job." Asked what he envisions Detroit's police-Negro relations will be by, say, 1979, Locke shrugs and says bleakly, "I'm not sure we've got ten years left." Spreen himself says, "If we don't solve Detroit's police problems, then God help our city."

HISTORICALLY, Detroit has a record of violence, crime, and shoddy race relations. In the Prohibition Era, the Purple Gang received just notoriety, and homicides averaged 216 a year, a pace unmatched until the last two years. In the 1930s, violence was a life-style, as the Depression forced layoffs and the unions sought to organize the auto plants. For years, a strong Mafia has operated in Detroit. The first white riot against Negroes in Detroit occurred in 1833, and half a dozen have occurred since then. In 1943, whites and Negroes erupted into a savage confrontation that ended with thirty-four Detroiters dead, and held the record as the most costly American racial disturbance until the Watts riot in 1965. In 1967, the second Detroit riot occurred, with its forty-three dead and $45 million in damage. Detroit once again held the American riot record.

In 1961, after a series of muggings and killings in Detroit, conservative Mayor Louis Miriani ordered a police crackdown on crime, meaning a crackdown on Negroes. Negroes rebelled, and their vote was largely responsible for Cavanagh's election in 1961. For the next several years, a détente was reached, as Cavanagh appointed first Edwards, a humanitarian of the first order, and then Girardin, one of the city's legendary crime reporters and a veritable bleeding heart, as Detroit's police commissioner. An influx of federal money—more than $267 million—brought an easing of the racial situation, and Detroit's war on poverty and urban-renewal programs promised great hope. But by 1966, as Cavanagh's image began to tarnish, and it became apparent that the $53 million war on poverty and the $129 million urban-renewal program were grossly underfunded and in many cases poorly managed, Negro frustrations began to increase. More important, no real progress was being made in upgrading the Detroit Police Department.

Edwards, and then Girardin, gave promises of reform, but neither was able to effect any meaningful reform in a department hog-tied by outdated methods and equipment, lack of funds, and resistance to change. Always, it was the old-line inspectors who had real control. Young men quickly became cynical too, caring little for Negroes and not understanding their problems. Edwards acted against the custom of beating Negroes in police garages, but much excess force is still used in Detroit. Girardin moved the Citizens Complaint Bureau out of Detroit police headquarters to the Downtown YMCA, where for the first time Negroes felt they had an opportunity to be listened to. Girardin also set up the Tactical Mobile Unit, an elite crime-fighting force.

But Edwards, with his aggressive personality and his unabashed liberalism, won the antipathy of many of the old-line commanders, attitudes still prevalent today, as many old hands continue to resent any civilian commissioner, even Spreen, who has twenty-four years of service with the New York Police Department, ten years on the beat. As for Girardin, he relied heavily on men he had known in his newspaper days. A Cavanagh aide admits privately: "I think Ray promoted a lot of guys he

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knew in the newspaper days, and I think a lot of those promotions backfired."

In the early 1960s, the Detroit Police Officers Association began to emerge as a potent force. "They began running with the ball in Edwards' time," says Marvin Brown, Spreen's community relations aide. "In Girardin's time, they really began running downfield. They didn't even need interference." In 1967 the DPOA, set up in the 1940s as a company union, displayed its burgeoning power when one fourth of the Detroit police force walked off the job in a pay dispute, the first police strike in America since the Boston one in 1919. The DPOA forced the city to accept a pay schedule of $7500 for beginners to $10,300 for officers with four years of service—higher than Detroit teachers, beginning lawyers, and social workers, and now, almost two years later, still one of the highest police salaries in America.

All this time, police-Negro relations were quietly bubbling, and in 1967 they erupted once again. The police response to these riots was both characteristic and simplistic: a few weeks after the tumult had died down, at least 100 Detroit police joined the National Rifle Association to obtain cheap carbines from the Department of Defense.

The DPOA under Parsell became increasingly belligerent. In October, 1967, Girardin, reaching sixty-five and tired of being under fire, announced he would resign, and Cavanagh promised he would scour America to find a top-flight successor. It was not until July, 1968, that Spreen, an unknown, was unearthed in New York, and Girardin finally stepped aside. Spreen took the job after nine men had turned it down, among them Sanford Garelik, chief inspector in New York, and Patrick V. Murphy, new director of the federal Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. In the time it took to find Spreen, the Detroit police disintegrated badly. Scores of complaints of brutality went unacted upon by Girardin. Promotions were stalled.

After the riot, rumors of planned invasions by Negroes spread through the white enclaves of Detroit and the white suburbs. White militant associations sprang up, with organizations like the right-wing Breakthrough finding vastly increased support. At least three suburban communities set up marksmanship classes.

In November, 1967, three and one half months after the riot, both Detroit's daily newspapers, the Detroit *News* and Detroit *Free Press*, shut down in a labor dispute. The longest newspaper strike in American publishing history, like the riot, left its tragic legacy. Gun sales hit an all-time high (Detroit police estimate that there are at least one million firearms in Detroit, with the number perhaps going as high as 1,620,000—one for every citizen), and rumors ran unchecked, there being no effective news media to counteract them. At one point, Cavanagh was forced to take to radio and television to plead for an end to rumors. In the spring, a strike newspaper, the Detroit *American*, was organized, with crime news as its main selling point, along with the constant implication that Negroes were the main perpetrators of crime in Detroit.

While it lasted, the *American* sold well, and when the strike ended in August, 1968, both the *News* and *Free Press* were left with a dilemma: how to cover crime news, which for years had been largely ignored, except for sensational kidnappings, rapes, and murders.

The *News* turned to a well-displayed crime-blotter, complete with identifications of the perpetrators of crimes by race. Negro organizations, plus liberal leaders like Walter P. Reuther, head of the United Auto Workers, Representative Conyers, and U.S. Judge Wade McCree, insisted that this was smearing all Negroes, and arousing emotional responses among whites, rather than leaning toward a reasoned program for social change. The *News*, a powerful Detroit institution, replied that it was attempting to convince law-abiding Negroes that crime was a major problem and to cooperate with police in moving against the lawbreaking element. The result was that for thousands of *News* readers (the *Free Press* briefly ran a similar crime-blotter) crime seemed suddenly to be increasing, and the opportunity to put it into perspective was lost.

Additionally, the *News*, again reflecting the views of much of white Detroit, walled in its large building, making it, for all practical purposes, a fortress. Part of the reason for bricking up its windows is perhaps the desire to be prepared to break any future newspaper strike in Detroit. But the *News*, like the white community, is running scared of crime. In November, for example, the publisher, Peter Clark, told the New York *Times* that the walling up of *News* windows was "just good business practice." He noted that all around Detroit, "anyone can see a number of windows broken, mostly in retail establishments." In that, at least, Clark is correct. Detroit inner-city business is now conducted behind solid walls of cement block, an architectural style that wags have dubbed "riot renaissance." Shop windows are covered at night with fencelike burglar guards, and vigilante patrols are in vogue, with three in Detroit's Northwest side numbering at least 100 people, who take turns patroling a fifteen-square-mile area.

According to the most recent FBI report, crime in Detroit is up 10 percent, homicides occurring at the rate of more than one a day. Spreen says

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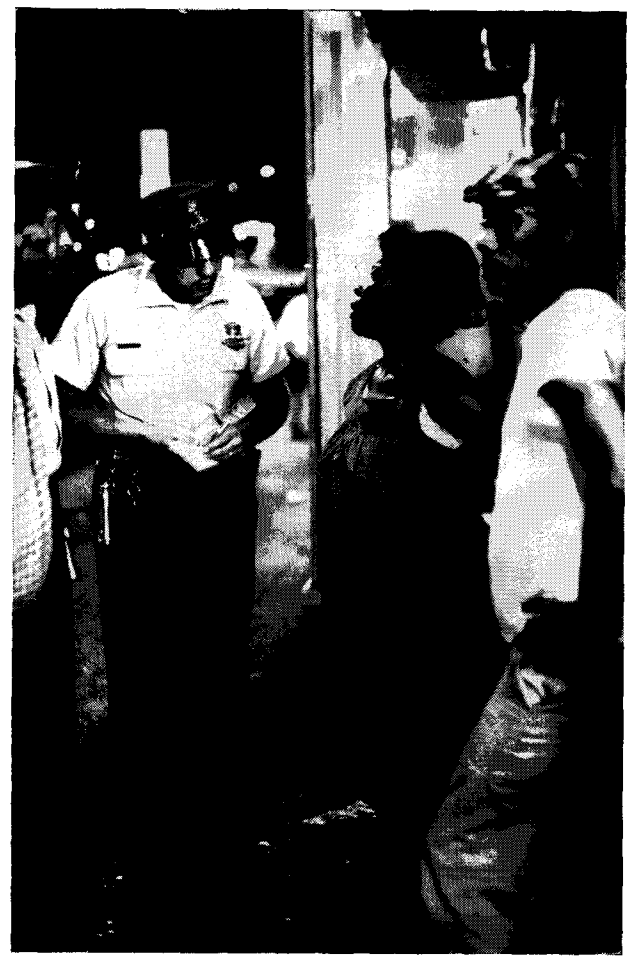
this is actually progress, noting that crime in major American cities is up a total 21 percent. Yet crimes of violence are rising drastically. Rapes in Detroit in 1968 totaled 954, compared with 733 in 1967, an increase of 30.2 percent. Robberies were up from 11,973 in 1967 to 13,774 in 1968, an increase of 15 percent. Assaults, burglaries, and larcenies were down—2.7 percent for assaults, one percent for burglaries, and 1.7 for larcenies. Auto thefts, however, jumped from 16,215 in 1967 to 19,303 in 1968, an increase of 19 percent. Overall, total serious crimes were up 3.3 percent; however, murder and rape, the most violent crimes, were up a chilling 31.7 percent. Recently the Detroit Streets and Railways, operator of the city's bus system, was forced to change to an exact fare and script system, because bus drivers were being robbed so frequently. Cabdrivers are demanding that bulletproof shields be installed in their cabs to separate passenger and driver seats. Much of downtown Detroit remains deserted at night. Said the Detroit *News* in a January editorial, "Detroit is in a fight for its life."

To put Detroit crime into perspective, then, it should be noted that interracial crime is in many cases exaggerated, and that the enemy is not, by and large, a stranger on a dark street, but often a relative or acquaintance. A recent analysis, for example, showed that 61 percent of Detroit's 315 homicides in 1967 were committed by Negroes against Negroes, that 44 percent were committed by relatives or acquaintances of the victim; that 69 percent of the 733 rapes were committed by Negroes against Negroes, that 64 percent were committed by relatives or acquaintances of the victim. (The national average, however, for interracial homicides and rapes in large cities is under 15 percent and often under 10 percent. Statistically speaking, Detroiters seem to have greater cause for fear of interracial attack than most other metropolitan residents.) Only in robberies were crimes committed largely by Negroes against whites, but whites make up the bulk of the self-employed businessmen and clerks in Detroit. In 1960, for example, Negroes constituted 1191 of 26,884 private self-employed businessmen, and 6167 of 71,110 clerks.

Many observers are convinced that Detroit's mushrooming homicide rate is tied to the city's post-riot increase in gun sales. In 1965, for example, Detroit police registered 4876 handguns. In 1966, the number jumped to 6416, and in 1967 to 10,416. For an eight-month period in 1968, police registered 13,145 handguns, almost three times the total for 1965. Moreover, the *use* of guns is also on the increase. In a five-month period in 1968, for example, the number of shootings totaled 580, an increase of 68.4 percent over the same period in 1967. Stabbings decreased markedly. Clearly, guns accelerate Detroit's homicide rate, but Common Council, always concerned about crime but dominated by conservatives, refused last year to pass a strict gun-control bill proposed by Cavanagh.

With the riot came an increasing hatred between police and Negroes. At the height of the riot, three Negro youths were gunned down in the



Algiers Motel, in the incident that became a *cause célèbre* in Detroit's Negro community. Three Detroit policemen and a private guard, a Negro, were linked to the killings, but now, more than a year and a half after the incident, the cases drag on in the courts. Last summer, three additional incidents occurred which served to upset further the already fragile police-Negro relations. In May, mounted police marched on demonstrators from the Poor People's Campaign at Cobo Hall, Detroit's convention center. Months later, two officers were disciplined by Spreen for their part in the encounter, but only after they had been singled out by officials from the Justice Department. In October, police marched on dissidents, both white and black, protesting a campaign appearance by George C. Wallace at Cobo Hall. A number of demonstrators were injured.

In November, off-duty Detroit policemen attend-

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ing a dance sponsored by the Detroit Police Officers Wives Association beat up a group of well-to-do Negro youths, who, according to the officers, had made obscene gestures to their wives. Spreen suspended nine officers because of the incident, and the Wayne County Prosecutor charged one with assault and battery and another with felonious assault. However, the actions came only after Mayor Cavanagh had angrily charged that a "blue curtain" of police secrecy—he meant the DPOA—was hampering the investigation. Interestingly, immediately upon being summoned to police headquarters, the accused policemen demanded their rights under the Miranda and Escobedo decisions, rights the DPOA for months had been condemning as unduly favoring criminals. Moreover, in an attempt to support the accused officers, the DPOA took the rather ironic step of hiring a private detective to do its investigating work. No evidence was gathered, however, to support police claims that they were harassed by Negro youths.

In late December, a Negro youth charged that he had been pistol-whipped by a Detroit police officer, and the charge again made bad headlines for police when Negro politicians amplified it and the Detroit *News* and the *Free Press* gave it page-one space. Police officials then suspended one of the officers involved—the fifteenth suspension since the Detroit riot. Now, police-Negro relations are at the breaking point.

Last summer, dozens of Detroit policemen angrily walked out on Tindal, then campaigning for Common Council, as he spoke at Common Council chambers against a proposal to allow Detroit police to live out of town. And on November 5 police anger at Cavanagh and other city officials was doubled when, by 26,000 votes, Detroit residents voted to weaken police pension benefits, a move that Cavanagh had campaigned for and the DPOA had opposed with an ad and billboard campaign that cost more than $250,000.

On top of this, it was revealed in December that New Detroit Inc., a high-powered thirty-nine-member committee of business and community leaders set up to guide Detroit's post-riot reconstruction, was going ahead with a $367,000 study of police practices and management of the Detroit Police Department. Spreen had opposed the study, believing that after twenty-four years of police work, he knew which management and crime-fighting practices were best, and that he should be given the opportunity to put these plans into practice. Individual Detroit policemen were also angry, making no bones about the fact that they view the New Detroit members as enemies of police. "The big guys are on the niggers' side," says one high-ranking officer. And Walter S. Nussbaum, a DPOA attorney, perhaps not unreasonably challenged the New Detroit executives to "leave their ivory towers and their pleasant suburban homes . . . [and] find their way more frequently into the precinct houses, bureaus and cars of the Detroit Police Department."

Parsell, whom Spreen has gone out of his way to court, voiced especially strong objection to the study, saying, "If Common Council, the mayor, and New Detroit would stop trying to make grandstand plays, we could be the most effective police department in the country. Right now, to the man on the street, a study of the police department means an investigation." The Detroit Police Department doesn't need an investigation, Parsell declared, saying that if New Detroit had $367,000 to give away, it ought to purchase a $50,000 helicopter, additional portable loudspeakers, and equipment to expand Spreen's new $8000 closed-circuit television system to monitor demonstrations. At the same time, in an editorial in the DPOA newspaper, *Tuebor,* Parsell explained the DPOA's battle plan:

> The DPOA has every right to speak out on issues affecting the welfare of its members. . . .
>
> Frankly, we would rather not get involved in politics. We believe we have a far more important job to do of working towards our goal of professionalism of the police. But until such a time as proper bargaining procedures can be made effective, we will not abandon the political arena, and [will] campaign in behalf of police causes and resist every attempt at "union-busting."
>
> The DPOA believes . . . the charges of police brutality are part of a nefarious plot by those who would like our form of government overthrown. The blueprint for anarchy calls for the destruction of the effectiveness of the police. Certainly it must be obvious that every incident is magnified and exploited with only one purpose. A lot of well-meaning people, without realizing their real role, are doing the job for the anarchists.

Then, to the amazement of libertarians, editorialists, and middle-of-the-roaders, Parsell (an NAACP member) added: "In the 1967 riot, when police were restricted in the beginning from exercising their legal powers, the situation got out of hand. When proper force was used in the Cobo Hall [incidents] . . . peace and order was [*sic*] restored."

Spreen has a number of plans to make the Detroit Police Department more efficient, beginning with expanding his Scooter Patrol, which he first devised in New York during a rash of Manhattan holdups and introduced to Detroit during the World Series. He has increased the number of scooters from 32 to 64, and hopes eventually to have 342 of them so that he will have scooter teams in all 13 precincts.

It is already clear that Spreen is experiencing

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difficulty in asserting his control over old-line command officers—the same problem that Edwards and Girardin had. In August, the mayor sent a private memo to Spreen directing that Negroes be hired at a 4 to 1 ratio over whites until the number of Negro officers, now at 8.6 percent of the force, was dramatically increased. A few days later, the letter turned up in the hands of Common Councilman Philip Van Antwerp, a former police inspector himself. Cavanagh, unaware that the letter had been leaked, denied at a news conference that any such order had gone out. Van Antwerp then gleefully released the letter, citing it as another example of Cavanagh's contributions to reduced police morale. Moreover, despite the mayor's order, top police officials continue to work against Negro recruitment. In an eleven-month period in 1968, 291 out of 2856 white applicants were hired as compared with 176 of the 2908 black applicants. Even allowing for more unqualified Negroes than whites, the evidence suggests to people like Councilman Tindal that high-level police administrators are opposed to Negro recruitment. One observer says flatly, "There's some hanky-panky here," meaning that Robert Quaid, police personnel director, and other officials are putting obstacles in the way of Negro recruitment.

Even people that Spreen has already won over—like Marvin Brown, the Negro community relations aide—believe that Spreen must now begin to strengthen his control. Shortly after Spreen appointed Brown, Van Antwerp obtained material from classified police files suggesting that a decade before, when Brown had applied to become a patrolman, he had failed his police tests. Cavanagh and Spreen were then forced to defend Brown, as was Brown himself, saying, "The reason I was turned down was because I was too aggressive for a colored boy." Ranking police officials were obviously involved in helping Van Antwerp obtain information from Brown's file.

Additionally, during the bitter November election campaign, Spreen requested his officers not to put bumper stickers on city cars or campaign while in uniform. The request was ignored. Says one observer: "Spreen can't be a hero to the troops, and do his job as commissioner. He's got to stop trying to woo the DPOA."

CLEARLY, the Detroit police force needs to be drastically improved. First it must make real efforts to increase the number of black officers. Says Richard Marks: "Even the white bigots want black officers on the police force. The only guys who don't are the white cops themselves." At present, Negroes constitute about 14 percent of Detroit's population between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one, the basic age-group from which Detroit police recruit. The Negro police should therefore be upped to 14 percent; ultimately, they should constitute 40 percent, the same percentage as Negroes represent in the total Detroit population figure. The Civil Rights Commission's Tom Johnson says, "Every person who is qualified ought to be hired, it's that simple."

Quaid, the personnel director, says, "We're hiring every Negro we can—as long as they pass the tests," adding, "Frankly, we're making concessions to get Negroes on the force." Whoever is right, the Tindals or the Quaids, the fact remains that Detroit must re-examine its police qualification standards in an attempt to increase the hiring of blacks. Special Detroit-schools-sponsored courses to help promising Negroes qualify is one suggestion that liberals advance. Carefully monitored selection that would disregard at least some police records of Negro applicants is another. In addition, the naming of some black precinct commanders (all but two of the thirteen commanders are white) would certainly be a spur toward black recruitment. Spreen himself says, "If we are to give more than lip service to the objective of dramatically increasing the ratio of Negro officers, ordinary efforts will not produce the desired results." He vows that "if unprecedented steps are necessary," the Detroit police will take them. Now, he must carry through on that promise.

Second, the Detroit police training is abysmal. The Detroit Police Academy, for example, lasts just 12 weeks, with class time totaling some 400 hours, hardly a period to prepare a man to face the problems that police are confronted with daily, and hardly in line with the 9000 training hours that lawyers receive, the 11,000 for doctors, the 5000 for undertakers.

Under Commissioner Girardin, a police-training course, in which about 200 officers are now enrolled, was set up at Detroit's Wayne State University, but officers who wish to enroll must pass the Wayne State University entrance examinations. This means that many officers are automatically disqualified because of their lack of schooling. An on-force training program to alter police behavior, to teach officers to resist taunts that helped spark the incidents at Cobo Hall, and ultimately, to change police attitudes is mandatory. Even Parsell, the conservative DPOA chief, agrees.

Detroit's Citizens Complaint Bureau must be reformed, so that the disciplining of errant police officers is assured. Of 102 allegations of police abuse or misconduct, involving 150 officers, upheld by the CCB from 1965 to 1967, not one has ended in the discharge of an officer, and fewer than 10 officers suffered loss of pay.

In addition, Detroit must use its manpower to the best advantage. A recent look at police records

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showed that only 2232 of the then 4706 Detroit police officers were assigned to the precincts, where effective crime prevention must begin. Moreover, only 1985 officers, 42 percent of the total force, were assigned to street patrol. Indeed, on the Sunday morning when the Detroit riot began, there were only 193 men on the street.

Beyond that, many people feel that the citizens of Detroit must be given the opportunity to observe, if not participate in, the police discipline structure. Tindal favors citizen representation on the police trial board. Edwards seems to favor a police-community ombudsman. Others, like Sheila Murphy, the twenty-four-year-old head of the Ad Hoc Action Committee—Citizens of Detroit, a 200-member police-watching group, advocate a citywide governing board to make recommendations to Spreen and Cavanagh for administering the police force. The Michigan *Chronicle* declares, "Nothing short of civilian control will relieve the uneasy peace which now hovers over our city."

Most important, the upper-level command structure in Detroit must be cleaned out, for it is here, observers say, that improper police attitudes and actions are condoned and civilian control is opposed.

In addition, Reverend Hubert Locke suggests that when men take police examinations, they also should take college entrance examinations. If they pass, suggests Locke, the men should be required to finish two years of college as they finish their first three years on the Detroit police force. Locke also suggests that specific penalties, such as a year in jail, be spelled out for infractions of rules of conduct. Police would then think twice before committing infractions that presently end, at the most, in brief suspensions.

Most of all, Detroiters and the suburbanites, who also benefit from efficient police performance, must realize that police service should be upgraded, and that money must be found to accomplish this goal —the $30.4 million that it will take each year, for example, just to pay the salaries and pension benefits of the 1690 additional policemen that Spreen and Cavanagh say Detroit must have if its streets are to be safe. If bumper stickers and speeches by politicians were any indication, Detroit would be solidly behind its police. Sadly, this is not the case. When Spreen decided to purchase his first 32 scooters, for example, he was forced to bypass a bureaucracy-bound Common Council, and tap the Detroit business community for $10,000. Furthermore, once the $367,000 New Detroit police study is completed, Detroit's business and community leaders must be as dedicated in implementing its recommendations as they were in setting up the study. "Unless it's implemented," says Brown, "it doesn't mean a thing."

Trigger-Pullers

We found nine incidents in which the violence was initiated by the police, about one every three days. In some cases, the incendiary role of the police was an indirect one and/or within that gray area between legality and extralegality. In others, the police outrightly initiated, and in effect, monopolized, the violent acts without any discernible legal foundation—what one observer called "a riot by men in blue uniforms."

Aside from the obvious injustice, such police conduct turns peaceful demonstrations into violent ones. We argue that peaceful demonstrations are a very useful instrument in our society, and that they should be separated as much as possible from violent ones in the public's (and authorities') minds. Police riots have the opposite effect. They help to blur the line between the two kinds of demonstrations, when, in fact, it needs to be sharpened; they tend to block an essential channel of political expression, and tend to increase the possibility of violence in future demonstrations. The ways the police can be made more professional in general and more respectful of citizens' rights to demonstrate in particular is a subject beyond our domain here, but we strongly recommend all possible measures be taken to professionalize police handling of demonstrations—that is, to train them to restrain themselves in the enforcement of the law within legal bounds in face of mounting provocations. The London police showed the way when it refused to lose its "cool" when deliberately provoked by a Maoist faction of a large antiwar demonstration in October, 1968. It won the praise of the government, press, and public, and allowed the demonstration to close as it began—peacefully.

—Amitai Etzioni, from a policy paper prepared for the President's National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence.

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Boston — *"It's not that we're against anyone having a good time," says one of Boston's vice squad patrolmen, "but prostitutes bring the mug boys, the addicts, the robberies, the serious assaults." Bruce McCabe is a thirty-one-year-old reporter for the Boston* Herald Traveler. *The names he uses are not the real ones.*

On the Vice Beat

by Bruce McCabe

It is a rainy Monday night in March. Special Officer Pat Donahue and his partner, Vincent Angelo Cella, drive slowly up Washington Street in Boston in an unmarked dark-green 1964 Ford sedan. The windshield wiper has no discernible blade, and Donahue can barely see what is ahead. The manual shift keeps popping out of place.

As the car passes Lena's Original 16 Submarine Sandwiches and the Washington Discount Sales, Cella observes that the streets are virtually deserted. "A guy's just paid off his Christmas bills, he's got his Easter bills, and his income tax, and he hasn't got an extra ten or fifteen dollars to get laid," he says.

Past the Center Theater ("In Color, 2,000 Maniacs! *Color Me Blood Red* and *Blood Feast*") and the Amusement Center (Voice Recordings, Photos, Lunch Bar). Cella recalls a newspaper story in which a Philadelphia vice cop became a millionaire pimp until his wife found out and blew the whistle on him. Donahue laughs. They are passing the New England Barber School, the Pilgrim Theater ("Two Russ Meyer Hits! *Good Morning & Good-bye* and *Mondo Topless*"), and the Brewster Rooms (Moderate Rates Daily & Weekly, Lockers). "We were looking for Estelle for I and D and two rookies let her go," Donahue says, shaking his head. "I saw that fag with the beret on Tremont Street the other night," says Cella, peering out the passenger side.

Past the Downtown Lounge ("Now Appearing, The Maxima & Their Revue Plus The Jewel") and the Air-Conditioned Billiards, past Johnny C's Soulplace East and the State Theater (*Prowl Girls* and *Run, Swinger, Run*). "There's Annie. I thought she was goin' to Montreal to have her baby," says Cella. "She's givin' up hookin' for Lent," says Donahue.

Past the Intermission Lounge ("Now Appearing, Roger Pace, King of Soul"), the Center Coffee Shop (Hamburg plate and Fried Potatoes, 85¢), and Big John's Oldies But Goodies Land. "What happened on Mass. Avenue? I thought there was a girl over there giving out her key," says Donahue. "We'll pick her up in three months; she's wanted on a default warrant," says Cella.

Donahue stops the car in front of Ziggy's, a hole-in-the-wall bar, and gets out. At forty he is a large man with a round, pleasant Irish face masking hard blue eyes. He wears a raincoat through most of the winter and smokes cigars. He has a facility for understatement, but will get angry if he thinks his easy manner is being misunderstood.

Cella's door sticks. He can only get out on the driver's side. Cella is short, compact, and thirty-one. He has tried smoking cigars, but can't stand the smell. He is serious, intense about his job, and he watches Donahue's every move. He wears a car coat.

The two go into Ziggy's. The bartender is doing a crossword puzzle at one end of the bar while two lesbians sit drinking beer at the other. Donahue identifies the woman in curlers with the massive shoulders as Sonia Shaw, a bull-dagger, or male partner in the twosome. She is white, but Donahue says she is married to "a colored fag, and she could stand a pinch [arrest]." Her drinking companion, also white, is the femme, or woman partner, says Donahue, adding: "She goes with Chu-Chu Brown, a nigger butcher, and after one drink, she'll try to scratch your eyes out." Roger Miller sings on the jukebox at the rear of the room. For a moment Donahue eyes the girls, and chews moodily on a dead cigar butt. They continue their conversation without looking at him. The bartender looks up coldly, and says, "Everything OK?"

"It's raining," Donahue says. The detectives turn and leave.

Some pinches are almost too easy.

"I don't care what happens, as long as I come home in one piece," says Mary Hunicott, climb-

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ing into the back seat of Donahue and Cella's unmarked car.

The car is parked in front of the shabby Edwards Hotel at Broadway and Tremont. The detectives are drinking coffee out of cardboard cups and have the windows down to clear the steam off the windshield when Mary approaches the car. She is from New Hampshire and so new to the ways of the big city that she can't tell tricks from vice cops. In her business, this is a fatal error.

The cops look Mary over carefully, appraising the stock. She is no bargain. She is acne-scarred on the right cheek, and her blond hair is shaved close to the scalp. She is wearing black boots, Levi's, and a man's white shirt. She looks like an undernourished boy.

"I'm gay, and I don't like to hook, but I'm getting hungry," she tells the cops in a high state of agitation. "I'm living with a nice old Negro man on West Concord Street who's got a temperature of a hundred and four and needs help. He's out like a light. I know you're not interested in the story of my life, but I need money."

Cella reaches down casually to shut off the sputtering two-way radio under the dashboard. "What are you offering?" he asks. A prostitute cannot be arrested until she does three things: solicits her victim, names her price, and indicates what she will do for the money.

"You name it," says Mary Hunicott. "Straight will cost fifteen dollars, French five dollars each, and a half-and-half, twenty dollars."

Her frankness embarrasses Cella. "What a hot ticket you are," he says.

Mary answers, "I'm only being myself."

"Where will we go? Where's your place?" Donahue asks.

"We can't go to my place. The guy I'm living with is sick. I don't know what he'll do when he wakes up and finds me gone. Besides, he thinks I'm a boy. He likes little boys."

"We'll take you to our place," Cella says.

Mary gets in, and Donahue wheels the car in a big U-arc, pointing it in the direction of police headquarters, three blocks away.

"I have this little racket," says Mary, confidentially. "I find guys who like little boys, and then I get them to give me money to stay with them, and then I run off. I've been in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and Lord knows where, and I've never been so scared in my life."

"Don't be scared," says Donahue. "You're goin' in for prostitution."

Mary says, "You're cops." She is both terrified and relieved. "You can't book me. I merely offered. You can't book me without catching me in the act."

"We can't?" says Donahue.

"I read it in a psychology book," says Mary.

"You better read it again."

Being arrested by her tricks makes Mary react in a curious way. She is humble, almost a little girl. "I've never been in trouble before. Gee, just because a person gets hungry . . ." She is defiant. "I've made cops before, they're no angels. You guys should be going after the active ones, not ones like me." She talks in fits and starts on the three-minute ride to headquarters.

"I've spent my whole life in orphanages and foster homes. My mother wanted a boy. My wallet's in Saugus. I've got no identification and I don't care. Why don't you put me down as a homosexual, get it all down? I'm a special case. I used to be on the track team in school. I can run on ice and snow. That's why they think I'm a boy." The car pulls up in front of police headquarters. "Oh, well, at least I'll get some food here. What the hell."

Inside, Cella takes Mary's statement, implausible, contradictory, and at times incoherent. Then he takes her in the elevator to the third floor to be fingerprinted and mugged.

A shirt-sleeved cop takes Mary's right hand. He carefully presses each digit on an ink pad and then rolls it back and forth across a paper. "I believe this is a girl. We can tell by the prints," says the cop. Even Mary wants to cooperate in solving the riddle. "I've got a curve on my thigh. Every girl has one. Take a look at it."

She is told to sit on a stool. She does, and looks straight ahead while her picture is taken by the shirt-sleeved cop. "Hold it now—that's it—OK—easy does it," he tells her, as if he were photographing her for the society page. "You can wash the ink off your hands in the sink over there," he says.

"What's her name?" says the shirt-sleeved cop to Cella while taking out a book.

"Call me Mary Hunicott," says Mary. "That sounds nice."

She goes over to a hard bench and sits on it, lighting up a cigarette. "I gave the first nickel I ever made to a deaf-mute. I've been in Rochester and Manchester, New Hampshire, and Windham, New Hampshire. At one time, I was making one hundred and twenty dollars a week. That was two-fifty an hour," Mary says.

"That's nice," says the shirt-sleeved cop disinterestedly.

"I was raped in Laconia, New Hampshire," persists Mary. "Raped and chloroformed. I don't know who did it. I raced cycle for a while. I went to school with Grace Metalious' son. Did he get his mother's money?" She laughs nervously. "Is it true people laugh when they're scared?"

A sullen long-haired youth in handcuffs is brought into the room. "Get over there," says the uniformed cop with him, pointing to an area in the approximate vicinity of Mary Hunicott. Smoldering

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with indignation, the youth moves over to the area.

"That's Agnes and that's Gertrude," says Mary, pointing to virtually nonexistent breasts under her shirt. She is still trying to get the attention of the shirt-sleeved cop. "Would you believe in June I was almost a 36B? But I stopped taking hormones, and I lost twenty-five pounds. I'm a lezzie. It's just oral sodomy. I want to go live in Illinois. When you get to be twenty-one in Illinois, you can do what you want."

She turns to the boy in handcuffs. "I had a bra on yesterday," she says proudly. "I really looked like a girl." He looks at her, not comprehending.

"You're not really different," says the shirt-sleeved cop. "You think you are, but you aren't."

"I know," Mary says. "I hate to admit it, but it's true."

The shirt-sleeved cop turns to Cella. "Better get her out of here, she's exciting me."

THAT skinny one in the sweater, we're scoopin' her," says Donahue, peering through his binoculars.

Somehow it is difficult to reconcile this Donahue, sitting behind the wheel of his car in a darkened, trash-littered alley, hunched up in his dirty raincoat, with the other Donahue. The other Donahue sits in the wall-to-wall-carpeted living room of his home, listening to Mantovani on the stereo and exchanging childish banter with his daughters and son. His shirt is open at the neck; he is smoking a good cigar; it is Sunday afternoon, and he is at peace with the world.

"I didn't know if I'd like working with prostitutes, junkies, and filth," says Donahue. "It's not the cleanest job in the city."

In fact, when he joined the Boston police force on April 21, 1956, it was "on a gamble—I wasn't keen on it at first." Donahue felt he had been boxed into the decision. His father, a Boston patrolman, had died of a heart attack at forty-nine, leaving Donahue, at twenty-one and in the Navy, the sole support of his mother and three sisters.

After serving eight years in the Navy Donahue went to work for his uncle in the taxi business. But whatever future there might have been vanished when plans for the new Southeast Expressway were announced. The road was going straight through his uncle's taxi business. Donahue was married and the father of two small children, and he was still taking care of his mother. He needed security. He decided to become a cop. He almost failed the physical. He weighed 138 pounds, 16 less than the required minimum. He finally passed after several nights of feasting on loaves of Jewish rye bread, cottage cheese, bananas, and large quantities of water.

After almost thirteen years in the Department and six years with the vice unit, Donahue looks at his job unemotionally.

"I like it, although the job has its pitfalls and I get disgusted," he says. "Especially now, with people's view of the police. The guff you have to take. Their attitudes have changed in the last seven or eight years. At one time, everyone respected the police. I guess a majority of people respect them now. But certain elements don't. The law-abiding average people do. Anyway, I've got too much time invested in this to get out now. What else could I do at the age of forty?"

Donahue and his partner, Cella, have worked together for four years. They know their strengths and weaknesses; how each thinks and will react in almost unimaginable circumstances. Their hours are 8 P.M. to 3 A.M., although they can stretch to 5 or 6 A.M. on busy weekends. The hours are determined by the whores. "The girls are smart," says Donahue. "For a while, they'd ride by the office around 3 A.M. to see if our lights were on and if our own cars were still parked outside. Now we leave the office lights on all the time, and we park our own cars all over Boston."

The salary is $160 a week, plus an average of $36 a week extra for court appearances. All overtime on the job is applied toward days off. There is no overtime pay. Although both are called detectives, they have not yet been awarded the grade or the $6 extra a week the grade bestows. Half-jokingly, Donahue says they haven't got the grade because "we don't know a politician." He says: "We'd get it if we caught a couple of bullets."

Vincent Angelo Cella is an unabashed homebody and family man. As one watches him play with his three-month-old daughter in the kitchen of his home, it is difficult to visualize him taking falsies and wigs from homosexuals, looking through women's purses, or telling a whore with a black eye: "To get a kiss from me, you have to earn it."

Cella joined the police department in 1962. He was always being urged by his father, a laborer with the city's public works department, to take the Civil Service exams. Cella was also tired of being a cutter, operating a machine which cut cloth and plas-

Any . . . inspector will tell you that without respect for the policeman, his job is not possible. There are not enough police in the world to police a nation that does not wish to be policed.

—David B. Wilson, the Boston Sunday *Globe*
November 3, 1968

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tics for a manufacturer of babies' padded furniture. And, as he put it, "I like the outdoors."

The men began policing vice activities after being scouted by lieutenants in the unit. Donahue was asked by a lieutenant who had watched him as a witness in several appeals cases and wanted someone who knew his way around the courts and the law. Cella was recruited temporarily for vice work after only three months as a foot patrolman. He was involved mostly in narcotics and drug work and was used occasionally as a decoy for bar girls. "With a day's growth of beard, Vinnie looks like a North End thug," says Donahue.

After four years, Cella feels a missionary zeal about his work on the vice squad. "We get these runaway kids, and we try to straighten them out. Sometimes they understand us, sometimes they don't. When I was a kid, if there was a problem in the house, the iron fist was shown. There has to be discipline in the house, either the mother or the father. If the girls get vicious, you have to be strict with them. Show them the iron fist."

The work is frustrating.

Donahue and Cella go into the lobby of the Stevens Hotel, where the assistant night manager cashes their paychecks every Thursday. Donahue calls the assistant night manager "the cock-eyed pest" because one of his eyes is off-center and because he greets them the same way every Thursday: "You should have been here ten minutes ago."

They drive over to check the Fitzgibbons Hotel, a flophouse on Tremont Street. On the way over, they see Amanda, a large, horsy Negro prostitute of about fifty. Donahue rolls down the window. "Better get off the streets, Amanda, you're the best whore we got." As they continue on, Donahue explains that Amanda is a "screamer," and that when she is taken to court, she becomes hysterical. One judge has warned that any detective who brings Amanda into his courtroom will get a jail sentence himself.

Donahue and Cella pull up in front of the Fitzgibbons Hotel just as Beverly, an attractive Negro prostitute, hurries out.

"C'mere, Bev. What are you runnin' for?" calls out Donahue. Beverly once worked as an IBM operator, but she is now a whore and a junkie. She is also the state's prime witness in a murder trial, and well aware that Vice has been told to leave her alone.

"I'm just tryin' to earn money to get out of town," she says sulkily.

"What's on?" says Donahue.

"Nothin'."

"You still with Trotta or what?" Lou Trotta is a sergeant in Homicide who has designated Beverly untouchable for the vice unit. But Beverly knows Donahue knows what her status is and doesn't answer.

"Is that your car?" Donahue points to a dirty old Thunderbird. Again no answer.

"All right, get out of here," he says.

Beverly gets into the Thunderbird and drives off.

Donahue goes into the lobby of the Fitzgibbons in a foul mood. He goes over to the night desk clerk, an old man with a shriveled-up face who is reading a paperback. "Didn't I tell you last week the Navy complained about sailors getting the clap here?" he says. "Do I have to draw you a picture?"

"It wasn't me," the old man says. "It must've been the day man."

Donahue sits down at his office telephone to check out a number. Over his head, on the green washed-out walls, is a wooden plaque which reads "God Bless Our Home." Next to it is a "Certificate of Decency Award," which reads: "Stamp out Smut: To the Vice Control Unit, This Establishment Has Been Approved by the Hyannis Civic Association as Upholding Standards of Decency." The artifacts have been there long enough so that no one knows whether or not irony is intended.

The telephone number Donahue has on a scrap of paper was given to him by a sergeant who got it from a lieutenant. The information is that the girl's name is Phyllis, that she charges $30 for a "house call," and that she will invite you to her apartment if you tell her the Carter's Milk man told you to call. Donahue is reasonably fast in repartee with girls on the street, but the telephone is not his medium. He is also uneasy because the number went through so many hands before it came to him. He dials.

"What do you want?" says an older woman's voice sharply at the other end. Donahue is thrown off stride.

"My name's Donahue, and I'm in—uh—Room 912 at the Martinsdale. The Carter's Milk man told me to call."

"The which?"

"The Carter's Milk man."

"I don't need no milkman. I get my milk at the store."

Donahue wonders, Is this a code? "Is this Phyllis?"

"No, it ain't. You got the wrong number." She hangs up.

"Someday I'll get my diploma from the School for Making Lousy Pinches," says Donahue, crumpling the paper.

Later that evening, Donahue and Cella made two more mistakes. They stopped a white man and a Negro girl on Columbus Avenue and asked them

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for identification. The woman turned out to be a quite respectable housewife, mother of three children, who was being relocated by Urban Renewal. She was looking for a new apartment with the help of the man, a representative of the Boston Redevelopment Authority. In spite of apologies on the part of Donahue and Cella, the man and woman telephoned a complaint into headquarters.

Cella went trailing after three white girls in a Volkswagen on Columbus Avenue, sure that they were prostitutes. They turned out to be social workers. A complaint was made to headquarters.

In the corner of the vice unit office sit two drunks on a bench. One is saying the Lord's Prayer. The other one says, "I'm shivering. Why am I shivering?"

"You've got a package on," says Donahue. "Just live off the fat of the land for a while." He looks over at Alice emptying her handbag on a nearby table, at his request. Alice's blond hair is filthy and wrapped in a bun. Her little girl's face is heavily rouged. She weighs about 185 and could be anywhere between thirty and fifty. She wears a print dress under a black sweater, white fishnet stockings, and pumps. Alice may have been in the ball game years ago, but she is out of it now.

Somehow, the pathos and absurdity of what Donahue calls the endless race come back to focus on this woman, emptying a tacky little handbag in front of two drunks and two vice cops. The white bird dogs drive back to their unhappy marriages in suburbia, back to the respectability. The pimps, enjoying a peculiar immunity from arrest, will get other girls to work for them. Crackdowns on prostitution come and go, blowing hot and cold. But somehow it all gets back to Alice, emptying her purse in the police station.

Everybody has an explanation, a rationale, for the endless race. "It's not that we're against anyone having a good time," says Donahue. "It's that the prostitutes bring the mug boys, the addicts, the robberies, and the serious assaults. A guy can get his wallet grabbed, get his car stolen, or get beaten up. We shipped a guy to City Hospital in an ambulance with his throat cut ear to ear by a razor. These guys don't know some of these girls carry five-inch razors in their hairdos, or in matchbooks. Some tricks get blackmailed. We had a girl who would pick up guys in bars, sleep with them, and take their wallets. The guy would get a call from her at the office a couple of months later and she'd say, 'Remember me? I'm pregnant, and it'll cost $400 to take care of it.'"

Cella's rationale is more literal.

"Chapter 272, Section 53 of the General Laws of Massachusetts says that if there is proper evidence a girl is engaging in prostitution, she shall be convicted, subject to a fine of up to two hundred dollars and six months in the House of Correction, either or both. That's the law on the books, and the policeman is charged with upholding it."

Even the prostitutes themselves don't have much to worry about. The standard sentence upon conviction is three months suspended and a year's probation. The unwritten proviso is that she leave town for a year. Besides, as Cella puts it, "A girl can earn back in two hours what she pays in a fine."

"I'm not going to cause any trouble," Alice tells Donahue and Cella. "That's my birth certificate—that's my insurance policy. Don't take that one, Officer, that's my picture."

"It's Elvis Presley," says Donahue, regarding the picture with surprise.

Checking her arms for tracks, Donahue looks at her right arm and says: "Those are cigarette burns."

"They're tattoos," says Alice.

"Don't tell me what they are. Who gave them to you?" he says sharply.

Cella looks up from the report he is writing at his desk. "Every time the police car came around, this bum would signal her from the corner," he says.

"I'm staying with a man and his wife. The man is sleeping with his wife," says Alice, biting her nails. Then: "I was threatened into doing this."

"Who is he?" says Donahue. It is apparent he is angry now. "Who is this pimp? We'll bring him in."

Alice looks at Donahue in terror. "One's name is Sid," she says carefully. "I met them on the South side. I don't recognize the other one. But I recognize Sid's face."

"What's this pimp's last name?" says Donahue.

"He steals cars, then he changes the plates," says Alice, talking rapidly. "This is the first time I've been out on the street. They usually bring the tricks to me. I told you I'm not going to cause any trouble. It's better down in South Carolina. They're more decent down there. At least the colored guys don't take you over."

"Did he ever beat you up?" Donahue asks.

"Yes—"

"With his hands?"

"—because I won't do what he wants. He carries a gun, a Luger, with him all the time. I'm deathly scared of him. What will I do when he finds out I'm not coming home?"

Donahue says: "Do you want to make a phone call?"

"I have no one to call," Alice says. She begins to cry.

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Abuses of Police Power

The apparently irrational and sometimes provocative behavior of the police in street conflicts has often raised the question whether the police deliberately encourage violence or at least disorderly behavior from a troublemaker in order to show that he really is an offender and to provide grounds for removing him from the street by arrest. This is one of the unresolved questions about police behavior, and one that is central to an understanding of police abuses. If the police react in a rough manner to provocation from citizens, if they in fact themselves behave in a rude and ham-handed fashion, that is one problem, but it is quite another if the police deliberately provoke to violence people they believe to be troublemakers.

The consensus among the authorities who have studied the problem is that the police do sometimes try to provoke violence in order to make an arrest. It is logical to think that policemen will try such things with outcasts, whom they fear and dislike and would prefer to see in jail. One young Negro in a ghetto neighborhood in Brooklyn, who had the reputation of being a "cop fighter," complained that the police would not let him alone. Whenever they saw him on the street they slowed down their cars and asked him if he wanted to fight. In New York City, however, I think that the challenge by a policeman to physical combat, or even to a public disturbance, is the exception. In most cases, even if a policeman wanted to use such crude tactics, they would not be necessary. The New York police are sophisticated enough in drawing charges and making them stick not to need an actual act of physical violence to arrest anyone. If they feel that a man is a troublemaker, they can, unfortunately, charge him with resisting arrest, without the necessity of risking injury to an officer.

The worst problem in street-corner incidents is not that of police quarreling with citizens. Most such quarrels, while never admirable, are at least understandable; they are much like quarrels between private citizens. The worst abuse is not even the police hitting people in such quarrels; pugnacious citizens hit others in private disputes every day. The root problem is the abuse of power, the fact that the police not only hit a man but arrest him. Once they have arrested him, of course, lying becomes an inevitable part of the procedure of making the quarrel look like a crime, and thus the lie is the chief abuse with which we must come to grips. If the police simply hit a man and let him go, there would be an abuse of the authority conferred by the uniform and the stick, but not the compound abuse of hitting a man and then dragging him to court on criminal charges, really a more serious injury than a blow. One's head heals up, but a criminal record never goes away. There is no more embittering experience in the legal system than to be abused by the police and then be tried and convicted on false evidence.

Police abuse and consequent conviction on false evidence are a combination which feeds the impulse to riot; once respect for the legal process is gone, grievances can be expressed only by force. Despite these obvious repercussions upon community relations, it is rare that anyone is abused without being criminally charged, not only because of the rationale for such abuses ("he was guilty anyhow") but because the policeman is likely to get into trouble if he lets an abused person go free. There is nothing to cover a later accusation of abuse if an arrest has not been made.

There can be no doubt that police lying is the most pervasive of all abuses. In most cases we studied, there was a lie whenever there was a criminal trial. If the charge was disorderly conduct, officers lied to create a breach of the peace where none existed. If the charge was assault or obstructing an officer, they supplied blows by the defendant when none had been struck. In the police canon of ethics, the lie is justified in the same way as the arrest: as a vindication of police authority, by proving that defiance of the police is a crime in fact if not in law. A member of a pariah group, or anyone who defies the police, being guilty at heart and sometimes potentially guilty in fact, deserves to be punished out of hand. Besides, the police dislike such people so much that they consider them unworthy of the protection of the law. By lying, the police enforce these folkways of their own, while preserving the shell of due process of law. Not surprisingly, police lying is a problem on which little reliable research has been done.

This is a fragment from a detailed discussion of false arrest and police cover-ups in Paul Chevigny's Police Power, *just published by Pantheon.*

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What Makes a Better Policeman

by James Q. Wilson

Everyone wants a better police force, but the disturbing conclusion of most police experts is that the proper remedies are still to be tried. The author, whose recently published Varieties of Police Behavior (*Harvard University Press*) *promises to become a classic in the field, outlines the sources of disagreement and chronicles past frustrations with reform. Professor Wilson teaches government at Harvard and is a former director of the Harvard-MIT Joint Center for Urban Studies.*

Current discussions of the problems of the American police seem fraught with paradox. While everyone seems to agree about remedies, criticisms of the police arise out of radically different conceptions of the police function. Some people see the police as the chief means of ending or reducing "crime in the streets"; others see them as an agency by which white society confines and suppresses black ghettos; still others view them as an organization caught on the grinding edge of a class conflict among competing standards of order and propriety. Yet despite these utterly disparate diagnoses, the prescribed treatment tends to be quite conventional and generally endorsed—higher salaries, better training, clearer policies, more modern equipment. And a further paradox: despite this apparent agreement on what should be done, little, in fact, happens. In some places, voters and politicians appear to be universally sympathetic to the needs of the police, but they are unwilling to appropriate more money to meet those needs. In other places, the extra funds have been spent but the criticisms remain—little, apparently, has changed.

One reason for this confusion or inaction lies, I believe, in the fact that the police perform a number of quite different functions. The controversies in which the police are embroiled reveal this as various disputants emphasize crime prevention, or law enforcement, or the maintenance of order, or political power. Liberty, order, legitimacy—important and fundamental values are in conflict. The adherents of various points of view take refuge in a common (and perhaps peculiarly American) set of proposals: spend money, hire better men, buy more things. I suspect that spending more money and hiring better men *are* essential to police improvement, but I also suspect that one reason so little extra money is spent and so few men are hired is that beneath our agreement on means, we remain in deep disagreement on ends. Spend the money on *what*, and *why*? What *is* a "better" policeman, anyway?

This is not a new issue. The history of the Ameri-

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can municipal police is in great part a history of struggles to define their role in our society. What makes the controversy so intense today is only partly that it is linked to the question of race; indeed, in the past the police have repeatedly been in conflict with new urban migrants of whatever color. The reason for the heat generated by the police question is probably the same as the reason for the emotions aroused by the crime issue: we compare present circumstances with an earlier period when we thought we had solved the problem. Police behavior, like crime, was not a major issue in the 1940s and 1950s. When the police did become an issue, it was usually because a department was found to be corrupt, and that discovery produced a standard response—bring in a reform chief, reorganize the force, and get back to work.

CROOK CATCHERS

That work was law enforcement, or so it was thought. The job of the police was to prevent crime and catch crooks. Corruption was a serious problem because it seemed to mean that crime was not being prevented and crooks were not being caught. Organized criminals were buying protection, or petty thieves were putting in a "fix," or the police themselves were stealing on the side. Reforming a department not only meant ending corruption and alliances with criminals; it also meant improving training and developing new methods—more courses on crime detection, tighter departmental discipline to prevent misconduct, better equipment to facilitate getting to the scene of a crime and analyzing clues. When the public was invited to inspect a refurbished department, it was shown the new patrol cars, the new crime laboratory, the new communications center, and perhaps the new pistol range. The policeman was portrayed as a "crime fighter," and to an important degree, of course, he was.

> *There has . . . been a traditional political resistance to educating the police. The root of this resistance lies deeply imbedded in what seems to me to be a prevailing, but rarely stated, political attitude that if the police are encouraged to become professional, and thus are made more effective, they will become a much less controllable arm of the executive branch of government and hence less amenable to the interests of political influences that almost always lead to partial rather than impartial enforcement of law.*
> — Robert Sheehan, "Police Education and Training," *Law and Disorder*, Tufts University.

But that was not all or even the most important thing he was. Given the nature of the crime problem, it was impossible for him to be simply a crime fighter. Most crime is not prevented and most criminals are not caught, even in the best-run, best-manned departments. Murder, for example, is a "private" crime, occurring chiefly off the streets and among "friends" or relatives. No police methods can prevent it, and only general domestic disarmament, an unlikely event, might reduce it. Many, if not most, assaults are similarly immune from police deterrence. Most crimes against property—burglary, auto theft, larceny—are also crimes of stealth, and though the police might, by various means, cut the rate somewhat, they cannot cut it greatly because they cannot be everywhere at once. Street crimes—robberies, muggings, purse snatches—are more susceptible to police deterrence than any other kind, though so far few, if any, departments have had the resources or the community support to carry out a really significant strategy to prevent street crime.

The result of this state of affairs is that though some police departments are regarded as "backward" and others as "modern" and "professional," neither kind seems able to bring about a substantial, enduring reduction of the crime rate. If this is true, then the characterization of the police as primarily crime fighters places them in a potentially embarrassing position, that of *being judged by a goal they cannot attain*. In the 1950s, when crime rates were either stabilized or ignored, this awkward situation and the police response to it were not apparent.

What most policemen were doing even when they were being thought of as crime fighters was not so much enforcing the law as maintaining order. In a recent study, I have tried to show what makes up the routine workload of patrolmen, the police rank which has the largest number of men. The vast majority of police actions taken in response to citizen calls involve either providing a service (getting a cat out of a tree or taking a person to a hospital) or managing real or alleged conditions of disorder (quarreling families, public drunks, bothersome teen-agers, noisy cars, and tavern fights). Only a small fraction of these calls involve matters of law enforcement, such as checking on a prowler, catching a burglar in the act, or preventing a street robbery. The disorders to which the police routinely respond are not large-scale. Riots and civil commotions are, in any given city, rare occurrences, and when they happen, the police act en masse, under central leadership.

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Rather, the maintenance of order involves handling disputes in which only two or three people participate and which arise out of personal misconduct, not racial or class grievances.

The difference between order maintenance and law enforcement is not simply the difference between "little stuff" and "real crime" or between misdemeanors and felonies. The distinction is fundamental to the police role, for the two functions involve quite dissimilar police actions and judgments. Order maintenance arises out of a dispute among citizens who accuse each other of being at fault; law enforcement arises out of the victimization of an innocent party by a person whose guilt must be proved. Handling a disorderly situation requires the officer to make a judgment about what constitutes an appropriate standard of behavior; law enforcement requires him only to compare a person's behavior with a clear legal standard. Murder or theft is defined, unambiguously, by statutes: public peace is not. Order maintenance rarely leads to an arrest; law enforcement (if the suspect can be found) typically does. Citizens quarreling usually want the officer to "do something," but they rarely want him to make an arrest (after all, the disputants are usually known or related to each other). Furthermore, whatever law is broken in a quarrel is usually a misdemeanor, and in most states, an officer cannot make a misdemeanor arrest unless he saw the infraction (which is rare) or unless one party or the other will swear out a formal complaint (which is even rarer).

Because an arrest cannot be made in most disorderly cases, the officer is expected to handle the situation by other means and on the spot, but the law gives him almost no guidance on how he is to do this; indeed, the law often denies him the right to do anything at all *other* than make an arrest. No judge will ever see the case, and thus no judge can decide the case for the officer. Alone, unsupervised, with no policies to guide him and little sympathy from onlookers to support him, the officer must "administer justice" on the curbstone.

EARLY PATTERNS

In the nineteenth century, it was widely recognized that the maintenance of order was the chief function of the police. Roger Lane's informative history, *Policing the City: Boston, 1822-1885* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1967), recounts how that department, the oldest in the United States, was first organized as a night watch to keep the peace in the streets. Beginning in 1834, men drafted from the citizenry were required to take their turns in seeing (as the governing statute required) "that all disturbances and disorders in the night shall be prevented and suppressed." Wild creatures, human and animal alike, were to be kept off the street, and a hue and cry was to be set up should fire or riot threaten.

The job of law enforcement—that is, of apprehending criminals who had robbed or burgled the citizenry—was not among the duties of the watchmen; indeed, it was not even among the duties of the government. A victim was obliged to find the guilty party himself. Once a suspect was found, the citizen could, for a fee, hire a constable who, acting on a warrant, would take the suspect into custody. Even after detectives—that is, men charged with law enforcement rather than the maintenance of order—were added to the force in the nineteenth century, they continued to serve essentially private interests. The chief concern of the victim was restitution, and to that end, the detectives would seek to recover loot in exchange for a percentage of the take. Detectives functioned then as personal-injury lawyers operate today, on a contingency basis, hoping to get a large part, perhaps half, of the proceeds.

Since in those days there was no law against compounding a felony, the detectives were free to employ any methods they wanted to recover stolen property. And with this as their mission, it is not surprising, as Lane notes, that the best detectives were those who by background and experience were most familiar with the haunts and methods of thieves.

The emergence of a municipal police force out of its watchmen antecedents was not so much the result of mounting crime rates as of growing levels of civil disorder. In time, and with the growth of the cities to a size and heterogeneity too great to permit the operation of informal social controls, the problem of order maintenance became too severe to make reliance on part-time or volunteer watchmen feasible. The Boston Police Department was created to deal with riots, as was the Department in Philadelphia. The Boston police first acquired firearms in the aftermath of the Draft Riot of 1863, though they were not fully armed at public expense until 1884.

The Philadelphia case is illustrative of many. Like Boston, that city relied on watchmen rather than an organized, quasimilitary constabulary. But a series of riots among youthful gangs (the Rats, the Bouncers, the Schuylkill Rangers, and the Blood Tubs, among several) persuaded the city fathers that stronger measures were necessary. To a degree, the riots were under semiofficial auspices, thus magnifying the embarrassment the politicians faced. It seems that volunteer fire companies were organized to handle conflagrations. The young toughs who sat about waiting for fires to happen found this boring and, worse, unrewarding, where-

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upon some hit upon the idea of starting a fire and racing other companies to the scene to see who could put the blaze out more quickly, and just as important, who could pick up the most loot from the building. Though this competitive zeal may have been a commendable aid to training, it led to frequent collisions between companies speeding to the same fire, with the encounter often leading to a riot. It is only a slight exaggeration to say that the Philadelphia policemen were created in part to control the Philadelphia firemen.

SOMETIMES ON SUNDAY

The growth and formal organization of the police department did not, in themselves, lead to changes in function. The maintenance of order was still the principal objective. What did lead to a change was twofold: the bureaucratization of the detectives (putting them on salary and ending the fee system), and the use of the police to enforce unpopular laws governing the sale and use of liquor. The former change led to the beginning of the popular confusion as to what the police do. The detective became the hero of the dime novel and the cynosure of the public's romantic imagination; he, and not his patrolman colleague, was the "real" police officer doing "real" police work. Enforcing liquor laws caused the police to initiate prosecutions on their own authority rather than on citizen complaint, particularly in cases where the public was deeply divided regarding the wisdom of the law. In Philadelphia, enforcing the Sunday closing laws, especially with regard to saloons, was widely resented, and when the mayor ordered the police to do it, he was, according to a contemporary account, "caricatured, ridiculed, and denounced." In Boston Mayor Jonathan Chapman was led to remark that police enforcement of temperance laws had created a situation in which "the passions of men are aroused and the community is kept in a constant state of ferment."

What kept the police from being utterly destroyed by the liquor controversy was their determination to do no more than was absolutely necessary, given whatever regime was in power. Edward Savage, the able chief of the Boston force in the 1870s and 1880s, was a man of modest but much exercised literary talents, and in one of his better-known essays, entitled "Advice to a Young Policeman," he set forth the essential rule of good police work: "In ordinary cases, if you find yourself in a position of not knowing exactly what to do, better to do too little than too much; it is easier to excuse a moderate course than an overt act."

In addition, the police provided on a large scale a number of services to citizens, especially to those who, because of drink, indolence, or circumstance, were likely to become sources of public disorder. Roger Lane calculates that in 1856 the Boston police provided "lodgings" to over nine thousand persons, not including those who had been arrested for drunkenness. By 1860 the total exceeded seventeen thousand. Perhaps because the police were the principal city agency to witness the lot of the poor, perhaps because one of the original collateral duties of the police chief was superintendent of public health, the officers provided a wide range of services in addition to lodgings—coal for needy families, soup kitchens for the hungry, and jobs as domestics for girls they thought could be lured away from a life of prostitution.

In time, this service policy, which probably did much to mitigate the hostility between police and public occasioned by the enforcement of liquor laws, was curtailed on the complaint of the leaders of the organized charities who objected, apparently, to unfair competition. The advocates of "scientific charity," it seems, did not believe the police were competent to distinguish between the deserving and the undeserving poor.

The relations between police and public even during the period of free soup were not consistently amicable. One issue was the appointment of Irish police officers. For political purposes, the Boston Whigs demanded that, as we would say today, "representatives of indigenous and culturally-deprived groups" be added to the force. Then as now, the "culturally deprived" were responsible for a disproportionate share of those arrested for crimes. Then as now, the police objected to the appointment of an Irishman on the grounds that the man selected by the politicians was not qualified and had himself been arrested for a crime a few years earlier—it seems he had participated in a riot. The police, of course, denied that they were prejudiced but claimed that appointing a person on grounds of ethnicity would be destructive of morale on the force. The mayor insisted that the appointment take place. On November 3, 1851, the new man reported for work, announcing himself loudly and proudly as "Barney McGinniskin, fresh from the bogs of Ireland!"

THE CHIEF EVIL

By the end of the nineteenth century, the groundwork had been laid for the modern municipal police force, and for the modern problems of the police. The bureaucratization of the detectives and the police enforcement of liquor laws had not as yet overshadowed the order-maintenance function of the police, but two events of the twentieth century ensured that they would—Prohibition and the Depression. The former required the police everywhere to choose between being corrupted and

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making a nuisance of themselves: the latter focused public attention on the escapades of bank robbers and other desperadoes such as John Dillinger, Baby Face Nelson, and Bonnie and Clyde. Police venality and rising crime rates coincided in the public mind, though in fact they had somewhat different causes. The watchman function of the police was lost sight of; their law enforcement function, and their apparent failure to exercise it, were emphasized.

President Herbert Hoover did what most Presidents do when faced with a major political issue for which the solution is neither obvious nor popular—he appointed a commission. In 1931 the National Commission on Law Observance and Law Enforcement—generally known, after its chairman, as the Wickersham Commission—made its report in a series of volumes prepared by some of the ablest academic and police experts of the day. Though many subjects were covered (especially the question of whether immigrants were more criminal than native-born Americans), the volume on the police was of special importance. On page one, the first paragraph stated a twentieth-century conception of the police function and a new standard by which policemen were to be judged:

> The general failure of the police to detect and arrest criminals guilty of the many murders, spectacular bank, payroll, and other hold-ups, and sensational robberies with guns, frequently resulting in the death of the robbed victim, has caused a loss of public confidence in the police of our country. For a condition so general there must be some universal underlying causes to account for it.

Now, of course there may have been some "universal underlying causes," but the ones that come readily to mind—Prohibition, post-war readjustment, and the economic cycle—were not ones about which a presidential commission could at that time speak very candidly. Besides, it was far from clear what could be done about at least the second and third of these causes. What was necessary was to find a "universal cause" about which something could be done. Needless to say, two groups on whom we have long felt free to cast blame for everything from slums to hoof-and-mouth disease—the police and the politicians—seemed appropriate targets. Accordingly, the Commission wrote:

> The chief evil, in our opinion, lies in the insecure, short term of service of the chief or executive head of the police force and in his being subject while in office to the control of politicians in the discharge of his duties.

SOME PROPOSALS

Following on this analysis, the Commission detailed a number of specific proposals—putting the police on civil service, buying modern equipment ("the wireless"), and of course, hiring better men and giving them better training. In truth, there probably was a need for some police reforms; many departments had become dumping grounds for the fat relatives of second-rate politicians, and modern bank robbers were in many cases more mobile and efficient than the police chasing them. But the "professional" view of the police went further than merely proposing changes in equipment and manpower; it argued in addition that since the police *can* prevent crime, if the crime rate gets out of hand, it is in good measure because the police are incompetent as a result of political influence.

Now, some members of the Commission were no doubt perfectly aware that the police do not cause crime, but, like many commissions anxious to make a strong public impression and generate support for desirable changes, they inevitably overstated the case in their report. A report that said that many improvements in police practice were necessary but that these improvements, if adopted, would have only a slight effect on the crime rate would not generate many headlines. (Thirty-seven years later, the Kerner Commission had not forgotten this lesson; what made the newspapers was not its proposals for action but its charge of "white racism.")

The consequences of assigning to the police a law-enforcement, crime-prevention function to the exclusion of anything else were profound. If the job of the police is to catch crooks, then the police have a technical, ministerial responsibility in which discretion plays little part. Since no one is likely to disagree on the value of the objective, then there is little reason to expose the police to the decision-making processes of city government. *Ergo,* take the police "out of politics." So powerful (or so useful) did this slogan become that within a few decades whenever a big-city mayor tried to pick his own police chief or take charge of his department for the purpose of giving it a new direction, *the police themselves* objected on the grounds that this was an effort to exercise "political influence" over the force.

Furthermore, if the technical objective of law enforcement was primary, then non-law-enforcement duties should be taken away from the police: no more soup kitchens; no more giving lodging to drunks; no more ambulance driving. These things are not "real police work." Let the police see the public only in their role as law enforcers. Let the public, alas, see the police only as adversaries. Of course, these changes were more in the public's mind than in everyday reality. If politics was taken out of the police, the police were not taken out of politics. They continued—in fact, with the decline of party machines, they increased—their involvement in electoral politics, city hall intrigue, and

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legislative lobbying. And whatever professional police leadership may have said, the patrolman on the beat knew that his job was not primarily law enforcement—he was still handling as many family fights and rowdy teen-agers as ever. But lacking support in the performance of these duties, he came also to believe that his job "wasn't real police work," and accordingly that it was peripheral, if not demeaning.

But perhaps the most important consequence was the police response to the public expectation that they could prevent crime. Their response was perfectly rational and to be encountered in any organization that is judged by a standard it cannot meet —they lied. If police activity (given the level of resources and public support available) could not produce a significant decline in crime rates, police record-keeping would be "adjusted" to keep the rates in line. Departments judged by professional standards but not controlled by professional leaders were at pains to show progress by either understating the number of crimes or overstating the number of crimes "cleared" by arrest. Often this was not the policy of the chief, but the result of judging officers by crime and arrest records.

In the public's eye, the "hero cop" was the man who made the "good pinch." For a while (until the mass media abandoned the standards of the middle-aged and the conservative in favor of the standards of the young and the radical), the ideal cop was the "G Man." FBI agents, of course, are different from municipal police forces precisely because their task *is* law enforcement, and often enforcing important laws against quite serious criminals. Few special agents need to wade into a skid-row brawl. But within city departments, the emphasis on the "good pinch" grew. This was only partly because the newspapers, and thus the public, rewarded such accomplishments; it was also because the departments rewarded it. The patrolman could look forward, in the typical case, to remaining a patrolman all his life *unless* he could get promoted or be made a detective. Promotion increasingly came to require the passing of a written examination in which college men would usually do better than less articulate but perhaps more competent "street men." Appointment as a detective, however, was in many departments available to men with a good arrest record (or a strategically placed friend in headquarters). If you want to get away from drunks, kids, and shrews, then make a pinch that will put you in line for becoming a dick. Though there is in principle nothing wrong with rewarding men for having a good arrest record, one frequent result of this system has been to take the best patrolmen off the street and put them into a headquarters unit.

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POLICE REFORM: THE CHOICES AHEAD

Today, the conception of the police role underlying the foregoing arrangements is being questioned. Perhaps the landmark event was the 1967 report of the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice, the executive director of which was James Vorenberg of the Harvard Law School. Unlike the Wickersham or Kerner Commission reports, this document made relatively few headlines, and the reason, I think, was that it did not provide the reporters with a catchy slogan. The nine volumes of the Vorenberg report insisted that the problems of crime and police work are complicated matters for which few, if any, easy solutions are available. There were no dramatic scandals to uncover; the police "third degree" (on which the Wickersham Commission, in the report drafted by Zechariah Chafee, lavished much attention) had declined in occurrence and significance. Most police departments had been taken out of the control of party machines (in some cases, it would appear, only to be placed under the influence of organized crime). Instead, the Commission devoted considerable attention to the order-maintenance function of the police:

> A great majority of the situations in which policemen intervene are not, or are not interpreted by the police to be, criminal situations in the sense that they call for arrest. . . . A common kind of situation . . . is the matrimonial dispute, which police experts estimate consumes as much time as any other single kind of situation.

The riots in Watts and elsewhere had, by the time the report appeared, already called the attention of the public to the importance (and fragility) of public order. The rise of demands for "community control" of various public services, including the police and the schools, has placed the problem of order on the political agenda. Whether the problems of managing disorder can best be handled by turning city government over to neighborhood groups is a complicated question. (Provisionally, I would argue that war becomes more, not less, likely when a political system is balkanized.) In any case, we have come full circle in our thinking about the function of the police.

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Or almost full circle. The current anxiety about crime in the streets continues to lead some to define the police task as wholly or chiefly one of crime deterrence, and thus any discussion of redefining the police role or reorganizing police departments to facilitate performing their other functions tends to get lost in the din of charges and countercharges about whether or not the police have been "handcuffed." This is unfortunate, not because crime in the streets is a false issue (the rates of street crime, I am convinced, *are* increasing in an alarming manner), but because handling this problem cannot be left solely or even primarily to the police; acting as if it could raises false hopes among the citizens and places unfair and distorting demands on the police. At least as much attention to the courts and correctional systems will be necessary if much progress is to be shown in reducing street crime.

The simultaneous emergence of a popular concern for both crime and order does put in focus the choices that will have to be made in the next generation of police reforms. In effect, municipal police departments are two organizations in one serving two related but not identical functions. The strategy appropriate for strengthening their ability to serve one role tends to weaken their ability to serve the other. Crime deterrence and law enforcement require, or are facilitated by, specialization, strong hierarchical authority, improved mobility and communications, clarity in legal codes and arrest procedures, close surveillance of the community, high standards of integrity, and the avoidance of entangling alliances with politicians. The maintenance of order, on the other hand, is aided by departmental procedures that include decentralization, neighborhood involvement, foot patrol, wide discretion, the provision of services, an absence of arrest quotas, and some tolerance for minor forms of favoritism and even corruption.

There is no magic formula—no prepackaged "reform"—that can tell a community or a police chief how to organize a force to serve, with appropriate balance, these competing objectives. Just as slogans demanding "taking the police out of politics" or "putting the police in cars" have proved inadequate guides to action in the past, so also slogans demanding "foot patrolmen" or "community control" are likely to prove inadequate in the future. One would like to think that since both points of view now have ardent advocates, the debate has at last been joined. But I suspect that the two sides are talking at, or past, each other, and not *to* each other, and thus the issue, from being joined, is still lost in rhetoric.

A BASIC READING LIST

The books listed below will be of special interest to general readers who want to know more about the history, training, origins, and special problems of policemen in American life.

The Policeman and the Community, by Michael Banton. New York: Basic Books, 1965.

The Police, ed. by David J. Bordua. New York: John Wiley & Sons, 1967.

Police Power: Police Abuses in New York City, by Paul Chevigny. New York: Pantheon Books, 1969.

Arrest, by Wayne R. LaFave. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1965.

Behind the Shield: The Police in Urban Society, by Arthur Niederhoffer. New York: Doubleday & Company, 1967.

The Challenge of Crime in a Free Society, A report by the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice. Washington: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1967.

Task Force Report: The Police, by the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice. Washington: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1967.

Justice Without Trial, by Jerome H. Skolnick. New York: John Wiley & Sons, 1966.

Rights in Conflict, by Daniel Walker as submitted to the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1968.

Varieties of Police Behavior, by James Q. Wilson. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1968.

Police Administration, by Orlando W. Wilson. 2nd ed. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1963.

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Arts and Letters

The Worlds of Jean Stafford

by Elizabeth Janeway

In arranging these thirty stories for publication, Jean Stafford has divided them into four groups by their geographical settings: The Innocents Abroad; The Bostonians and Other Manifestations of the American Scene; Cowboys and Indians, and Magic Mountains; and Manhattan Island. She seems indisputably right in doing so, for the stories in each group are related by mood and by range as well as by setting. "In a sense," Miss Stafford writes in her introductory note, "the geographical grouping is arbitrary"; but in another sense it is not, and she acknowledges this when she speaks of Mark Twain and Henry James, whose titles she has borrowed as "two of my favorite American writers to whose dislocation and whose sense of place I feel allied." Nor can the reader ignore the hovering presence of these and of others who earlier considered American isolation, American awkwardness, American fantasies, and the price of American innocence.

In a way Miss Stafford's themes are archaic as well as indigenous, for they are older than today, and they will be newer tomorrow. They are, however, re-examined very thoroughly. If Miss Stafford is still on the side of her Innocents Abroad, she does not take her stand there unequivocally. Innocence can be rather silly, can be adulterated with ignorance and lack of imagination. These qualities shadow the young girls who are the heroines of "Maggie Meriwether's Rich Experience" and "The Echo and the Nemesis," two of the first group of stories. Reading them some years ago one felt a shock in them that has since been lost, and now one identifies less easily with the shocked heroine. It is a tribute to Miss Stafford's skill that the stories are not dated by this, but instead are changed and deepened. Our present doubts about American innocence, and our uneasy feeling that it contains the seeds of moral irresponsibility, existed already in these stories.

The Collected Stories of Jean Stafford
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10.00)

Another of Miss Stafford's strengths can be seen even in a rather slight story like "The Children's Game"—that is, her ability to tell us exactly what is happening and nevertheless to deepen the mystery of why her people behave as they do. A young American widow who has haunted the hotels of Europe like a ghost since her husband's sudden death finds herself returning to life by way of a friendly affair (or perhaps merely an idyllic friendship) with an English film director. In the course of a holiday trip together, they stop in a Flemish seaside town where there is a casino. The man reveals himself as an obsessive gambler, and the couple part. But it is not the gambling, or the man's still-existent though unhappy marriage, which brings this about. He asks the heroine to try an evening at the tables, and she finds herself possessed by the same passion as her lover. The world around fades out. Nothing exists but the insane, lying, seductive promise to satisfy all one's yearnings which the roulette wheel offers: instant success! Having felt the strength of this morbid translation, the heroine leaves for home, for the lure of gambling is stronger than any love between this pair could be. We know what happened, but this brief present event is like a candle which lights up the caverns of past and future to show us glades of stone, flickering shadows, and further grottoes.

The Western stories, and most of those laid in New York too, fall into

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a different mood. The Innocents Abroad can go home again, but the children and young people caught in the provinces hate their homes and live there as despairing prisoners, aching to leave a world so small and mean it cramps the spirit. Again, this is an archaic American theme, a part (one might say) of the Matter of America, as Arthur and Gawain and Tristan belong to the Matter of Britain. Not only Mark Twain but Sherwood Anderson, Dreiser, and Willa Cather have dealt with it. Miss Stafford's story "In the Zoo" creates magnificently that emotion of waste, impotence, self-pity, self-contempt, and angry hopelessness that we refer to when we say "alienation" but that has never really been named. It haunts the Great Plains, and the slopes of the Rockies, as it haunted the thickets and the steppes of Chekhov's Russia. It is a way station on the road to paranoia. Even in happy later life, the children who breathed that atmosphere can suffer recurrences of distrust and despair, remembering their years of servitude to a foster-mother worse than Cinderella's. Indeed the "Gran" of "In the Zoo" is less a person than a local deity, mean as a Snopes but without Snopesian ambition, a Mrs. Grundy of the home, an injustice collector of genius. There are two of her in "The Liberation," and in other stories, like "Bad Characters," "A Reading Problem," and "The Healthiest Girl in Town," one feels her unseen presence driving desperate children to look for refuge in the exhilarating, anarchic world of real outsiders instead of accepting the shabby community where Gran rules.

It is in the New England stories that one finds an alternative to Gran's world, and that is why they seem to me the most interesting. From the time she created Sonie Marburg of *Boston Adventure* twenty-five years ago Miss Stafford has regularly sent forth inquiring and ardent explorers of the one indisputable high culture which the United States has achieved. (The South produced no high art till it was far past its peak of power and reacting to other literatures.) What is it that we made there, in New England? Miss Stafford asks, and it is not a regional or a dated question, but an invitation to study the American identity through its quintessential social artifacts and, perhaps, to divine from these the American destiny.

Here come the outsiders, like Sonie Marburg and Rose Fabrizio in the story "The Bleeding Heart," drawn by a vision of order and of a civilization worthy of willing obedience. What fires must burn within to have produced the balanced and convoluted perfection without! Sonie sees Miss Pride as a replacement for her mad witch-mother. Rose imagines the handsome stranger she sees reading in the library as a foster-father. Then each penetrates the citadel. Rose finds madness and rot. Sonie's participation in the rites of civilization is not as priestess but as sacrificial victim. Of the creative fire that once burned, nothing remains but a spark like a maggot in the brain, or an incestuous flame that licks the last hickory logs on the hearth, which will blacken and die if they are separated.

And yet something was there, and something lingers, distorted and eccentric but incontestable. The best story in the book (no easy judgment on a collection containing "Bad Characters," "In the Zoo," and that marvelously controlled tale "The Interior Castle") is a Boston story, "Life Is No Abyss," which is published here for the first time. It is about eighty-year-old Isobel Carpenter, who has taken up residence in the poorhouse, to the horror of her rich relatives, and who refuses to leave. It is also about the nature of reality, and the value of confronting it, for reality is where Isobel dwells—or, rather, where she reigns—even though her motives for settling herself there are malice and spite. Cousin Will invested her fortune for her after her father, the Judge, died at the age of 103, invested it (says Isobel) "in banana plantations in Winnipeg," and immediately lost every penny. Horrified, Will invited her to share his home and his purse (and so did half a dozen others of the cousinage). A lesser woman might have done so, and spent her declining years in luxury and conscientious nagging. But Isobel is capable of the grand gesture. "Will put me in the poorhouse," she declared, and thither she departed.

There she has been for eighteen months on the day that pretty twenty-year-old Lily comes to call in

(Advertisement)

March Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books

Price's Law is a sage apothegm for modern times: "If everybody doesn't want it, *nobody* gets it." It applies to almost everything—except things people don't yet know they want. Without reading it, no publisher could have known he wanted **TORREGRECA: LIFE, DEATH, MIRACLES.**

A manuscript arrives, unsolicited, from Rome by an American author none of the editors has ever heard of. The first reader is overwhelmed. It passes from hand to hand, picking up momentum as it goes. One of the editors is on holiday in Rome, meets **Ann Cornelisen,** encourages her, and recommends some changes in the manuscript. A few months later we are ready to publish a little masterpiece of observation and sympathy about an Italy that most Italians have never seen.

Luigi Barzini has written: "Miss Ann Cornelisen, who spent years in darkest Lucania, undoubtedly knows more about the mores and mentality of those forgotten villages than any Italian from other parts of Italy, with the exception of Carlo Levi. . . . She exiled herself in the hope of helping the people. Maybe her best contribution to their welfare is this book, this compassionate and humorous effort to understand them."

Sections have appeared in the *Atlantic*. A Reader's Digest Condensed Book Selection, illustrated by the author's remarkable photographs.

TORREGRECA
by Ann Cornelisen
$7.95 at bookstores
LITTLE, BROWN

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place of poor Cousin Will, who has come down with bronchitis. Lily has been protected up to now from the sight of Isobel in the squalor of her surroundings, but she is warm-hearted and kind, and eager to help Will bear the burden which Isobel's revenge has thrust on him, for Lily too is penniless, orphaned by her parents' death in an accident, and dependent on Will's generosity. It is through her eyes that we see the three-bed ward which Isobel shares with mad, gentle Viola and a series of old women who arrive only to die. The food is awful. Isobel is clothed in a gruesome print uniform. Her arthritis is untreated. A radio plays incessantly, poor Viola croons, a disc jockey jokes. And here Isobel chooses to stay!

She is not crazy, for she judges her surroundings accurately and speaks her mind about them. She's neither lost her wit nor gained humility by living in conditions which only a saint could endure—and enduring them. Vicious-tongued, opinionated, unkind, Isobel is still alive and awake, for she has preserved the basic right of the individual, the right to choose. It may be a poor choice, Hobson's choice, but she is where she is by her own will and for her own continuing purpose, which is more than Lily can claim, or rich Cousin Augusta either, who is also calling to offer Isobel her hospitality. And whether she knows it or not—quite possibly she does not, but she may—there is a great deal to be said for her choice, for the poorhouse is where life is. After eighty years under the Judge's wing Isobel has found the gritty margin of experience where nerves react to real stimuli, where the senses transmit messages from outside, and the mind finds its vocation as an instrument of salvation. Whether or not Isobel will gain a reward for the sufferings she has chosen to endure, whether one can reach sainthood by way of fury and spite, *we* gain, reading the story of one who is neither an innocent nor yet corrupt.

I must not close without saying how moving these stories are, more austere than Miss Stafford's novels, but able at their best to reach as far and point as precisely. A particular grace is the dialogue. There is no one else writing today whose people speak more truly, and more surprisingly. This is something finer than "having an ear." It is the mark of a writer whose perceptions are so immediate and exact that she can use dialogue not just for color or plausibility or character drawing, but to embody and convey the very heart of her intentions.

Thinking Poetically

by Victor Lange

The publication of Walter Benjamin's literary essays offers American readers a set of texts that may at times be puzzling but that reveal a cast of mind and critical perspectives by which Europeans have for the past ten years been increasingly fascinated. To accept Benjamin's stature, to appreciate the scope of his appeal, and perhaps to understand his influence upon contemporary criticism will not be altogether easy on the basis of these miscellaneous or occasional writings. Benjamin's entire output, though not extensive, is more varied than this selection indicates, and by no means narrowly or professionally focused upon the interpretation of literature. Two wide-ranging and difficult historical studies are here omitted because of their length and their specificity: one an article, "The Concept of Art Criticism in German Romanticism" (1920), the other an eminently rich and rewarding book, *The Origins of German Tragedy* (1928). Two other works, more general but in their style strikingly characteristic, *One Way Street* (1928) and *A Berlin Childhood* (printed posthumously in 1950), ought to be made available before long to enable us to see the full scope of Benjamin's intentions.

Illuminations
by Walter Benjamin
edited by Hannah Arendt
translated by Harry Zohn
(Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95)

The canon of his literary criticism present in this meticulous, translucent translation by Harry Zohn is enough to suggest the quality and direction of his thinking and to convey the seriousness with which he grasped and defined some of the social and cultural issues that emerged in Germany during the two decades between the wars, and that continue to occupy us thirty years after his death.

Benjamin's career as a writer and the central features of his work are significantly related to his early life. He was born in Berlin in 1892 in the German-Jewish society under the Kaiser. This was an ambiguous world of diminishing loyalty toward the Jewish heritage and of a strong desire to subordinate the Jewish tradition to the intellectual and political realities of German nationalism. Benjamin, with others of his faith (Kafka among them), recognized and resented the contradictions and weaknesses of this position and sought to transcend them, first in a cautious interest in Zionism and later by moving toward a halfhearted and academic sort of Marxism. Neither position could he fully accept. It was inevitable that he should increasingly face the intellectual dilemma of one who achieves an extraordinary measure of critical detachment vis-à-vis the disintegrating social convictions of his time, but who is unable, or unwilling, to submit to an adequate theory of action that might give a conclusive and perhaps revolutionary thrust to his insights.

Until the advent of Hitler, Benjamin remained in Germany as one of the most sophisticated literary essayists. Despite his brilliant if unconventional thesis, he had failed to obtain a university post and therefore formed an understandable distaste for the academic and critical establishment. What he envisaged for himself was a life not as a scholar but as a cultivated man of letters who could remain aloof from political pressures and the vulgarities of the society from which he felt profoundly estranged. It was a curiously utopian and unrealistic attitude which was bound to prove illusionary: early in 1933 he left Germany for Paris, where he became a member of the Institute for Social Research. He traveled throughout Europe, wrote a series of remarkable pieces of literary and historical criticism, and after the beginning of World War II was for a short time

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interned in France and released only on the intercession of his French friends.

In September, 1940, he had decided to emigrate to the United States. As he attempted, with a group of other refugees, to cross from France into Spain, the border police warned that they might on the following day be returned to Vichy France. During the night Benjamin took his own life; the police permitted the rest of the group to cross the border.

The ten essays in this volume are unequal in substance, but they reveal a mind of wholly unprovincial mobility; if there should be anything "German" about them, it is an uncompromising preoccupation with the telling forms, the comprehensible structures of the human imagination. Benjamin's central concern is at all times with the character of perception, of experience, as revealed in the collective life, in the "monuments," both literary and architectural, of that "bourgeois" nineteenth century whose physiognomy he sought to understand. If this is an essentially historical task, its particular methods and goals were determined by Benjamin's view of the past. "To articulate the past historically," he notes in one of the important "Theses on the Philosophy of History" with which this volume concludes, "does not mean to recognize it 'the way it really was.' It means to seize hold of a memory as it flashes up at a moment of danger."

This determination to recover the resonance of the past in critical recollection motivates most of Benjamin's writing. In each significant document of the past he recognizes an "aura" of experienced life which must be made available to the present perception, and which in turn will affect the shape of the future. "History is the subject of a structure whose site is not homogeneous, empty time, but time filled by the presence of the now."

In a number of essays, notably those on Proust and Baudelaire (but no less vividly in Benjamin's childhood recollections), the evidence of this historical "aura" and the character of the human perception in a given historical context are admirably examined. For Benjamin is above all a "concrete" thinker whose argument is always prompted by an incident of observed reality and

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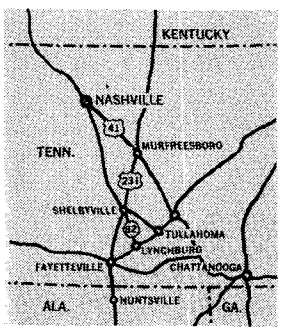

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This Rock Within the Sea: A Heritage Lost
by Farley Mowat and John De Visser
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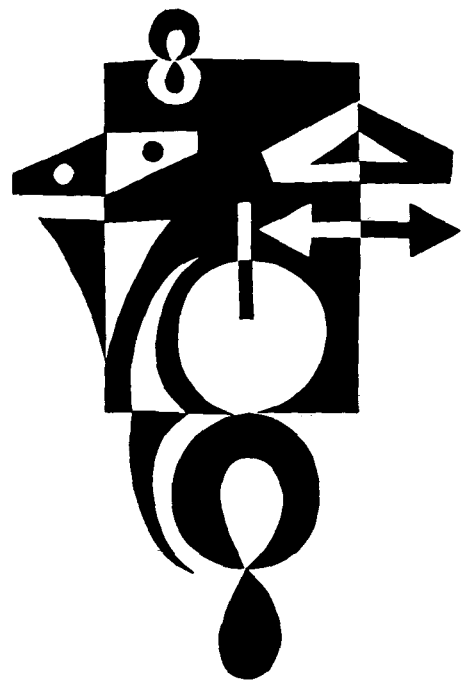
whose language tends to be metaphorical rather than speculative. "Proust's most accurate, most convincing insights fasten on their objects as insects fasten on leaves, blossoms, branches, betraying nothing of their existence until a leap, a beating of wings, a vault, show the startled observer that some incalculable individual life has imperceptibly crept into an alien world."

If Proust was preoccupied with the recovery of the past, Benjamin argues the importance of its continued presence in the future. But his work as a whole is a recognition of the steady deterioration of perception and memory, the paralysis of experience in its fullest and most productive sense, as the result of the technological processes of modern life. In a superb essay on Baudelaire he inquires into the causes of this loss of perception, the destruction of the "aura" of the human "gesture." And in the most original and provocative of the pieces in this volume, his celebrated analysis of "The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction," he explains (thirty years before McLuhan) that the loss of the "aura," the singularity of the work of art, is the result of the technical conditions that determine its availability in our contemporary society. For "the manner in which human sense perception is organized, the medium in which it is accomplished, is determined not only by nature but by historical circumstances as well." Modern techniques of reproduction detach the reproduced object from the domain of tradition. "By making many reproductions it substitutes a plurality of copies for a unique existence. And in permitting the reproduction to meet the beholder or listener in his own particular situation, it reactivates the object reproduced. These two processes lead to a tremendous shattering of tradition which is the obverse of the contemporary crisis and renewal of mankind."

Benjamin's view of the technological society is not so much critical as utopian; it directed his affectionate interest again and again toward the nineteenth century in France and Germany, in Paris and Berlin, where the beginnings of the modern crisis could be sharply delineated. But it enabled him also to speak with extraordinary affinity and clarity of his contemporaries Kafka and Brecht. In both he recognized a capacity and method that he admired in Proust, an ability to "actualize and not merely to reflect." His own "concrete" imagination was captivated not by any ideological affinity in Brecht's work, but by the firmness of speech and imagery of what Brecht himself proudly called his "crude thinking."

Kafka, too, seemed to him—in 1934 and 1938—less an advocate of a philosophical position than a poet of great purity and beauty who "listened to tradition" precisely in Benjamin's own spirit, and related it in unmistakable "gestures" to the present. In this effort Kafka appeared to Benjamin inevitably to have failed. "He failed in his grandiose attempt to convert poetry into doctrine, to turn it into a parable and restore to it that stability and unpretentiousness which, in the face of reason, seemed to him to be the only appropriate thing for it. No other writer has obeyed the commandment 'Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image' so faithfully."

If Benjamin's attitude as a critic was one of defiance of the platitudinous business of print and talk,



if he kept desperately aloof from it and preferred the laconic aphorism to the elaborate essay, his increasing doubt in the future efficacy of the work of art and the critical act was bound to drive him into an idiom of nearly private reflection. Yet in all his writings he maintained an unshakable and unfashionable faith

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in "a language of truth, the tensionless and even silent depository of the ultimate secrets with which all thought is concerned."

Miss Arendt, who provides in her introduction to this volume a well-informed and judicious appraisal of Benjamin, reminds us that in all his critical studies he was resolved "not to investigate the utilitarian or communicative functions of linguistic creations" but to make this language intelligible. He understood language, she concludes, as an essentially poetic phenomenon, and what is unfolded in these essays with impressive consistency is "something that may not be unique but is certainly extremely rare: the gift of *thinking poetically*."

A Different Drummer

by Melvin Maddocks

Anthony Powell is one of those half flavors that no one can quite define. Even when consumed in quantity—and he is now up to volume nine in his sequence, *A Dance to the Music of Time*—he tends to evaporate on the palate in the very act of tasting. Pity the poor novelist who reminds people of someone else! Groping a little desperately for the quintessence of Powell, admirers have compared him to P. G. Wodehouse and F. Scott Fitzgerald, to Jane Austen and Jules Romains. A Trollope-lover once called him "a latter-day Trollope." Evelyn Waugh likened him to Proust, and nearly everyone has likened him to Evelyn Waugh.

The Military Philosophers
by Anthony Powell
(Little, Brown, $4.95)

It is as if a kind of low-pressure energy—too weak to assert itself as personality—operated at a discount in Powell as mere manner, tone; and even that tone proves too pale for positive identification. Early Powell tone could be called, by a stretch of the term, satirical; later Powell tone lies somewhere between well-bred irony and rather elegant ennui.

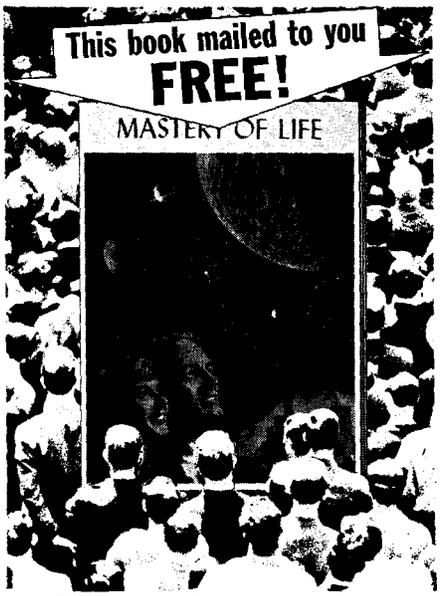
Yet Powell is almost as difficult to forget as he is to define. Other novelists—almost any other novelist—make more powerful impact. But Powell lingers on, like a tune one can neither quite whistle nor chase out of the mind.

Perhaps the least unsatisfactory definition of a Powell novel is a collision staged between a traditional, suave style—social comedy—and a kinetic, uncouth theme—the twentieth century. As might be anticipated, nowhere is this collision more head-on than in Powell's war novels, of which *The Military Philosophers* is last of a trilogy within *The Music of Time*. A number of earlier novels in this sequence—*At Lady Molly's* (1957), *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant* (1960)—are nearly self-sufficient units. The war novels are not. To read *The Military Philosophers* out of *The Music of Time* context is like judging a mosaic when only a fraction of the design is visible.

The sequence dates back to World War I. The time span of *The Military Philosophers* is 1942 to 1945. Nicholas Jenkins, Powell's self-effacing narrator, is fighting a wry war mostly in London as a liaison officer, first to the Poles, then to Belgians and Czechs. Names get casually dropped, far away in another world: Stalingrad, Normandy—the most offhand of associative devices.

Powell's war takes place as a sort of cheap-budget theatrical production—alarums and V-2 rocket sound effects offstage. His notion of a battle scene is to send Jenkins to his "action station" in the cupola of an old Edwardian home, where he discusses the plot of *Adam Bede* with his corporal. In his previous novel, *The Soldier's Art*, Powell actually compared the flares from Nazi raiding planes to Japanese lanterns at a garden party. He does not go quite so far here, but all is certainly quiet on the gazebo front; and when Jenkins joins a brief inspection tour of the continent, Powell has him see an abandoned battlefield as a "Corot landscape," and an officers' drinking party as a scene abstracted from *Antony and Cleopatra*.

For the rest, Jenkins further buries himself in Proust and a number



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of sound seventeenth-century writers. His combat zone is imperiled mostly by red tape. His chief foe is a memo-obsessed officer who fills page upon page with "the theory and practice of soap issues for military personnel."

From time to time, Jenkins runs across an old schoolmate, and we have one of those Powell recognition scenes. The usual procedure is this: on a crowded street or across the room at a party Jenkins zeroes in on the back of a head—the gray, balding, or flesh-thickened caricature of a memory. Bells ring: the past insists on its imperatives. At last, with a disclaiming little cry ("I had not thought much about him for years"), the identification is made, and a marvelously bland reunion is played out. But, costumed for a depressing charade, the old boy reunions have become a little cursory here, even a bit demoralizing.

There is a girl in *The Military Philosophers,* Pamela Flitton, whose random affairs give a kind of zigzag direction to the plot. With Pamela, Powell is obviously trying to make the usual connections between war and promiscuity—death and sex. But just as the drawing-room window is no place to watch a war, so also every convention of social comedy seems to oppose Powell when he comes to sex. Strong passions, urgent needs—these are not what gather around silver tea trays at early twilight.

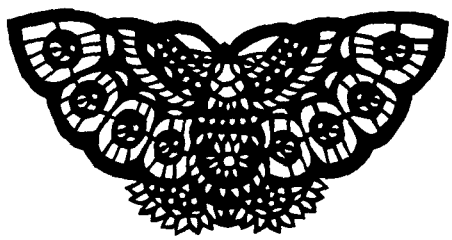
In his highly stylized version of war Powell can at least give trivia their own particular horror. On the subject of sex he is simply at his most English, his most handcuffed. Circling warily, he describes Pamela rather by code as "thoroughly vicious, using the word not so much in the moral sense, but as one might speak of a horse—more specifically, a mare."

When things begin to hot up, Powell's instinct is to clear his throat and interrupt himself with generalizations about the "cumbersome burden of desire." Inadvertently his love scenes take on aspects of French farce, with the *obiter dicta* of the author playing the role of the near-cuckold husband stumbling home just in time. It is as though he will do practically anything to keep himself and his reader from the showdown.

Brought up on *A Farewell to Arms* and *The Naked and the Dead* —the literary cult of fighting violence with violence—we ask ourselves, is Powell more suited to cover World War II than, say, Gainsborough to paint *The Last Judgment?* Perhaps not. But he almost carries it off by the sheer persistence of his iron frailties. He remains so deeply true to the narrowness of his vision! That vision arrives at a characteristically negligent climax during *The Military Philosophers* in the final reckoning between Widmerpool, the man of the future (bad), and Stringham, the man of the past (good, or at least, better).

In *A Question of Upbringing,* Powell's public school novel, Widmerpool was the classic outsider, the son of a liquid fertilizer supplier, who had somehow ended up in one of the right schools. He was known among his classmates chiefly as the boy with "the wrong kind of overcoat." Powell was absolutely merciless with him. He gave him a squint, gritty little knuckles, lots of drive but no grace. Widmerpool walked "like an automaton of which the mechanism might be slightly out of order." He articulated "as if tongue were too big for mouth." One of nature's jokes, he seemed doomed also to be the butt of his fellowmen. Boys threw bananas in his face, girls called him the Frog Footman and poured sugar over his head. No one ever remembered his Christian name.

Widmerpool is an astonishing act of snobbery on the part of Powell,



who comes as close as possible to converting snobbery into a moral value. Perspiring with ambition, despising the arts, doing all the things that are just not done, Widmerpool is the enemy: the barbarian. He is also the new Establishment. The absurd fact that Widmerpool, once out of school, prospers while old classmates flounder is Powell's requiem on what he calls the "general disintegration of society in its traditional form."

Stringham is the old-model public school boy. Witty, charming, well-read without ever giving the impression of studying—the complete antithesis of Widmerpool—he resembles those "sad young men in ruffs, whose long legs take up so much room in sixteenth-century portraits." Stringham deteriorates in the world in which Widmerpool thrives. After an Old Boy's Dinner, Widmerpool puts the drunken Stringham to bed with cruel efficiency—burying him as one of the new society's misfits. There is worse to come. In *The Soldier's Art,* Widmerpool, "looking like a railway official, perhaps, of some obscure country," is a major on his way up. Stringham becomes a waiter in the officers' mess—a burnt-out remnant of an obsolescent elite. In *The Military Philosophers,* as Widmerpool continues his climb, Stringham dies in a Japanese concentration camp in Singapore.

Stripped of its slightly effete overlay, *The Music of Time* is an old member's precise, mutedly anguished statement of how his club went to pot. As novel has succeeded novel, divorces multiply, careers wobble, projects come to nothing.

The Writers

Elizabeth Janeway has written extensively about American literature.

Victor Lange is chairman of the German Department at Princeton University.

Melvin Maddocks is literary editor of the *Christian Science Monitor.*

Edward Weeks, the *Atlantic's* editor from 1938 to 1965, is now a senior editor for the Atlantic Monthly Press.

Robert Evett, who edits the Arts and Letters section of the *Atlantic,* is the composer of a harpsichord sonata which has just been released by Composer's Recordings, Inc.

Jay Cantor is a Harvard undergraduate who writes about films for the *Crimson.*

Herbert Kupferberg is writing a book about the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Phoebe Adams writes a monthly column for the *Atlantic.*

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The bright, aging young men commit suicide, go mad, or at best, turn "hard, even rather savage," as if they had made up their minds "to endure life rather than, as formerly, to enjoy it." More and more, they seem to lack some element of self-control. At the end of *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant*, life is lugubriously compared to the ghost railway at an amusement park, "slowly climbing sheer gradients, sweeping with frenzied speed into inky depths, turning blind corners from which black, gibbering bogeys leapt to attack, rushing headlong towards iron-studded doors, threatened by imminent collision, fingered by spectral hands, moving at last with dreadful, ever increasing momentum towards a shape that lay across the line."

Now, in World War II, Powell has crossed the line and collided with that "shape." The instinct of the war novelist is to cry, "The devil with society! Man is dying." Not Powell. He flinches but refuses to reverse himself. The profanity, the obscenity, the awful animal act of war cannot divert him from methodically noting what seems to him the death of the spirit: the passing of properly serviced hotels, comfortably shaggy country homes, and flawlessly unexciting parties in Belgrave Square. War for him must be the final breach in good manners.

In the opening pages of *The Kindly Ones*, Powell explains that his title is the saving term by which the Greeks referred to the Furies: it cushioned their terror. Social comedy is the euphemism by which Powell makes his own demonic times bearable: and it is a euphemism, paradoxically, that permits him to be more honest than he could otherwise endure to be in his conviction that civilization is the sum of a series of small fine gestures.

E. M. Forster once wrote: "The people I respect must behave as if they were immortal and as if society were eternal. Both assumptions are false: both of them must be accepted as true if we are to go on working and eating and loving, and are to keep open a few breathing holes for the human spirit." Powell is one generation too late to make these assumptions for his characters, but he makes them for himself in his art, and this gives him the sad, gallant, and, yes, slightly blurred charm of those who live by a tradition even as they record its demise.

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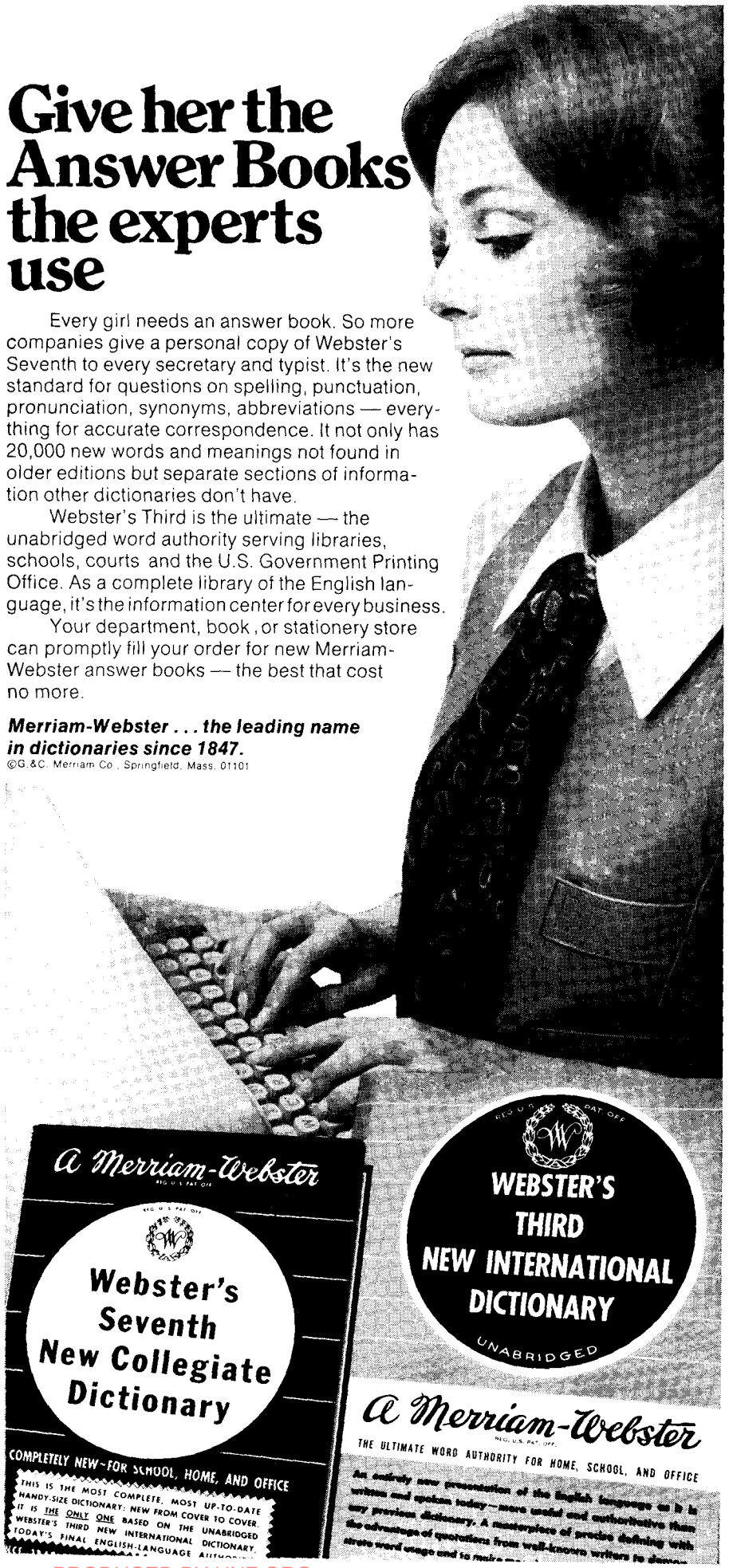

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The Peripatetic Reviewer

by Edward Weeks

In the classic description of the surrender at Appomattox the two heroes stand in sharp contrast: General Lee, handsome, marble-cool, and statuesque in his dress uniform and gauntlets, towering over the stubby, casual General Grant, tunic half-buttoned and cigar half-lit. But Grant's magnanimity became him, as when he told Lee that the Army of North Virginia would need their mounts for the plowing back home, and one's final impression is that Lee is the more heroic, Grant the more human. Geography dictates our response to these great Americans, but not geography alone, for my grandfather, a lieutenant colonel of the 2nd New Jersey cavalry and a staff officer under Meade and Burnside, shared with other officers in the Army of the Potomac only a kind of grudging respect for Grant, the general who had come out of the West to lead them so doggedly to victory.

Grant Takes Command
by Bruce Catton
(Little, Brown, $10.00)

Strong Wind
by Miguel Angel Asturias
(Delacorte, $6.95;
a Seymour Lawrence book)

The Lowest Trees Have Tops
by Martha Gellhorn
(Dodd, Mead, $4.95)

In his best book to date, *Grant Takes Command,* Bruce Catton tells of the persistence, the political patience, and the military skill with which Grant won the war. It is a dramatic story, and it has in it the appeal of the underdog, for this officer, known as the most fearless horseman of his time at West Point, known also to drink more than the situation required, was nearly passed over before he ever knew the power of being commander in chief. Mr. Catton, a nonacademic historian, has grown to be a first-rate narrator: his battle scenes—as, for instance, the assault on Missionary Ridge—are magnificently graphic. He is acute in describing the troubled arguments at headquarters and the muttered reaction in the ranks, and in speculation over the roads not taken, he seems to me eminently fair. He is partisan, of course, just as Dr. Freeman was about Lee, and fortunately for the book his hero, Grant, writes a clear, virile prose which is almost as much fun to read as Mr. Catton's.

Grant Takes Command opens with John A. Rawlins, Grant's chief of staff, on his way to Washington to explain to Secretary Stanton and the President how Vicksburg was won. Rawlins also has to clear up a mess, for in Catton's words, "Grant had put a heavy foot straight through one of Abraham Lincoln's most delicate political deals," in short, he had fired Major General John A. McClernand of Illinois, to whom Lincoln had half promised the top command in the Vicksburg campaign. McClernand had been of value in raising recruits in the Midwest, but on the battlefield he was nil; Grant gave him his chance, and when he muffed it, the politico was sent angrily back to Washington, talking big about Grant's drinking and demanding an investigation. Fortunately for the country, Grant's victory put a quietus to all that.

What is so praiseworthy is the understanding which Grant himself soon established with Lincoln and the candid affection with which it was maintained by both principals. There is much in this book which comes to me in a surprisingly fresh light: Grant's dependence on Sherman, and Grant's conviction, unshakable after Missionary Ridge, that "the enemy have not got army enough" when he and Sherman applied the pressure to Atlanta and Richmond. Grant's reluctance to take command of the Army of the Potomac is perhaps not surprising because he well knew how suspicious the officer corps was of any Westerner, but the slowness of that army to respond to the openings he gave it, as in the first assault of Petersburg, is surprising, and so is his long patience in putting up with the ineptitude of General Butler. ("No," he remonstrated to a staff officer who was complaining, "I can't afford to quarrel with a man whom I *have to command.*") Grant's tension during the perilous move of his army to the south bank of the James is well portrayed, for had Lee been aware of it, there might have been hell to pay. The characterizations of Baldy Smith and Hancock, Joe Hooker and Burnside, of Meade, and best of all, of Phil Sheridan and Sherman are admirably drawn, and home comes the truth, as Mr. Catton well says, that "army command in the Civil War was no job for a political innocent." Nor is it today.

When in 1967 Miguel Angel Asturias was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, he was the first writer of his country, Guatemala, and one of the very few Latin Americans, to be so honored. A novelist and a diplomat—he is presently Guatemala's ambassador to France—he is somewhat older than most recipients, turning seventy later this year, but his vigor is undiminished as he approaches the completion of his most controversial work, a Banana-Republic trilogy, denouncing the domination of a merciless North American fruit company whose fleet of white ships makes it not too hard to identify. *Strong Wind,* the first novel in the sequence, has been translated from the Spanish by Gregory Rabassa, and one turns to it with the heightened curiosity and critical expectation which attend the newly translated work of any Nobel Prize winner.

Strong Wind begins in the early days of the vast green plantations, when the peasants had been drawn down from their mountain villages like flies to molasses, and when "the cold jerked-beef flesh of the mountain people" was beginning to soften under the broiling heat of the delta. In those days bananas were said to be worth their weight in gold, and management, from the inspectors in the field to the president in the home office in Chicago, referred to as "the Green Pope," was remorseless in driving the workers to the limit of their endurance, and beyond. Rebellion against such harsh servility was inevitable, and the more astute of the gringos on the spot knew it; but meantime, fortunes were in the making and the more enterprising natives were per-

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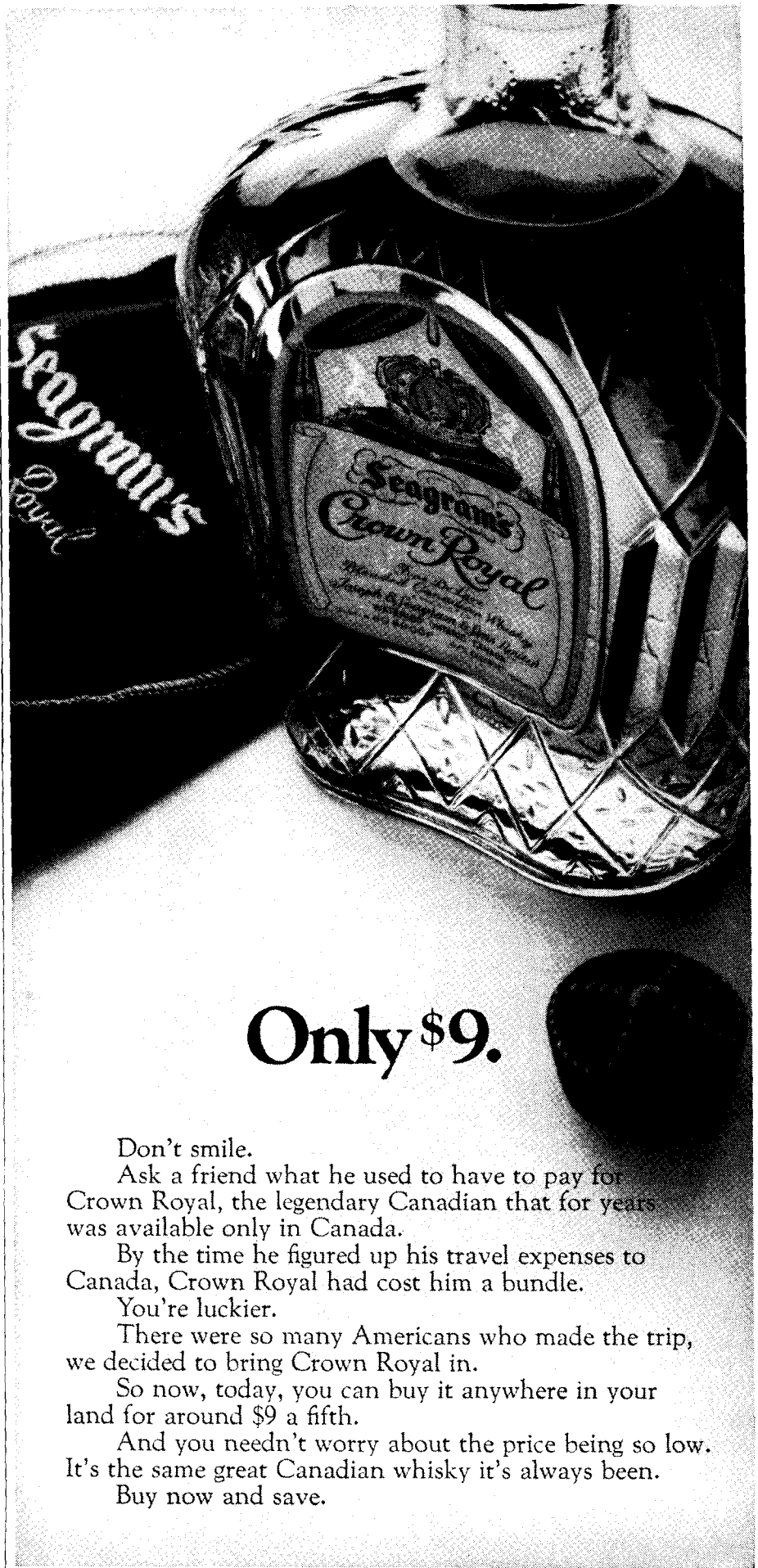
mitted to cultivate their own small plots of fruit—until the day came when, with the market glutted, the Green Pope cut off all purchases and began dumping millions of bananas into the sea.

In this exploitation, the deterioration of the natives—their drinking and despair, their superstition, and the sex urge which drives them loony in the green hell—is knowingly described, and in the single most powerful passage in the book, Asturias tells of how caged and desperate they felt in what he calls "their quadrilateral lives"—the banana trees set in geometric rows, the identical wooden houses set on stilts, and the sweaty monotonous labor leading at last to the wooden coffin. One weakness of the writing, as is so often the case in a didactic novel, lies in the characterization. There are two and only two commendable North Americans: Lester Mead and his beautiful blond wife, Leland. Mead is a half-plausible adventurer, a peddler turned planter who with boldness and bribery bands together the more resourceful natives in defiance of Mr. Big. His shrewd, Robin Hood resistance is a relief in the midst of the brooding Latin emotionalism which hangs like a gathering overcast until the operatic hurricane crashes down at the close.

The translation by Mr. Rabassa is erratic, especially throughout the first six chapters. The pronouns are constantly confused, and the reader is left to guess at their antecedents. The effort to translate the peasants' speech into idiomatic English is stiff rather than colloquial. And again and again there are sentences which simply do not make sense. "At dawn her arm hung down from the canvas cot, she was moaning in her sleep, and Lucero's head, with her hair in his face." (Page 16, and why did no one edit that head?) Page 22: "And he came with the same story. People. No matter where they got them from. Because if they didn't, the results." (Why not simply "no result"?) Page 41: "the ones of you who've come to fight this climate." (Why not "those of you"?) Page 47: ". . . at the same time as he cast on him a pair of eyes that hung from the cornice of a narrow forehead." (Does the author realize how laughable that is?) There are two score of such crudities in the first 89 pages, and they make the text forbidding; Mr. Asturias' style is now



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staccato and now lush, but there is no excuse for its being reproduced in non-English. It's a pity that this book was not more ably edited before it came to the public.

Martha Gellhorn, like Alec Waugh, is an expatriate who resorts to comedy in a warm climate. Her new novel, *The Lowest Trees Have Tops*, is set in a Mexican mountain village whose beauty resembles that of Cuernavaca and whose colony of refugees, British, Spanish, Polish, Swedish, and German, have lived there long enough to resent the intrusion of others, especially American escapees and tourists. The story begins at the time of the Korean War when Senator Joe McCarthy was responsible for quite a few displaced persons and when guilt-by-association was a national disgrace. The types who momentarily poison the dreamy atmosphere of San Ignacio del Tule, the self-righteous Mrs. Hatfield and the Jew-baiting Englebacks, are recognizable and repulsive, and when they have been sent packing, Tule returns to its proper preoccupation with love, scandal, and drinking.

Suzanna, a clear-eyed, fancy-free expatriate of forty-two, and a stand-in for Miss Gellhorn, is the narrator and the fixer. We are never told about her past—presumably she is a childless divorcée—but she adores the village, is respected by the Indians, knows the foibles and the strengths of the foreign colony, and is trusted by everyone. She also has enough money to play the fairy godmother, a liberal disposition, and a riotous sense of humor—in short, the kind of American we ought to send more of abroad. It is Suzanna who explains the hidden peccadilloes of the expatriates, of how they prey on each other and of how, when danger threatens—as in the near death of the Honorable Frederick James Arthur Winyard, the elegant, oversexed remittance man, who has taken to eating strange mushrooms to restore his potency—they rush to each other's rescue. It is Suzanna who assists in the hate affairs, and in the love affairs of the Junoesque Raquel and her Indian silversmith, and of the impeccable Sarah and the elusive artist, Abe. Best of all, it is Suzanna who appreciates how stolidly the Indian preserves his deeply rooted traditions despite the influence of transients.

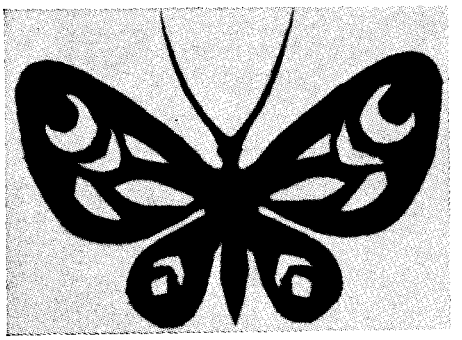
MUSIC

Rehabilitating Ravel

by Robert Evett

Maurice Ravel was one of God's Angry Little Men: a slight, gnomish figure with a vast talent, and—when he was young—a doting mother and really bad manners. The combination of a genuinely superior intelligence and insufferable arrogance made him a natural target for any kind of abuse. Even now, when he has been dead for more than thirty years, he is under the most cruel and insensitive attack in France, where the musical leftists claim he was a man of no originality and substance.

H. H. Stuckenschmidt, the aging German musicologist who was one of the most articulate champions of Schoenberg early on, has written a strong book attempting to restore Ravel to a position in history commensurate with his accomplishment. Since Ravel's aesthetic was almost always concerned with some kind of voluptuous loveliness, it is hard to think of his work as "advanced" in the ordinary sense of the word. At the same time, his contributions to technique and style during the first



years of the twentieth century were much larger than one would suspect, taking the music for granted.

It was Ravel's misfortune to be thirteen years younger than Debussy and to be constantly compared with the older man. The fact is that they were different in temperament and frequently different in sound. But between 1901, the year of *Jeux d'eau*, and 1912, the year of *Daphnis et Chloë*, the two composers briefly found their styles alike in point of sonority. A few years later, Debussy was to die horribly after executing the somber *En Blanc et noir* and the relatively austere late sonatas. Ravel was to take an altogether different path, affecting neoclassicism in *Le Tombeau de Couperin*, the Trio, and the left-hand concerto, all of which make sense in terms of his evolution. Some odd pieces (the violin sonata, *Les Chansons madécasses*, and the G Major piano concerto) do not follow a straight line from his other works.

Maurice Ravel: Variations on his Life and Work
by H. H. Stuckenschmidt
translated by
Samuel R. Rosenbaum
(Chilton, $6.50)

Ravel was fond of claiming an exaggerated debt to older composers—notably Gounod and Chabrier, who had been powers in France when he was growing up, and Satie, a heretic, who was, in his old age, a Bolshevik, trying to raise money for Lenin and to set up a soviet in Paris. In the brilliance of his orchestration and the harmonic coloring of some of his fake Spanish pieces, Ravel was influenced by Chabrier. Gounod must have been introduced as smoke screen to conceal Ravel's debt to Debussy, which was already clear in his dissonant and tonally imaginative *Menuet antique* (1898). As for Satie, he was an afterthought. True, there was a slight lessening of density in Ravel's textures after the First World War, but nothing to suggest a Satiesque plainness. Stuckenschmidt finds, in *Le Tombeau de Couperin*, so drastic a trimming away of stylistic fat as to constitute a musical revolution, but to find historical relevance in that lovely work is surely to miss the point.

The most celebrated incident in Ravel's life grew out of his long career as a student at the Conservatoire, where he competed repeatedly for the Prix de Rome. After losing three times, he was refused a chance to compete a fourth time, on the grounds that he had reached, but not passed, the age limit of thirty. Ravel was already on his way to becoming an eminent man and was in

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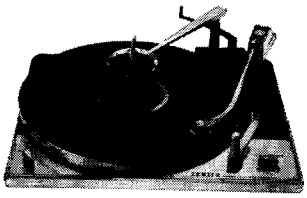

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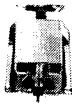

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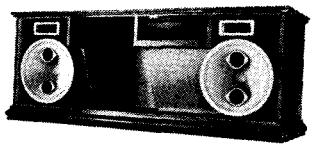

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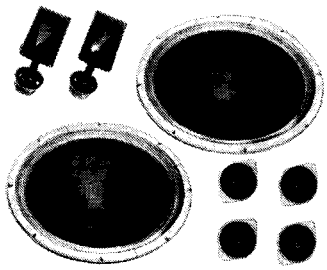

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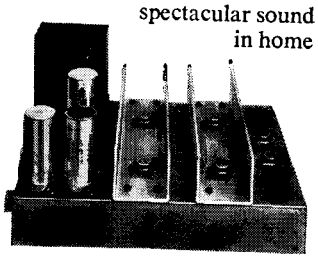

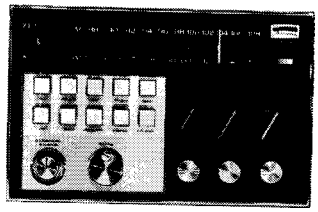

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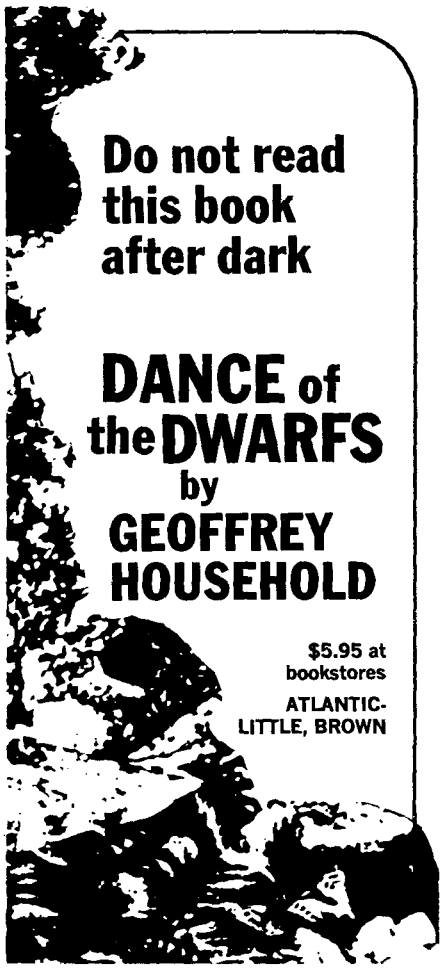

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BIOGRAPHY:
The Craft and the Calling
by
Catherine Drinker Bowen

$5.95 Atlantic-Little, Brown

no mood for hanky-panky. In the scandal that followed, the director of the Conservatoire, Théodore Dubois, was deposed and replaced by Gabriel Fauré.

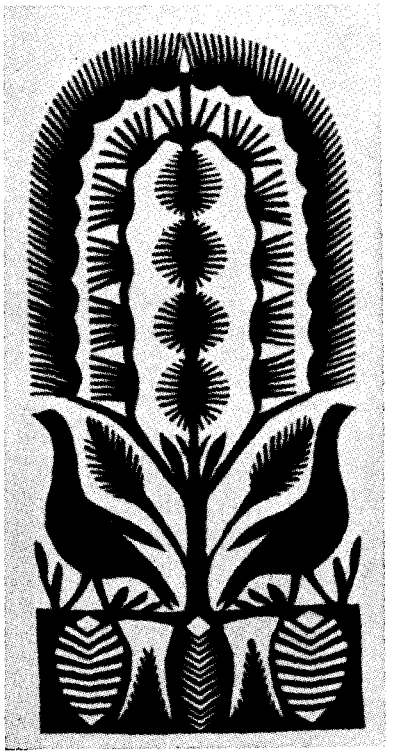
A major participant in the row was Debussy, and because of his aid to Ravel, it has often been suggested that they were good friends. There was no reason that this should have been so. There was a significant age difference between the men, and besides that, they found themselves rivals. Debussy was as generous as he could or should have been. Ravel, for his part, repaid the courtesy by making a marvelous two-piano arrangement of Debussy's *Nocturnes,* and they remained on generally good professional terms.

A variation in their development was that Debussy's interior journey was endlessly slow. He was thirty-one before he got around to the String Quartet. Ten years later with *Pelléas,* his style was still in formation, with the result that virtually all of his best music was written after he was forty.

Ravel, on the other hand, was a genuine *enfant terrible.* In France, the stylistic developments of Fauré and Debussy had given him the opportunity to fall into a kind of music that he wrote well and with ease. The result is that more than half of his catalogue, including the most spectacular piano pieces, the Quartet, and the opera *L'Heure espagnol,* and the most brilliant orchestral music except for *Boléro* and *La Valse,* was all written before he was thirty-five. He wanted to do everything superbly well, and for him, "sincerity" evidently consisted in technical perfection. Writing to Honegger, he said: "I have written only one masterpiece. That is Boléro. Unfortunately, it contains no music."

In works like *Le Tombeau de Couperin, Valses nobles et sentimentales,* and *L'Enfant et les sortilèges* Ravel conveyed the most profound and deeply touching tender emotions. But in most of his music, the excitement and brilliance come first. And in some of his later music—the "blues" from the violin sonata, the tonally amorphous sections of *Chansons madécasses*—he appears to be following fashion instead of leading it. The sonata is a strong piece, and the blues from it survives the dating process very well—but it is dated, much more so than the other two movements. As for the G Major concerto, it is dated to the point of banality. Whether this is a tactical error or a symptom of the degenerative nervous disorder that ultimately killed the composer would be difficult to say, but when it was written it was already an academic exercise.

By the time of his death, Ravel had joined the "safe" moderns—Rachmaninoff, Strauss, Sibelius, the Stravinsky of *Firebird*—as a man



who made the symphony orchestra sound marvelous and who could be listened to with pleasure by people of no highly cultivated taste. For a man whose major preoccupation was fashion, it must have been hard to take this unfair verdict of history while the music was still being written. The size of the royalty checks may have made it easier to bear.

Stuckenschmidt's book, though it is the definitive biography and no doubt will be unchallenged for some time, reads like academic German in translation—as, of course, it is. It is relieved by marvelously witty excerpts from Ravel's correspondence—most of them previously unpublished. Stuckenschmidt's in-depth analyses of every piece Ravel ever completed form an invaluable source of information and insight.

Illustrations for this issue are from *Notan: The Dark-Light Principle of Design,* by Dorr Bothwell and Marlys Frey, American Book, Van Nostrand, Reinhold, a division of Litton Industries, New York, 1968.

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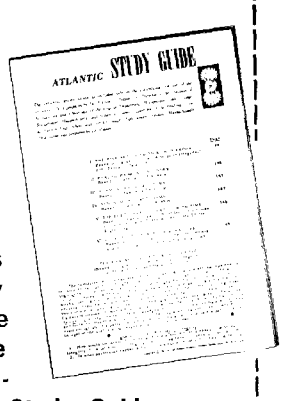

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Ingmar Bergman at Fifty

by Jay Cantor

Many are suspicious of his films. They seem too much Works of Art. Covered with dust, they are, at their worst, pieces already fit for museums, joyless items of Culture. In a decade that prizes exuberance in its art, Bergman is restrained; in a time that wants artistic sensuousness, Bergman's films are characterized by their austerity, a visual style so restrained it seems almost impoverished. We expect art to be playful as in Godard, Richard Lester, or Andy Warhol; and Bergman is single-mindedly serious. We do not wish to puzzle too hard about meanings; but Bergman demands that we discern a theme behind his incongruous events.

His characters always seem to mean more than they are saying, giving his dialogue a portentousness that often becomes annoying. Even the objects in his films—the cups of coffee in *Winter Light*, the turbulent city of "Timolka" in *The Silence*—refuse merely to exist as sensuous experience; they insist on being translated into something else. Even Bergman's jokes are so loaded with significance, so weighted with meaning, that they're almost never funny.

And the concerns of his movies! To a director like Luis Buñuel it seems that Bergman has been "wasting himself on wholly uninteresting questions. What does he ask in every film? God, the Devil and the Good—does God exist—one simply can't be bothered with such things!" More recently one could add to Buñuel's list: authenticity, good faith, the nature of the artist, the brutalizing effect of war—one simply can't be bothered! Some people prefer the sensuous violence of *Bonnie and Clyde*, the orgies of Antonioni's *Blow-Up*, the erotic sadism of Joseph Losey, Pinter, or Buñuel, the political knowingness and parody eroticism of Godard. All Bergman ever provides is a thin, unpalatable metaphysical gruel. His sex and violence all stink with Meaning.

And yet with all his ponderousness, his asceticism, Bergman is, I think, the most enduring director of the last twenty years. From the simplicity of his elements, from his repetitive concern with private, ahistorical, decidedly unfashionable obsessions, Bergman has fashioned the most emotionally affecting (as well as intellectually rigorous) of all films.

He has improvised virtues from his defects. His austere visual style has allowed him to compose sequences, such as the one that ends *The Seventh Seal*, that are stunning in their emotional effect and their abstract beauty. There is almost no shot in any of his films since *The Seventh Seal* where one does not feel the eye of a master director. By limiting the elements of his visual field (as he has narrowed his thematic range), Bergman has assured himself of absolute control over it; what he has sacrificed in sensuousness he has more than regained in intensity of effect; and from his private obsessions, he has made, in pictures like *The Silence* and *Shame*, the most accurate images of psychic reality. For the concerns of Bergman's films, though limited in number, he somehow makes expansive enough to encompass much of our emotional life. His obsessions come to seem, if not identical, then analogous to our own. He can make us feel, when religion seems almost not worth considering, the terror of God's silence.

"The religious problem," Bergman once said, "is an intellectual one to me: the relationship of my mind to my intuition. The result of this conflict is usually some kind of tower of Babel." Far from resulting in towers of Babel, this dialectic of "mind" and "intuition" has given Bergman some of his most affecting images. And keeping his statement in mind, we can see how consistent a body of work Bergman's films have been. We can discern beneath the surface of a movie like *Hour of the Wolf* an engagement with the same concerns that are embodied in *Winter Light* or *The Silence*.

Intuition is what we know but cannot speak directly. It is the realm of deepest feelings, feelings that impinge on our conscious, everyday, rational "mind," and yet never directly enter it (except of course, as in *Wild Strawberries*, when we dream). For the "mind" is the realm of words, of ideas and analysis, and our most profound intuitions are not really ideas but feelings, and they have no words. (This is not to say that intuition cannot be conveyed. An artist embodies his intuition in his images, and when we look on his images he conveys to us his feelings about the world.) And intuition is also a metaphor for love, for love in Bergman's films is that which lies beyond analytic ways of thinking; it is the knowing of another person through unconscious, irrational, intuitive sympathy.

In several of Bergman's movies there are characters cut off from intuition. Deficient in grace, they are analytical, severe, cold, rational, rigid. They embody a potentiality in Bergman himself that gives us the worst aspects of his art. In *Wild Strawberries* Isak Borg is such a character. He is brought to realize his graceless condition through his dreams, and he is enabled to move through despair toward at least the beginning of tenderness. But in the later work (*Through a Glass Darkly, Winter Light, The Silence*) there is no path through despair. In *Through a Glass Darkly* the possibility of love is illusory; in *Winter Light* it exists only in one's past. In *The Silence*, Ester, the translator, has given her life to making the world rationally explicable. She dies in Timolka, a land where nothing makes sense. Her dying gesture is to translate from the language of Timolka two words that embody her realization of her failure to love, to be touched, to move beyond what she could understand and make explicable to that inexplicable realm where forgiveness is possible. These words are a gift to her young nephew. "I've written you a letter as I promised. It's lying on the floor if you can find it. (pause) Johan! It's important, d'you understand! You must read it carefully. (pause) It's all . . . It's all I . . . You'll understand." This letter, this secret message, has written on it the words for hand and face. They are to embody, as a touch can, what can never be spoken. And Bergman has made these words encompass a world of pain. Ester's death agony becomes one of the most terrible in art.

A world of pain that is too often the world each of us lives in—Ti-

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From Milan's *Corriere della Sera,* a preview of Ingmar Bergman's latest film, *The Shame*—a commitment in the human rubble of war. And a critique of Paolo Pasolini's not legally obscene *Theorem.*

From West Germany's *Der Spiegel,* some alarming statistics on the danger of "Stocking the Arsenals of the Middle East"; *Frankfurter Rundschau* on "Creeping Conflict"—is Yugoslavia Moscow's next target? *Christ und Welt* on the "Red Army in the Rhineland"—how it could happen.

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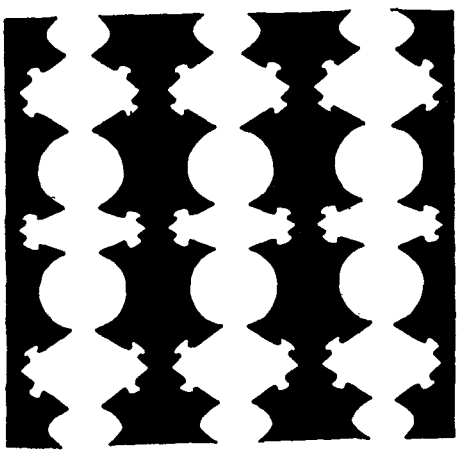
molka, a city of fragments of meaningless encounters, embodies, Bergman says, his own feelings on his first visit to Paris, the City of Light. It is not that God's silence terrifies us anymore, but that His silence implies that we can no longer love and forgive as we could when His existence was secure, no longer live in a world rich with shared intuitive understanding. The death of faith means the destruction of community, for our only meaningful sense of community was based on faith. The world now lies about us in fragments, the image and cause of our



anxiety. The wafer that was once the sacrament of an ordered society, a community of believers, is now only another stale scrap of bread. The rituals of worship once embodied the deepest feelings of all men. Now there is only private vision, private ritual; and private vision which no community shares shades too easily into insanity. The world, like a cracked and slivered mirror, now returns our deepest intuition to us in the image of madness. Tomas, the pastor in *Winter Light,* says, "Every time I confronted God with the reality I saw, he became ugly, revolting, a spider god—a monster. That's why I hid him away from the light, from life. . . . The only person I showed him to was my wife. She backed me up, encouraged me. . . ."

The community that supported and justified faith is long shattered. To confront our intuition with the world now is to see God distorted into a spider, a monster. We are left to private visions shared perhaps with one other person. The artist in *Hour of the Wolf,* like Tomas in *Winter Light,* is obsessed by the memory of the woman who had shared his private vision, lived in his intuitive world. Separated from her, he cracked up. His second wife enters only partially into this world. And under pressure of this silence, this unresponsiveness to his intuitions, his vision becomes increasingly fragmented, increasingly mad, until finally it destroys him.

The artist more than anyone else is tormented by the shattered nature of community, by the graceless silence where his work reverberates with twisted echo. Like the title figure in *The Magician,* the artist lives in a world where his skills are so despised that he begins to doubt himself, and yet where the new scientific pieties give no human emotional satisfaction. Bergman longs for the Middle Ages, for the time when an entire community built and then worshiped in the Cathedral of Chartres:

> . . . it is my opinion that art lost its basic creative drive the moment it was separated from worship. It severed an umbilical cord and now lives its own sterile life, generating and degenerating itself. In former days the artist remained unknown and his work was to the glory of God. . . . Today the individual has become the highest form and the greatest bane of artistic creation. . . . The individualists stare into each other's eyes and yet deny the existence of each other. . . .

This is not to say that today Bergman is a humble and selfless artist—in fact he is a dominating and egotistical one—but that he longs for a time when the artist's work was sanctioned by and spoke for a community of men. The magician, the madwoman of *Through a Glass Darkly,* the pastor of *Winter Light,* the translator in *The Silence,* the artist in *Hour of the Wolf* are all resonances of this longing, a longing that began, Bergman says, in his childhood:

> I entertained my friends with tremendous stories of my secret exploits. They were embarrassing lies, which failed hopelessly when confronted with the level-headed skepticism of the world around me. Finally I withdrew and kept my dream world to myself. A child looking for human contact, obsessed by his imagination, had been quickly transformed into a hurt, cunning and suspicious day-dreamer.

Art now exists in a vacuum, "kept alive as a conventional politeness towards the past." Art is "a snake's skin full of ants. The snake is long since dead." To speak one's inner truth now is to be ignored, to be misunderstood, to see it grotesquely distorted. One must lie, be taken for a madman, or go mad oneself. Under these all too normal conditions the actress in *Persona* refuses to speak. The film itself is seen being burnt through by a projection light as the director screens it for himself. He, too, will refuse to speak. And yet that refusal too, as *Persona* shows, is distorted. Bergman continues then to work, deprived of community, knowing the Cathedral will never be rebuilt, speaking only for himself. "The artist lives exactly like every other living creature that only exists for its own sake. That makes a rather numerous brotherhood."

As a film-maker Bergman is sparingly innovative, yet what he knows he knows to perfection. His latest film, *Shame,* shows him entirely the master of his medium, working with a fluidity and strange angular grace unapproached by any other director. He works with an absolute integrity, making every film "as if it were my last." Personal imperative has allowed him no concession to the taste of his time. To achieve complete control over his art he has forced on himself greater and greater acts of renunciation, forging an art that perfectly embodies his obsessions, that directly speaks his concerns. He has sharpened and resharpened the edges of his dialectic until they cut directly to our heart.

I wouldn't wish to use Bergman as a club to beat all other living directors, but this prolific Swede represents a phenomenon rare in any time, a profoundly moving artist, an entertainer, a magician—and one working in a medium still too easily disdained.

Short Reviews: Records

by Herbert Kupferberg

Bach: Cantatas Nos. 18 ("Gleich wie der Regen") and 62 ("Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland") (*Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra and soloists; Deutsche Grammophon 198441*). Two lesser known Bach cantatas, both of great orchestral as well as vocal strength; authoritative performances along with the usual dense DGG annotations.

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Debussy: String Quartet in G Minor; Ravel: String Quartet in F (*Deutsche Grammophon 139369*). This Middle-European quartet seems thoroughly at home in French music. The result is an amiable coupling, with fine sound enhancing the musical results.

Electronomusic: 9 Images by John Pfeiffer (*RCA Victrola VICS-1371*). Pfeiffer is an RCA recording director and engineer with much fine work to his credit. This record represents electronic doodling rather than composing — diverting but inconsequential.

The English Poets: Arnold, Clough, Fitzgerald (*read by Ian Holm, Marius Goring, and Derek Jacobi; Argo RG-521*). Another first-rate entry in a continuing series put out with the blessing of the British Council. Some juicy nineteenth-century bits here: "Dover Beach," "Say Not the Struggle," selections from the *Rubaiyat*. Makes freshman English a pleasure.

Haydn: The 12 London Symphonies (*Leslie Jones conducting the Little Orchestra of London; Nonesuch HF-73019*). As tidy a package of great music as anyone can ask. Leslie Jones's Haydn is well paced and neatly turned; the sound is fine; and the price — as Haydn himself might not have been above noting — is right.

Ives: Symphony No. 3, "The Camp Meeting"; Schuman: New England Triptych (*Ormandy, Philadelphia, RCA LSC-3060*). The Ives symphony is the big thing here; a richly sonorous work radiantly played and recorded.

World's Greatest Marches (*band of Her Majesty's Royal Marines; Capitol SP-8692*). For stereo nuts as well as band buffs. Part of the attraction is the inclusion of some neglected exemplars of the art like the French "*Père de la Victoire*" and the Prussian "*Under the Double Eagle.*"

Mozart: String Quartets Nos. 17 in B-flat and 19 in C (*Allegri Quartet: Westminster WST-17144*). The Allegris are an adept English Quartet: judging by this record, one of the best in the business. Both the *Hunting* and the *Dissonant* are played sumptuously and satisfyingly.

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Oliver: (*sound track of the Lionel Bart film; Colgems 5501*). A score that is serviceable if not spectacular, with a couple of Dickensian touches, such as "Food, Glorious Food" and "Pick a Pocket or Two." The album is nicely illlustrated.

Poulenc: Suite Française; Two Marches and an Intermezzo; Music for "Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel"; Sinfonietta (*Georges Prêtre conducting Orchestre de Paris; Angel S-36519*). Poulenc at his perkiest in a record that should delight devotees of his music. Lively playing by France's newest orchestra.

Telemann: Four Concertos (*Ormandy, Philadelphia; RCA LSC-3057*). The idea of this record, issued to mark the Philadelphia's shift after twenty-five years from the Columbia to the RCA label, is to show off the prowess of its first desk men in several Telemann concertos. The idea works.

Norman Treigle: Operatic Heroes and Villains (*Westminster WST-17145*). French and Italian arias display Treigle's sumptuous and dramatic voice. But the sound is a disappointment, with the review copy at least being grainy and scratchy. A singer this good deserves better.

Short Reviews: Books
by Phoebe Adams

The Quick and the Dead by Thomas Wiseman. Viking, $6.95. The universally corrupting influence of Nazism is Mr. Wiseman's basic theme, but unlike the majority of authors who tackle the subject, he has refrained from lamentation and belated questioning of fate and Freud. He has merely written, with style, dash, and irony, a novel about two young men in Vienna, one a half-Jew whose talent for hypnotism enables him to survive "the whores and the holocaust" and the other an ambitious officer with "the swagger and glittering air which have been Austria's most conspicuous contribution to militancy."

Tibet by Thubten Jigme Norbu and Colin M. Turnbull. Simon and Schuster, $7.50. Pre-Communist Tibet, recalled by the elder brother of the Dalai Lama, seems like a country out of the Golden Age, where everyone was kind and virtuous and even bandits robbed with moderation. The result is a charming and readable book, a condensed history of Tibet and of Tibetan Buddhism. It is not offered as objective scholarship in the Western manner. "The truth is one," Norbu points out, "no matter how we look at it, and most of us can see no more than a small part of that truth. Ignorance lies in thinking that we see it all."

The Stranglers by George Bruce. Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95. If anybody really wants to know about the Thug murders in India, the tale is all here—how the cult operated and how it was finally destroyed—supported by much quotation from old police reports, unusual because the authorities took an almost anthropological interest in the way Thugs thought about their activities. A certain grisly monotony is not the fault of Mr. Bruce, who has been very thorough and presents his material briskly.

La Rhubarbe by Rene-Victor Pilhes. Doubleday, $4.95. A prizewinning French novel, aggressively original on the less than original matters of identity and isolation. The author has put too much faith in the symbolic significance of rhubarb.

The Country House by Desmond Grieg. Viking, $4.95. The origin of this first novel from South Africa appears to lie in one of those remarks that sound profound at two in the morning—something on the order of, life is like a large house party of strangers with no host in sight. Mr. Grieg has illustrated the notion with good writing, a lot of confused action, and a hero named Perdix, but he has not extended or developed his simile, which wears thin long before the end of the book.

The Women In Shakespeare's Life by Ivor Brown. Coward-McCann, $5.95. Since nothing is known of these ladies, the author has a clear field and uses it for an amiable discourse on female education and employment in Elizabethan England.

Egyptian Paintings of the Middle Kingdom by Edward L. B. Terrace. Braziller, $25.00. Mr. Terrace's text elucidates the illustrations so well that one begins to suspect one can read hieroglyphs. This is a delusion. It need not detract from the pleasure of examining the plates, which are very fine reproductions of the exquisite small paintings adorning the coffin of one Djehuty-nekht, an Egyptian official who, some 4000 years ago, hired an anonymous but superb painter.

In the Time of Silent Cal by Jules Abels. Putnam, $6.95. Mr. Abels has collected a vast amount of information on American habits and doings during the Coolidge Administration, and presents it efficiently. His conclusions are perched unexcitingly on fences.

The Orange Envelope by Mario Soldati. Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.75. Poor old Mom—here she is in Italy, ruining her sons as usual. The novel has ordinary human characters, a well-arranged plot with a discreet surprise ending, and is, in short, comfortably old-fashioned in spite of being thoroughly mean.

Forfeit by Dick Francis. Harper & Row, $4.95. There seems to be no limit, fortunately, to Mr. Francis' ability to invent skulduggery about steeplechasing. He is the best thriller writer going, with the conventional merits of uproar and bloodshed, plus an attention to practical detail and a shrewd understanding of social maneuver that pull his stories out of that never-never land in which crime novels tend to wander. The origin of all this can be detected in his autobiography, *The Sport of Queens*. Harper & Row, $5.95. The book tells a great deal about horses and racing, offers pleasantly malicious advice to inexperienced persons proposing to meddle with either, and reveals, more or less backhandedly, that the author has always liked to do a job right.

Codex Vindobenensis Mexicanus 1, history and description of the manuscript by Otto Adelhofer. Praeger, $190.00. Hardly for the general reader or the casual collector, but this facsimile of a Mixtec manuscript now in the Austrian National Library is close to a miracle of bookmaking. No concession is made to nonspecialists who are vulgarly curious about the meaning of all those brilliant, grotesque, fascinating little figures that march across the pages; one does, however, learn a great deal about the structure of the book, and something of its debatable history.

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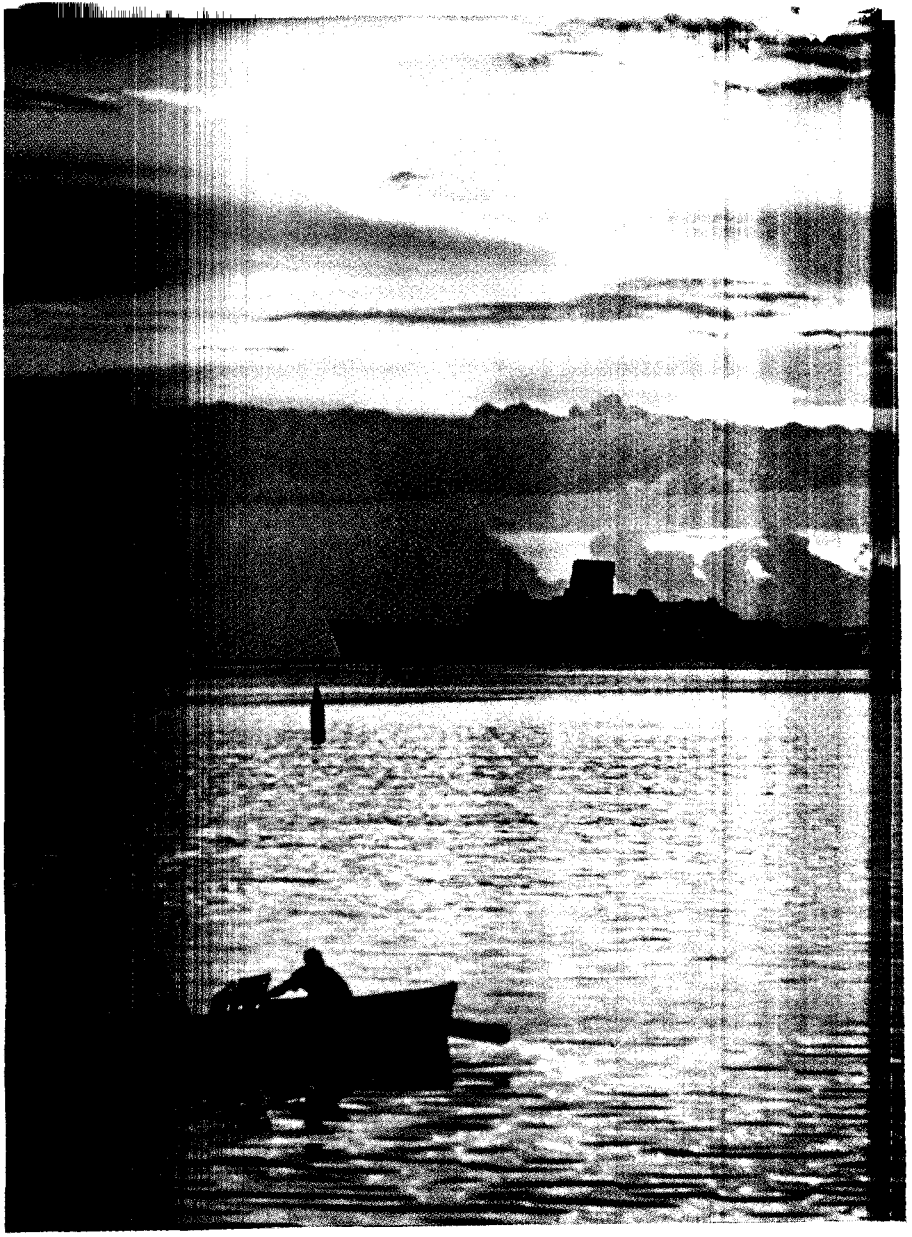

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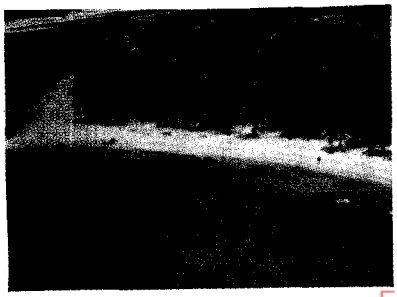

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